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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

A

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JANUARY, 1864.

ART. 1.—*Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et lettres publiés avec l'assentissement de sa famille.* Par G. S. Trebutien, Conservateur adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Didier, Paris. 1863.

2. *Maurice de Guérin. Journal, lettres et poèmes.* Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier, Paris. 1863.

THERE is something deeply affecting in the announcement that the French Academy has accorded two grand prizes of 3,000 francs each to writings, the author of which has been fifteen years beyond the reach of human praise or blame; indeed, which were primarily composed without a thought of their meeting any eye but that of the favourite brother for whom the occurrences and thoughts of the day were set down. Primarily, we say, for at first the brother was the sole object of the writings to which we refer, though latterly, when the diary had become a solace, though the original motive no longer existed, the following sentences occur, as if in self-excuse for the time spent upon it:—

'Sometimes I say to myself, "What is, or what will be, the use of these pages?" They were only of value to him, to Maurice, who found his sister there. What does finding myself there signify to me? But if I find an innocent amusement there—if I find there a rest from the toils of the day—if, in order to place them there, I make up the nosegays, gathered from my wilderness, in solitude, my events and my thoughts, given me by God to teach or to strengthen me, oh, surely there can be no harm in it! And if some heir of my cell should find them and meet with some good thought, which he may relish and be the better for, if only for a moment, I should have done good. I will do it. No doubt, I dread the loss of time, that *price of eternity;* but is it losing it to use it for one's own soul and other people's?'—1840. *January 24th.*—P. 334.

This, however, was only written when the estimation in which these journals were held by the friends to whom the brother had shown them had revealed to the author that relative value of talent in the world which experience cannot fail to make known,

even to the humblest. In general, the great charm of the journal of Eugénie de Guérin is its perfect simplicity and, if we may use such an expression, its homely refinement. It is also most interesting and remarkable as an unconscious revelation of the working of the Roman Catholic system on a reflective and intellectual character.

Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, for it is impossible to separate the brother and sister, were the children of a country gentleman of Languedoc, of historical name, originally Italian, inheriting some of the best blood in the country, numbering cardinals, knights-hospitaliers, and troubadours among his collateral ancestors, but of small means; farming his own unproductive little estate of Le Cayla, near the town of Gaillac, and living a life among his neighbours which reminds us of Madame de la Rochejacquelein's description of Vendéan manners before the Revolution; associating freely with farmers, who came to talk of their cattle in the evening, and going into the village to arrange the preliminaries of a peasant marriage. His château was a most lonely place, apparently scarcely accessible except on horseback, perched upon a steep hill and with a terrace in front, whence a slope led to a green valley through which a streamlet flowed. The house was, judging by a small print of it, of the tall slim form peculiar to everything French, and retaining so much of the old defences, that it had an extinguisher turret and none of the older windows near the ground. Within, Eugénie thus describes it:—

'Our rooms all white, without mirrors or any trace of luxury; the dining-room with a side-board and chairs, and two windows looking towards the northern wood; the other parlour beside it, with a large wide sofa, in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestry easy chair . . . two glass doors leading to the terrace.'—1840. *August.*—P. 399.

So lonely was this abode in winter, that the sight of a crow or the visit of a beggar was an event; but in summer it was a favourite resort of numerous relations and acquaintances living at Gaillac. The family consisted of four children, Erembert, Eugénie, Marie, and Maurice. Eugénie was born in 1805, Maurice in 1811; and when, five years later, the mother died, there remained that peculiar and beautiful inheritance of maternal love that so often links the eldest daughter of a bereaved family to the youngest and weakest member. And weak and tender Maurice evidently was to an unusual degree. The mother had left an inheritance of consumption, and the Italian and Provençal natures combining in the family, produced in two at least of its members intellects of ardent poetical fervour, lodged within tender delicate frames, sensitive to every outward influence. Clinging, affectionate, and full of sensibility, Maurice would have

been the contempt of a hardy English boy; but he was pre-eminently a sister's brother, revelling in Rollin and the few books afforded by the scanty library of Le Cayla, wandering in the woods, making an almond-tree a sort of refuge and confidant, and preaching little sermons to his sisters out of a cave that they called the pulpit of S. Chrysostom. At eleven years old he wrote a sort of poem in prose upon the murmuring music here called the Midsummer hum, but which he terms 'the sounds of 'nature; the sounds shed abroad in the air, that rise with the 'sun, and follow him like a band in the train of a king.'

A character like his, in so devout a family, seemed marked for the clerical profession, and at eleven he began his studies at Toulouse, and there distinguished himself so much that the Archbishops both of Toulouse and Rouen wished to undertake the charge of his further education; but his father did not accept the offer, and at thirteen he was sent to the Stanislas College at Paris, where he remained for five years without returning home.

The earlier years of a precocious manhood were almost necessarily full of struggles and suffering to a nature of so much ardour, bred up in the unquestioning faith of an old-fashioned Roman Catholic family, then launched into the sea of modern thought at Paris, with the clerical course of study making the difficulties practical instead of speculative.

When he came home, it was in a mood of deep melancholy that nothing seemed to cheer but the beauties of nature, and which was further deepened by his attachment to Louise de Bayne, an intimate friend of his sister, and evidently a most charming person; but, like Scott's Matilda of Rokeby, she could only admire without loving the plaintive poet, and gave her heart to a manly, resolute Algerine colonist, who was preparing a home for her in Africa.

Love and doubt alike unsettled Maurice from his projects of taking Holy Orders, and in the midst of his uncertainty and distress he was delighted by an offer of admission into La Chenaie, a sort of semi-monastic institution that the Abbé de Lamenais had commenced in Brittany. Lamenais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert were at that time intimately united, and were regarded as the men likely to remould and revivify the Gallican Church; and in La Chenaie Maurice found several distinguished inmates, such as Lacordaire, Gerbet, afterwards the author of 'Rome Chrétienne;' Elie de Kertanguy, Cazalès, and François du Breil de Marzan, who has left an interesting record of the life there spent.

The community rose at five, and met for prayer and meditation on a subject fixed on the night before, and, after an appointed interval, each in turn gave the result of his thoughts. Prayers

and mass followed; then occupation till the midday meal, after which came an hour and a half of recreation, when the younger men were encouraged to enjoy the manly exercises of their college days. Another chapel service followed, then a resumption of work, and in the evening the whole community assembled to listen to some religious book, read aloud in turns by the young men. Rodriguez, Bossuet, Fenelon, and S. Augustin are specified as among their authors, but Maurice is mentioned as peculiarly excelling when reading the works of S. François de Sales and S. Theresa. He was then 'no longer the timid, 'almost awkward youth who was silently present in the 'evening's official circles, he was the contemplative man—the 'poet . . . he was our friend in his completeness, such as we 'loved him; such as, six years after, he was again seen by the 'two sisters who received him at Le Cayla, dying.'—(*Maurice*, p. 445.) The day was ended with hymns and canticles sung in the chapel by Guérin and Kertanguy, and followed by the evening prayers.

The young men sometimes took expeditions for a few days in the scenery around, and the whole seemed a sort of ideal of a religious retreat—free, rational, and intellectual, according to modern requirements, and no less devout than an old convent. M. Feli, as Lamenais was familiarly called there, was extremely loved, and Maurice always looked upon La Chenaie as a sort of peaceful paradise; but his friend, M. de Breil, thinks that at the time he was not so happy as he afterwards fancied; that he did not amalgamate with the rest of the students, nor enter into the spirit of the place; that he still was oppressed by the same vague melancholy, and that his really enjoyable moments were those when he was alone with nature. His diary, which begins at La Chenaie, bears out this impression.

Inadequate as translation must necessarily be, we are tempted to give a few specimens of the exceeding beauty of his descriptions, and of the melancholy that struggled with his enjoyment:—

'1833. *April 5th. Good Friday.*—A day as fine as could be wished. Clouds, but only enough to form a landscape in the sky. Their forms become more and more summer-like. Their various groups remain motionless beneath the sun like flocks of sheep in the pastures during the great heats. I have seen a swallow and heard the bees humming over the flowers. As I sat in the sun, that my very marrow might be penetrated by the divine spring, I experienced some of the impressions of my childhood; for a moment I gazed on the sky with its clouds, the earth with its woods its warblings and hummings, as I used then to do. This renewal of the first aspect of things, of the expression one saw in them at first sight, is in my opinion one of the sweetest reactions of childhood on the course of life.

'My God! what right has my soul thus to become engrossed in such fleeting enjoyments upon Good Friday, the day so full of Thy death and of our

redemption? There is in me some damnable spirit that rouses in me a strong distaste, and drives me, so to say, into rebellion against holy exercises and the collectedness of mind which ought to prepare us for the great solemnities of our faith. We have been in retreat for two days past, and I have done nothing but be weary, gnaw myself with I know not what thoughts, and embitter myself even against the practices of the retreat. Oh, well do I acknowledge the old leaven from which I have not yet cleansed my soul.'—P. 25 (*Maurice*).

'*April 23d.*—The awakening of vegetation is wonderfully slow. I am almost out of humour with nature, who seems to enjoy putting us out of patience. The larches, the birches, the stocks of lilac that we have in the garden, the rose-trees and hawthorn hedges, scarcely bear any verdure; all the rest is gloomy and slumberous, as in winter, except some beeches, which, more spring-like than their brethren, begin to form themselves into bright clouds on the dark mass of the plantation that borders the pond. For the rest, all the birds are come, the nightingales sing night and day, the sun shines wondrously, the winged insects hum and dance; life and joy are everywhere, except with me. I know not the cause of the strange contrast that has for some days past made life more painful than in the winter days, and even then I was far from happy. I seem to myself like a dead tree in the midst of a verdant wood.'—P. 32.

The thought of his first love likewise haunted him in his monastic retreat:—

'1833. *June 15th.—Strange dream.* I thought myself alone in a vast cathedral. Strongly impressed by the presence of God, I was in the state of mind in which one is solely conscious of God and of oneself, when a voice was uplifted. The voice was infinitely sweet—a woman's voice—which, however, filled the whole church like a grand concert. I knew it at once; it was the voice of Louise—*silver-sweet sounding.*

'*19th.*—Three nights following, the same figure has appeared to me. What must I think of it?'—*Maurice*, pp. 41, 42.

The italicised words are English, for Guérin was a warm admirer of several English writers, Scott and Wordsworth in especial; and this admiration formed a bond of union between him and M. Hippolyte de Morvonnais, author of '*La Thébaïde des Grecs*,' a Breton gentleman, married to a charming young wife, and living at Le Val de l'Arguenon. This young man, ten years older than Maurice, was so devoted to our Lake poets, that at this time a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, for the sake of making acquaintance with Wordsworth, was a favourite project with him. We are told that the influences of La Chenaie, and in particular of François de Marzan, had been of great benefit to him, and that on the Easter Day of this year (1833) he communicated there for the first time for many years. Alas! that was the last Paschal Communion celebrated by Lamenais himself! Collisions with the Bishop of Rennes led to the breaking up of the establishment of La Chenaie. Some of the pupils were transferred to Ploermel, and on the 7th of September Lamenais set off for Rome, and the other inmates dispersed, few to meet again. Maurice did not at once leave Brittany,

but remained making visits among his friends. His stay with Hippolyte de Morvonnais was a particularly peaceful and happy time, and his diary during these days is the fullest picture of his feeble spirit and high talent:—

'*Le Val, December 7th.*—After a year of perfect tranquillity, save for the tempests within, which must not be charged upon the solitude, for that wrapped me in so much peace and silence that a less restless soul than mine would have been deliciously lulled asleep—after a year, I say, of this full tranquillity, my fortune, which had let me enter the holy house for a short repose, has knocked at the door to recall me, for she had not gone on her way, but had only sat down on the threshold to wait till I was strong enough to set off again. "Your halt has been long enough," she said. "Let us be gone. Forward!" And she took my hand, and on she goes again like the poor women we meet on the road, dragging a child after them with doleful looks. But how foolish am I to murmur! Are there no sorrows in the world except my own to water with my tears? Henceforth I shall say to the source of my tears, "Be stayed;" and to the Lord, "Lord, listen not to my complaints," whenever I am inclined to invoke Him for myself; for it is well that I should suffer—I, who can win nothing in heaven by the merit of my actions, and who can only gain anything there by the virtue of suffering, like all feeble souls. Such souls have no wings to mount to heaven, yet the Lord, whose will it is to have them there, sends them aid. He places them on a pile of thorns, and sends down to kindle it the fire of grief; the wood is consumed, and from it darts towards heaven, as it were, a white vapour like the doves that took flight among the expiring flames of a martyr's funeral pile. It is the soul that has fulfilled its sacrifice, and that the fire of tribulation has made light enough to mount to heaven like a vapour. Wood is heavy and motionless. Set fire to it, and a part of its very self will rise to the clouds. I am one of these souls, O Lord. I must not shed tears to quench my pile, but I will shed floods of tears for those who suffer and ought not to suffer; above all for him who is now a prey to the greatest vexations, yet who did so much good, that he might seem to have already a superfluity of merit without need of more. I will weep for him and for those who have injured him, and me likewise in the recoil of the blow. When Jesus Christ shed the inestimable virtue of His Blood for His murderers, the least that men can do is to shed their tears for their enemies.

'I will consecrate these tears and the treasury of recollections I have brought from the happy roof of La Chenaie, which sheltered my life for a year, hidden in the bosom of a priest whom men reckon among their glories on earth, and saints claim as one of theirs in heaven. Bitter as is my grief, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the stream, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord's song, and the song of the Lord's servant, in a strange land.

'And see how merciful is Providence to me. Lest the sudden transition from the mild and tempered air of this religious life to the torrid zone of the world should be too trying to my soul, it has led me, on leaving the holy asylum, to a house raised upon the confines of two regions, where, without being in solitude, it is not yet the world; a house whose windows open on the one side to the plain where the tumult of men is moving restlessly; on the other on the desert where the servants of God are singing. I shall set down here the history of my stay, for the days beneath this roof are full of happiness, and I know that in after time I shall often turn back to read again my past enjoyment. A man religious and poetical—a wife whose soul is so completely in accordance with his that it is like one doubled—a child named Marie like her mother, and the first beams of whose love and intelligence are star-like shining through the white cloud of childhood—a simple life in an old house—

Ocean bringing us his chime morning and evening—and lastly, a traveller coming down from Carmel to enter Babylon, who has laid his staff and sandals at the door to seat himself at their hospitable board. Here are the materials for a Biblical poem if I could describe things as I feel them.

'8*th*.—Yesterday, the west wind blew furiously. I saw the ocean enraged, but its violence, sublime as it is, is to my mind by no means equal to the spectacle of a calm blue sea. But why declare one not equal to the other? Who could measure these two sublimities, and say that "the second surpasses the first"? Let us only say, "My soul is better pleased with the calm than the storm." Yesterday, there was an immense battle in the watery plains. Watching the bounding of the waves, they were as the numberless squadrons of Tartars that gallop unceasingly in the plains of Asia. The entrance of the bay is in a manner barred by a chain of granite islets, and it was a grand sight to watch the breakers hurry to the assault, and dash themselves madly against these masses with a fearful clamour; to see them take their rush, and vie with one another in overleaping the black head of the rocks. The boldest or the lightest sprang to the other side with a loud shout; the others, heavier or less alert, broke themselves against the rock, casting up foam of dazzling whiteness, then drew back with a dull deep growl, like mastiffs repulsed by the traveller's club. We watched these strange contests from a cliff, where we could hardly stand against the wind. The mighty tumult of the sea, the deafening race of the waves, the no less rapid, but silent race, of the clouds, the sea-birds floating in the sky, poising their slender form between two arched wings of huge span—this assembly of wild re-echoing harmonies all centering together in the souls of two beings five feet high, perched on the crest of a cliff, shaken like a couple of leaves by the violence of the wind, and in this immensity not more visible than a pair of birds upon a clod of earth—oh, it was strange and admirable! one of the moments of sublime agitation and deep reverie, both together, when nature and the soul both erect themselves to their full height, fronting one another.

'From the height, we descended to a gorge opening to a sea-side retreat, such as the ancients loved to describe, where a few peaceable waves come in murmuring to their slumber, while their frantic brethren buffet the rocks, and strive with one another. Enormous masses of grey granite, variegated with white moss, are irregularly scattered on the slope of the hill which has hollowed itself into the creek. So strangely are they placed, and so much do they bend to a fall, that they look as if a giant had amused himself with rolling them from the top of the ridge, and as if they had stopped short wherever they met an obstacle, some close to the starting point, others halfway; but they still seem rather delayed than stopped; or rather, as if they were still in motion. The sound of the winds and waves confined within this sonorous hollow forms the finest harmony. There we halted for a long time, leaning on our sticks, full of wonder.'

9*th*.—. . . The sound of the sea was as calm and dreamy as in the finest days, only there was something more plaintive. Our ear followed the sound, which extended itself all along the coast, and we did not draw breath till the wave which had produced it had receded to make room for another. It is, I think, between the grave deep voice rolled out by the unfurling wave, and the shrill, stony noise of the wave that is departing lightly rustling over the sand and shells, that the extraordinary ring of the chant of the sea is produced. But why decompose such music? I shall never say anything worth having on it, for I do not understand analysis. Let us return to sentiment.'—P. 60.

We have given these extracts at length, partly for their descriptive power, and partly for the display here made of the manner in which the tenet of individual meritorious sacrifice was acting on a mind like Guérin's. Even tranquil enjoyment

had a strange enervating effect upon him, for, on the 24th of January, he speaks of a 'strange sensibility that had seized his 'whole being, and brought tears into his eyes for a trifle, as is 'the case with children and aged persons.'

In the same month he returned to Paris, and became a teacher at the Stanislas College, where he had been educated, also giving private lessons and contributing to periodicals. The design of a clerical life had passed away; his sympathy with Lamenais had been such as to destroy all inclination to bind himself to the system that had repelled his master. An idol in a transition state has often proved the most dangerous object of adoration, and as Lamenais drifted further and further from the Church, Maurice was more and more loosened from his bearings; and though no longer a direct follower of his beloved 'M. Feli,' he lost his hold upon faith, relinquished the dogmas of his youth, and wandered into a line of his own—a sort of pantheistic worship of a God of nature, in which his mournful spirit failed to find any sustenance or hope. In society, we are told, he was elegant and fashionable, and full of brilliancy in conversation. In his diary he writes:—

'Am I not a laughing-stock, a toy—something pursued with laughter by little children—a being against whom the weakest rise up—crushed by the foot of a boy of ten years old, without even turning like a tortured worm. All the children I meet have a sort of instinct of the feebleness of my nature, and use me as a master does a slave; their first motion on seeing me is to make a plaything of me, to quiz me with all the cutting simplicity of their age. I am not angry with them; it is their nature to make sport of all that is weaker than their weak hands.'—*Maurice, May 13th*, 1834, p. 85.

Or again:—

'Now all my converse with nature, the other consoler of the afflicted, passes in a little garden of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, near the Rue de la Pessinière. In the evening of the day before yesterday, I had my arm round the trunk of a lilac, and I sung in a low voice, "*Que le jour me dure,*" by J. J. This touching and melancholy air, my attitude, the evening calm, and, above all, my soul's habit of resuming all its sorrows at night, and surrounding itself with pale clouds towards the close of day, threw me into a deep, inward, intense feeling of my wretchedness, my inward poverty. I saw myself poor—very poor—pitiable, and entirely incapable of a future. At the same time I seemed to hear, far away above my head, the rustle of that world of thought and poetry towards which I dart so often without success in reaching it. I thought of those of my age whose wings can bear them thither, but without jealousy, as from here below we look at the elect and their bliss; yet my soul burnt, panted, struggled at its want of power. . . . . The stem of the lilac I embraced shook in my arms. I fancied I felt it move spontaneously, and all its trembling leaves gave a soft sound, that seemed to me like a language, a murmur of lips stammering words of solace. Oh, my lilac! I pressed thee at that moment in my arms as the sole being in the world against which I could support my reeling nature—the only one capable of enduring an embrace of mine, and pitiful enough to become the support of my wretchedness. How did I requite thee? With a few tears that fell on thy root.'—*Ibid. May 7th*, 1834, p. 80.

The death of the charming Madame de Morvonnais early in the ensuing year, and the absorbing grief of her husband, deprived him of one of the most cheerful and wholesome influences of his life; and M. de Marzan considers it as marking the epoch when the most stormy and unhappy period of his inward life began. Then he had entirely ceased to 'feel the rock beneath his feet,' and was left, not merely to the depression of naturally low spirits, but to the dreary misery of doubt. Few men were ever more sensible of the exquisite charms of nature, few ever held more communings with her spirit, but none was ever a more signal example of her insufficiency to supply the place of a personal God, Father, Redeemer, and Comforter.

One wholesome influence never failed Maurice, namely, that of his home, which he fondly calls by our English name, as if that alone would express its full charm. As has been beautifully said of Eugénie—

'Her strong effort to keep in sympathy with him had no doubt a tendency to brighten up her own faculties, that she might understand him and make him feel that she did so. She did not struggle to obtain the same species of knowledge; she probably soon saw that she would be distanced in that race. The sympathy was in the graceful, true, yet poetical manner of viewing every object; a habit of looking at everything so as that she should never be dull or despicable in any way before him; above all, a clear-sighted view of the paramount obligations of principle such as he could lean upon, such as might be a silent rebuke to fickleness, while yet he should not be teased with unnecessary meddling.'

Living at home in solitary Le Cayla, Eugénie seems to have begun a journal for Maurice's pleasure about the same time as his own was commenced, but the first sheets are missing, and the earliest date is the 15th of November, 1834. Though she had the same ardent love of nature as her brother, nature was not to her an idol, but a constant emblem of the invisible world; and thus to her

> 'Earth's common paths seem strewn all o'er
> With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.'

So pensive was the hope, that many regard her journal as mournful; but to us the effect of turning from her brother's pages to hers is like passing from a gloomy wood, beautiful but oppressive, to an open sunny heath, flat, indeed, and to some eyes dull, but covered with an exquisite embroidery of smiling eye-bright, fragrant thyme and verdant grass. Here is one of her earliest entries, perhaps one of the most complete pictures of her inner and outer life:—

'*November 20th.*—I love snow. The white view has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I only see the

pathways and footsteps of the little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little tracks, making a thousand patterns in the snow. It is pretty to see the little red feet, like coral pencils, designing them. Winter has its beauties and charms; they may be found everywhere by one who knows how to seek them. God scatters grace and beauty everywhere. I must go and see what charms there are by the kitchen fire—sparks, if I please. This is only a little "good morning" to you and to the snow as I jump out of bed.

'I had to set another dish for Sauveur Roquier, who came to see us. It was sugared ham, and the poor fellow licked his fingers. Good things do not often fall in his way, so I wished to give him a treat. It is to the forsaken that I think we ought to show most attentions; humanity and charity tell us so: the fortunate can do without them, yet they have them all to themselves, so crosswise are we made!

'No reading to-day. I made a cap for the little one, which took up all my moments. But provided one works, either with head or hands, it is the same in the sight of God, who reckons every work done in His name. I hope my cap may stand for an alms. I made a gift of my time, of a little skin pricked away by my needle, and of a thousand interesting lines that I might have read. The day before yesterday, papa brought me from Clairac "Ivanhoe" and "Le Siècle de Louis XIV," a provision for some of these long winter evenings. I am the reader, but with many interruptions. Sometimes they want a key, often myself, and the book is closed for a moment. Oh, Mimin (her sister Marie)! when will you come home to help the poor housewife who misses you every moment? Did I tell you that I heard of her yesterday at C—— fair, whither I went? How many yawns I left on that poor balcony. At last Mimi's letter came on purpose to be a counter-weariness (*contre ennui*), and that was the only pleasant thing I saw at C——.

'I wrote nothing yesterday. A blank is better than nothings, which were all I could tell you. I was tired and sleepy. To-day it is much better. I have seen the snow come and go. While I was at dinner, a fine sun came forth, and there was an end of the snow. Now it is dark and ugly. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows?—the face of the world changes so fast.

'I am returning much pleased from the kitchen, where I spent more time than usual to induce Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession this Christmas. He promised me. He is a good lad and will do so. God be praised! my evening is not lost. How delightful, if every day I could win a soul for the Lord. Good Scott has been neglected to-night, but what reading would be worth what Paul has promised me?'—*Eugénie*, pp. 8—10.

Here we have Eugénie in her playful enjoyment of common things, in her love of reading, and her religious aspect. See her again:—

'*November 29th.*—Cloaks, clogs, umbrella—all the paraphernalia of winter followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening, sometimes at the parsonage, sometimes at the church. I like this Sunday life, so active, so busy, so varied. People see one another on the way, there are curtseys from all the women one meets, and gossip on the road about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great delight is to coax them, and see them hide themselves, all rosy, in their mother's skirts. They are afraid of *las doumaisélos*, as well as of everything else that is strange. One of the little ones said to his grandmother, who was talking of coming here, "Minino, don't go to that *castel*, there is a black prison there." Whence is it that castles have always been dreaded? Is it from the horrors once committed there? I think so.

'Oh, how pleasant it is when the rain is dropping from the sky with a slight

sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks. That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fire-place. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish; sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me. Never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Listen especially to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. There, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest.'—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

Lovely, too, is her account of the walk to the midnight mass at Christmas, on a frosty night, 'the paths bordered with little 'bushes as white as if they were in blossom. Hoar frost makes 'beautiful flowers. We saw such a pretty spray, that we wanted 'to present it as a bouquet to the Holy Sacrament, but it melted 'in our hands.' (P. 29.)

To her the most ordinary affairs of life bore a sort of halo, half of poetry, half of eternity. She records the putting down a new hearthstone as an event—'almost like the raising a new 'altar in a church. Every one goes to look at it, and reckons on 'spending pleasant hours and a quiet life before this household 'hearth (for all share it, masters and servants); but who knows? 'Perhaps I shall be the first to leave it. My mother went soon, 'and I am said to be like her.' (P. 36.) When she hems her sheets, she thinks, 'I may be sewing my shroud,' and works not less cheerfully, but with deeper feeling; and even in a foot-bath her recoil from over-heated water sets her thinking of the martyrs, and wondering what she should have done in Blandina's place—'Like her, without doubt, for faith renders us super-'human; and I believe that I do believe well (*et je crois bien 'croire*).' (P. 159.) Washing—not our laundry and wash-tub, but the poetical laving in the stream—is a special treat to her fancy—'so pretty to spread white linen on the grass, or see it 'floating upon ropes. One is, if one pleases, Homer's Nausicaa, 'or one of those Scriptural princesses who washed their brother's 'tunics. We have a pool (*lavoir*) at Moulinasse which you have 'not seen, which embellishes the hollow and attracts birds to 'sing there in the freshness.' (P. 127.) And again, writing with a cool hand fresh from the stream, she tells of the pleasure of watching its current—'the bath of birds, the mirror of the sky, the image of life, a flowing pathway, the reservoir of Baptism.'

She truly says of herself, that she has a soul that takes infinite delight in the homeliest ways, and when finding her contempla-

tions carry her beyond her depth, is relieved by her needle, her distaff, or talking to her dogs. 'I take my distaff, and instead 'of the lady of the seventeenth century, I am the simple rustic 'girl.' But it was on one side intellect, on the other religion, that gave this exquisite charm to the daily tasks of life, and made dull, lonely Le Cayla, a paradise. It would be endless to give the extracts where her love for all living things shines out, her thanksgiving for the beauty and gentleness of lambs, her love of her dogs, her doves, her linnet; even her converse with a tiny little black midge that ran across her paper, and set her thinking of her own littleness in the eyes of God. The nightingale and the grasshopper are her musicians, and their first notes of the season are always set down as great events; and one of her poems is on her childish prayer that the nests of little birds might be guarded, and the young ones saved from suffering.

For Eugénie, though her best poetry is unconscious and in prose, was also led into versification, and much enjoyed it. She sent a most sweet poem on her pleasures to the wife of Hippolyte de Morvonnais, who had begged to know what she liked; and she had a vision of a book of poetry for children, for which she had written a poem on the Angel of Playthings—very pretty, but to our ideas hardly reverent; though to her simple mind it was an emanation of that love which brought her heaven so near her earth. Other poems seem to have been written on the spur of the moment, and sent to the friend who had begged for them as a consolation, but she always had scruples as to whether they were a waste of time; and finally, just as the nuns of Port Royal decided that this talent would not be required of Jacqueline Pascal, she made a renunciation of poetry. A dateless fragment records the resolution, saying that the sacrifice was the more difficult, as though she forsook poetry, poetry had not forsaken her; she never had so many inspirations as when she was forced to stifle them. 'My life is for God and 'my neighbour,' she goes on, 'and one word of the catechism 'taught to little children is better for my salvation than a 'volume of poetry.' Quaintly enough she added later, 'This 'last is true, but up above there are some little poetical 'falsehoods.' Both the resolution and its comment were, however, probably made later in life than the period we are at present engaged with. Eugénie's cultivation of mind was remarkable, if we may be allowed the expression, rather for quality than quantity. She knew no language but her own and the *patois*—the real Languedoc, be it remembered—but in writing she was a perfect mistress of the one, and the other was evidently loved for its rural associations. She had no accom-

plishment, except singing her native *patois* melodies; and her reading was the more thorough, intent, and meditative, because her books were few, and new ones far between. She gives a list of her own library, chiefly of devotional books, with the Lives of the Saints, which she read regularly every day, and often commented upon. Out of her twenty-two secular books, besides translations of the 'Æneid,' the 'Georgics,' and *I Promessi Sposi*, there are six English books—'Ossian,' a selection from Shakespeare, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' 'Old Mortality,' and 'Redgauntlet.' 'Scott,' she says, 'is 'the only novelist I relish. His style sets him apart from others 'and far above them. He is a man of genius—perhaps, the 'most complete, and always pure. He may be opened at hap-'hazard, and "no corrupting word will shock the eye" (*Lamar-'tine*). With him love is a thread of white silk, by which to 'tie his dramas together.' Of Madame de Staël's 'Delphine,' she says in contrast, 'The little I have seen of it bodes ill, and 'there is something traitorous in it. It is talking virtue, it is 'leading her out on the field of battle in a captain's epaulettes, 'to shoot at her with all Cupid's arrows.' (P. 441.)

But though little gems of criticism are inwrought in the journal and letters, Eugénie's life was not literary, and the interest of her remains lies chiefly in the alchemy that extracted gold from the most common objects, and brought out poetical stores from the peasants with whom she held intercourse. A legend which she gives is so strange in its wild superstitious sadness, that we cannot resist extracting it:—

'You will like to hear that I have just passed a nice quarter of an hour on the terrace-steps, sitting by a poor old woman who was singing me a lamentable ballad on an incident that once happened at Cahuzac. It was *à propos* to a gold cross that has been stolen off the Holy Virgin's neck. The old woman recollects her grandmother's telling her she had heard that there had been a still more sacrilegious robbery in the same church, namely, of the host itself, one day when it was left alone in the church. It was a girl who, while everybody was at harvest, went to the altar, and, climbing upon it, put the monstrance into her apron, and placed it under a wild rose in the wood. The shepherds who found it accused her, and nine priests came in procession to adore the Holy Sacrament of the rose-bush and carry it back to the wood; but the poor shepherdess was taken, tried, and condemned to be burnt. Just before her death she asked to confess, and owned her theft to the priest, saying that she was not a thief, but she wanted to have the Holy Sacrament in the forest. "I thought that '*le bon Dieu*' would be as well pleased under a rose-bush as on the altar." At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon and console the guilty saint, who nevertheless was burnt on a pile, of which the wild rose formed the first faggot! There is the story of the beggar, to whom I listened as to a nightingale. I thanked her heartily, and offered her something as a recompense for her ditty, but she would only take flowers. "Give me a bough of that beautiful lilac." I gave her four, as large as plumes, and the poor old creature went off, her stick in one hand and her nosegay in the other, and left me her ballad.'—P. 60.

This poetical old woman was found by Eugénie in the autumn lying ill in the most abject poverty and desolation, her house a pool of water and dirt, her bed of hemp laid upon her store of potatoes, without fire, bread, or water to drink—'a hundred 'times worse than a pigsty. I could find no place to put down 'my shawl without soiling it, and as it was in my way I hung 'it on a willow outside the door' (p. 110). She called in help, gave a hand herself, made the poor woman more clean and comfortable, and then sat on a faggot, talking to her of the hope of heaven, and finding that she was perfectly happy.

An undefined wish to enter a convent, become a sister of charity, or to join the missionary sisterhood of St. Joseph in Algiers, was always floating in Eugénie's mind; but she was far too good a daughter to entertain the thought, feeling herself necessary to her father as mistress of his house, though some of the details of management were taken off her hands by Marie, the less gifted, but thoroughly companion sister, who was so entirely one with herself, that when separated for a few days she cannot sleep happily for missing 'Mimi's' breathing. Mimi, as she affectionately says, delighted to take Martha's part, and leave her, as much as possible, to the enjoyment of meditation, reading, and writing in her *chambrette*, as she calls her fondly-loved little room. The eldest brother, Erembert, or, as she calls him, Eran, lived at home, and assisted his father in the farm, making journeys to the fairs and markets, and being likewise in great request at the country gaieties at Gaillac, &c.—gaieties that by no means reached his sisters; for Eugénie —wonderful as it may sound for one of her nation—only danced once in her life. Erembert does not seem to have been a very congenial person to his brother and sister; he was not intellectual enough for the one, and the other was uneasy about his religious observances. She calls him a complete worldling, and was always anxiously watching for signs of serious thought.

Eugénie's own religious feeling was wrapped into her whole life. Prayer was like breath to her. 'To pray is the only way of celebrating everything in the world,' she says, on her father's birthday. Is she weary? 'I remember Fenelon's advice, "If you are weary, go and tell God that you are weary."' Is she joyful? 'I went to mass early; that is my bouquet—prayers are divine flowers.' Here is her Good Friday of 1835, to contrast with Maurice's of the previous year:—

'I am come home all embalmed from the moss-chapel at the church where the holy pyx reposes. It is a fair day when it is God's will to rest amid the flowers and perfumes of spring. We took great pains, Mimi, Rose the sextoness, and myself, in making this Easter sepulchre, aided, as we were, by M. le Curé. I thought, as I made it, of the Last Supper—of the garnished room where Jesus chose to keep the Passover with His disciples, giving Him-

self for the Lamb. Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist? I cannot tell. One adores, one possesses, one lives, one loves; the speechless soul loses itself in an excess of bliss! I thought of you amid these ecstasies, and would fain have had you beside me at the holy table, as you were three years ago.'—P. 61.

These words strongly recall those of Mr. Isaac Williams:—

'Thy cup with love o'erflows,
My spirit finds repose,
I kneel, I bow, and I adore;
I thank Thee, and can do no more.

'I thank Thee, dying Lord;
I thank Thee, living Word;
I thank Thee—words cannot reveal—
Love would herself in Thee conceal.'

Eugénie is, in her simple picture of herself, one of the most favourable representations of the practical working of her Church. Accepting all its tenets without doubt or question, her pure spirit receives and dwells upon the gold, and, as it were, ignores the dross. As in the writings of St. François de Sales, it is remarkable how the true devotional life was spent upon the true objects, and how, with all her love and veneration for the saints, and her duteous fulfilment of observances enjoined in their honour, they never seem to intrude between the true inmost heart and the Mediator. Even her 'month of Mary' is kept in this wise:—

'We keep our month of Mary in our room before a beautiful image of the Virgin that Françoise gave to Mimi. Above there is a framed Christ, that came to us from our grandmother. Higher up, S. Theresa; and, higher still, the little picture of the Annunciation that you know; so that the eye follows a whole celestial line as soon as it is lifted up—it is a ladder leading to heaven.'—P. 125.

Again:—

'I like these popular devotions, because they are attractive in form, and thus offer easy methods of instruction. One drapes the outside of good truths which appear smiling, and gain the heart in the name of the Virgin and of her mild virtues. I love the month of Mary, and other little amiable observances which the Church permits and blesses, and which spring up at the feet of faith, like flowers at the foot of the oak.'—P. 264.

She is looking beyond her Madonna all the time, though she does not know it. That imaginative mind is never for one moment resting in the outward form, but passing beyond to what it was intended to convey. In confession, she says, that 'we call the priest our father, because faith makes him truly 'God and father to us. Woe to me if, when I am at his feet, 'I should see aught but Jesus Christ listening to Magdalen, and 'forgiving her much, because she loved much. Confession is an 'expansion of repentance in love' (p. 108). When obliged to

confess to a strange priest, of whom she did not think highly, she says, 'In this act of religion the man must be always separated from the priest, and sometimes annihilated' (p. 259). It is the most noticeable contrast between this and diaries left by equally religious persons of other communions, that there is almost no self-reproach or accusation. This may partly be because the record was primarily meant as a sort of continuous supplement to her letters to her brother, but likewise, no doubt, because, in the cases we refer to, the diary served one minor purpose of the confessional, and relieved the mind of its outpourings and criticisms of its own doings. No doubt the entire Roman system has a tendency to take people off their own minds —judging for them of the amount and value of their penitence, and taking periodical stock of their progress; so that even with the most humble, sincere, and contrite, there must necessarily be a more entire sense that the repentance has been weighed, and that the past may be left behind. We do not say this is safe or wholesome, but there can be no question that it produces more present ease, and destroys scrupulous self-consciousness and self-tormenting. And with a heart like Eugénie's, always in the depths of its love straining for holiness, there was no fear of the system leading to its most serious practical peril, 'the continuing in sin that grace may abound.' Her great characteristic is that she is an ideal Roman Catholic, taking all the observances of her Church as they are meant, according to their best theory. She has so much light beyond, that they are but painted windows to her.

And it is curious that English Roman Catholics have so little perceived the real tendency of examples, that Eugénie, this speaking example of the real vitality of religion and truth in their Church, was first brought forward merely in her literary character, from an entirely different quarter, whilst her contemporary, M. Vianney, the Curé d'Ars, whose life is more painfully incumbered with absolute superstitions than that of any equally good man we ever met with, has been translated, and sent forth with a preface bearing the well-known initials 'H. E. M.' Good and devoted, sacrificing everything to almsgiving, living a most ascetic life, and revered as a saint by the multitudes who thronged to his confessional, the simple old peasant-priest is like a mediæval monastic saint brought into the glare of the nineteenth century; and when we read of his direct and familiar invocations of saints, his imagination that a relic hidden in his granary made the bins overflow with meal, his strange notions of demoniacal visitations, we feel how utterly Romish his Church has become, and how little we have in common with him; while we can scarcely turn a page of Eugénie's writings without feeling

how catholic is her Church, and how much we have still in common.

Eugénie has her superstitions, but they are only on the upper surface of her mind—some, indeed, of her childhood, and remembered playfully; such as her entreaty to the sacred picture over her father's bed, to help her take the stains out of her frock, and to give her doll a soul—the one petition, she observes, that was not granted. She sometimes tells of a supposed miracle, with the comment that '*J'y crois fortement*;' but the adverb proves that it was but a comparative belief at best.

It does not seem as if Maurice's scepticism made itself fully known to his family till he came home in the June of 1837 to recover from an attack on the lungs, the first commencement of the hereditary complaint that no doubt had already contributed to his constant depression. He was engaged to Caroline de Gervain, a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a family settled in the East Indies, pretty and of good fortune, which the fame and high blood of the young poet were supposed to counterbalance. Letters from India were needed before the marriage could take place; but in the meantime he had a kindly welcome and affectionate care from the Gervain family when in Paris; but they could give him neither health nor happiness, and he came home in search at least of the first. On his arrival, however, he fell ill of an intermitting fever, that lasted three months; and though he was afterwards well enough to enjoy a visit at Le Cayla from Caroline, he went away in the winter with a bad cough, that, Eugénie says, she felt in her own chest, just as Madame de Sevigné felt her daughter's east wind. Anxiety for both the soul and body of her beloved brother had set in. Maurice had lost his openness with her, and though she tried to think his reserve manliness, she felt it sorely (p. 457); and the journal, resumed on his departure, has no longer merely the occasional sadness of the vague yearnings of a young heart towards a better world, but becomes full of forebodings and positive anxieties—the clouds of morning are gathering into the showers of noonday. She loved her brother more than ever, but now with an exceeding pity:—'On parting with you I went to the 'church, where one can weep and pray in comfort. What can 'you do—you who do not pray when you are sad, when your 'heart is wounded?' (P. 147.)

None of her letters to him have been preserved, but they were probably in the same tone as the journal, neither arguing nor persuading:—'I am not holy enough to convert, nor strong 'enough to lead you,' she said; 'God alone can do that. I pray 'Him earnestly to do so, for my happiness is bound up in you.' So she wrote on as usual, though now and then a cry would

break from the loving heart:—'O brothers, brothers, we love 'you so! If you only knew—if you only could understand 'what your happiness costs us, by what sacrifices we would 'purchase it! O my God! let them perceive it—let them not 'thus easily risk their dear health and their dear soul!' (P. 163.)

And no doubt her prayers were doing their work, and the effect of her full, undissembled faith and love was telling on him. Still, sadness is far from being her prevailing tone. All the preparations for the marriage put her in high spirits for her brother's sake, and her playfulness is never more apparent than in some of the entries during this period. One day she breaks short off for want of ink, and when she resumes it is after she has received from her brother and his intended a box containing equipments for her proposed visit to Paris for the wedding:—

'*August 17th.*—Ink at last! I can write! Ink! Joy and life! I was dead for the three days when the circulation of that blood failed me—dead to my writing-book, to you, to confidence! My dear, my heart is full of you—of care—of your happiness—of this parcel—of these dresses—of these flowered mantles, white gloves, little shoes, open-work stockings, and embroidered upper robe—oh, all of it! I see it! I touch it! I wear it! I dress my heart in it a hundred times over ever since it arrived an hour ago! O kind, kind, charming sister! What a rich treasure India had in her for God to give you! What a kind heart! What pleasure in giving pleasure! Never was wedding-present more gladly given, nor more gratefully received! My gratitude runs over, and I cannot speak it! There are things that God only sees and knows. I ask Him, the Author of all good things, for every blessing, and for eternal happiness for her. I shall be very happy in my dresses, though my happiness does not consist in dress; but in these there is something sweeter and fairer than appears —something more than vanity; they are the gift of your betrothed—a sister's gift to me. I wrote to her without delay as soon as I had seen them. My heart is yearning to her. I want her to know at once the pleasure she has given to me, and to us all, with her flowers for the altar, her damask cloth, her Virgin, her dresses, and so many pretty and gracious things. How I love her! God bless her!—God, who leaves not the gift of a drop of water without its reward.'—P. 233.

This outfit came a few weeks before Eugénie left home for her first visit to Paris, where she spent five months. There is no journal of this period, though not by Maurice's fault, for he presented her with a book, in which he ordered her to record her impressions; but no researches of M. Trebutien have availed to discover it—a great pity, for her clear, simple mind must have had much to work on in such new scenes as were opened to her. We learn, however, from her reminiscences written on the anniversaries, that an exceeding joy awaited her. Maurice did indeed look very ill, and coughed ominously; but the brother she had lost for a year was restored—doubt had cleared from his mind, and he owned again the faith of his boyhood. He went to mass at S. Sulpice with her immediately after their meeting, and the true communion between their spirits was restored,

enabling her to bear up through all that was to follow. Again she recurs, many months after, to her gladness when she went with her brother to the Abbé Legrand to arrange for the marriage, and when, 'on approaching the religious matter that 'brought us, the abbé touched with perfect tact on the Christian 'preparations, Maurice answered as a man who understands and 'believes. I was touched, and so was the abbé, perhaps with 'surprise. I could make a picture of the young priest and the 'Christian bridegroom at this moment. Maurice was perfect. 'Beloved brother!' (P. 393.)

The 16th of November was the wedding-day—a day of which Eugénie only notes down her memories a year after, seen through a mist of tears. All come before her—

'He and his beautiful bride kneeling before the altar; Père Buquet blessing them, and speaking to them of the future; the crowd looking on; the organ; the collection for the poor, that embarrassed me; the signature in the vestry; so many witnesses to that brilliant contract with death; the meeting a hearse outside; the breakfast, when I sat next you, and you said, "How handsome your brother is!" when he talked so much of his life; the evening; the ball, when I danced for the first and last time—I owe to Maurice things that stand alone; the pleasure of seeing him look happy—of being at his festival and beneath all the joy-wringings of the heart; and that horrible vision of coffins round the drawing-room, placed on those long stools, and their coverings fringed with silver. How frozen I was when, on leaving their room dressed with flowers for the ball, that sight came before me! I shut my eyes.'—P. 307.

The person she here addresses is M. d'Aurevilly, a Parisian friend of her brother's, who, like Hippolyte de Morvonnais and all his other intimates, had found there was no friendship for the brother without also including the sister. Her letters seem to have made her already known among his circle, and a welcome was ready for her. She considered herself to be shy, and to find it difficult to talk to strangers; but this could have been only an inward feeling, for everyone testifies that her perfect simplicity and refined dignity made her much admired at Paris: if it were not almost profane to say so, she was a decided success. 'She had no beauty,' as a female friend said of her; 'there was enough to love in her without.' Her features were absolutely plain, and she was extremely thin and delicate-looking, but she had speaking dark eyes and an intelligent smile; the hands that washed and spun were fair, slender, and aristocratic; and she had a high-bred look and manner that stamped her as one of the old nobility. She was taken to the grand Parisian dressmakers and equipped there for a career in the Faubourg S. Germain, but it made very little difference in her; she was grateful for kindness from Maurice's friends, or from fellow-Christians; and for the rest, she moved about in a salon as much

at home as at Le Cayla or Gaillac, and talked to the choicest company in France as easily and calmly as to the curés who dined at her father's castle.

She made many friends; and in the April of 1839 quitted Paris on a course of visits in the country, resuming her journal again, and filling it with her anxieties for her brother's health:—

'How I desire, entreat, and pray for that dear health both of soul and body. I do not know if those are right prayers that one makes with so much human affection, so much wishing what God's will may be! I wish my brother to recover—that is my foundation; but I think it is a foundation of trust, faith, and resignation. Prayer is a submissive wish—Give us our daily bread; deliver us from evil; Thy will be done. Our Saviour in the Garden of Olives did only this; to desire otherwise and to accept.'—P. 249.

At least, she must have had the comfort of knowing that her brother had found the peace that his perturbed spirit had so long sought in vain. His last extant letter to her, though short and simple, breathed a far more satisfactory spirit than in the days of his health. He is speaking of a visit from Erembert, who had just returned home:—

'Poor Eran! he left me with emotion that touched me greatly. This journey to Paris and all that has occurred has, in a few months, brought together and mingled our lives (Eran's and mine) more than twenty years could have done. We have always lived at a great distance from one another, and our own individual characters did not greatly compensate for the distance. At last, circumstances have hastened what, at the age we have attained, must happen sooner or later, and we have parted, each with an additional feeling in our heart. In truth, good comes out everywhere; it is like a subtle gold-dust, and there is nothing that does not contain some fragment of it.

'I live very quietly under my curtains; and thanks to Caro, to books, and dreams, patiently await the recovery that the sun is to bring me. I enjoy myself in this nearly complete sequestration from the rest of the world; for I am not such an enemy to solitude as you might suppose; and there are in me, very strong in me, tastes and even needs that would not be disowned by the greatest lovers of a country life. I hope God will ripen at the same time both these thoughts and the means of realizing them.'—*Maurice*, p. 372.

Maurice had found the gold-dust that had been wanting in the budding trees and bounding waves of Brittany, and thus his letters cheered his sister's heart; though the accounts of him from his wife and friends left her sad, and she could not look at a green leaf without thinking of the saying that when the leaves fall the consumptive die. Yet the heart that found solace everywhere did not fail to gather food of comfort from the very shadows on the wall:—

'The beauteous vision, the admirable figure of Christ that I see upon the wall opposite to my bed, it is fit for a painter's eye. Never did I see a more sublime, more divinely mournful head, with the features that are ascribed to the Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire what is done by my candle behind the handle of a jug of water, the shadow of which frames three flowers on the

paper of the room which forms the picture. So the least things form grand ones. Children discovered the telescope—a glass by chance brought the stars near; a bad light and a little shadow on a paper form for me a picture worthy of Rubens or Raphael. *The beautiful is not what we seek, but what comes in our way.* It is really beautiful; more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen in the Exhibition. What angel has exhibited to me in my solitary room this picture of Jesus, "for Jesus is precious to the soul, and with Him we can want nothing, and nothing can seem difficult?" Well, then, let this picture be useful to me, and aid me in the thought that occupies me.'—*Eugénie*, p. 259.

This thought was her already mentioned reluctance to confess to an unsatisfactory priest, a necessary preparation for a *neuvaine* that was to be made for Maurice's cure. All was in vain. The malady pursued its course, and the summer brought no real improvement. The mild air of his native home was prescribed, and Eugénie accompanied him and his wife on their way to Le Cayla, the home that he longed for, with ardour that gave him strength for the tedious twenty days' journey, and even to ride for the last few miles, when the roads became too bad for carriages. His appearance shocked the father, brother, and sister, who came out to receive him, but he was in a trance of joy at the sight of them and of the steep-roofed Le Cayla, greeted them fondly, and held out his hands to the servants and the reapers, who were cutting down the harvest. The pleasure of his return brightened him for a little while, and one day he attempted a little feeble gardening upon the terrace, and said he should do more every day; but it was the last time he ever went into the air. After that he seldom moved from his easy chair, where he lay back with his eyes closed, while his young wife sung, played, and made every effort to rouse him, but in vain. Sometimes he brightened a little; once he played an air on the piano; he read one volume of 'Old Mortality.' He was much amused by a newspaper article by M. d'Aurevilly, and desired Eugénie to write to his friend that he had not laughed so heartily for a long time; and he showed warm gratitude to all, especially to his father, who had been to Gaillac for some medicines in the heat of the day. But he was sinking fast, and on the night of the 18th of July all saw that the end was near. He was fully sensible, and the few words he spoke left lasting comfort with the survivors. The curé came and received his confession, and Eugénie gave him his last earthly food. 'I will feed you like a *néné*,' she said, using the patois word for a babe; and he replied with a smile. That preparation for his last communion Eugénie calls her compensation for her long months of passive love. After the last rites of the Church, he lay still, pressed the priest's hand, kissed a cross which his wife held to him, and then, amid the kisses of his family, breathed his last, in

his twenty-fifth year, on the 19th of July, 1839, eleven days after his return home, eight months after his marriage.

Two days after, Eugénie reopened her journal, and thus inscribed it:—

'Still to him. To Maurice dead—to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. O how sweet and how full of love is the name of brother!

'*July 21st.*—No, my dear, death shall not part us—shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it, I trust; one loves better in heaven, where all becomes divine.'

And thus she goes on talking to him, telling him of the kisses and caresses lavished on his corpse; of the funeral, of the letters that came too late for him, of the weary turmoil of visits of condolence, of his old peasant nurse bringing the cakes and figs he would have enjoyed, of the clear sky, the grasshopper-chirp, the beat of the flail, of her bitter tears, and of the prayers that relieved her grief. Some have said that her sorrow was excessive; but surely that grief is not unchristian which is 'regretting, not repining;' which resigns itself perfectly, and is far from being without hope. These conditions fulfilled, the amount of suffering becomes a matter of individual nature, dependent both on the degree of personal loss and the inherent elasticity of the character, just as some constitutions are far more susceptible of physical pain than others.

She wrote on that very first day that her heart was widowed; and so it was for life; but there was thankfulness in all her sorrow. On the 17th of August she writes:—

'I was less a sister than a mother. Do you remember that I compared myself to Monica weeping for her Augustin when we spoke of my afflictions for your soul—that dear soul that was astray? How I entreated for its salvation—prayed, supplicated! A holy priest told me, "Your brother will return." Oh, he did return, and then left me for heaven—for heaven, I trust. There were evident signs of grace and mercy in that death. My God, I have more to bless Thee for than to complain of.'—P. 282.

Some days later:—

'I desire the salvation of all, that all should profit by the redemption that was for all mankind; but the heart has its elect, and for these one has a hundred times more wishes and fears. It is not forbidden. Jesus, hadst not Thou thy beloved John, of whom the Apostles said that for love's sake Thou wouldest not let him die? Let them live always, those whom I love—let them live the everlasting life. Oh, it is for that, not for this place, that I love them! Alas! scarcely do we see one another here. I did but glimpse them, but the soul rests in the soul.'—P. 286.

'Should I not love Thee, my God, the sole, true, everlasting love? I think I love Thee, as the timid Peter said, but not like John, who rested on Thy bosom—divine repose that is wanting to me! What can I seek among created things? Shall I make a pillow of a human breast? Alas! I have seen

how death snatches it away. Let me rather lean, O Jesus, upon Thy Crown of Thorns.'—P. 287.

She who could thus feel surely sorrowed with a blessed sorrow.

'The lurid mist,
That deems the faithful suffering still
Upon the eternal shore,'

seldom came between her and her comfortable thoughts of Maurice. Her last impression when she saw his embrace of the cross was, that he was gone to Paradise; and that belief was almost constantly with her. There is only one entry in her diary of the grievous idea of Maurice calling for aid in his sufferings, and then she hurries to prayer, saying 'Prayer is the dew of purgatory.'

After the first two months, the journal begins to be addressed to M. d'Aurevilly, who had begged to be regarded as an adopted brother, and to receive her effusions in the same way as Maurice had done. But it was a thing impossible to write to any new-made friend as to the brother whose first baby steps she had guided, and the peculiar simple fragrance of the diary is lost from that time. There are no more fond bits of patois; no more of the poetry of washing, cooking, or spinning; no more such merry records as 'nothing passed to-day but two crows.' Eran and Mimi lose their pet names; and if anything about the homely neighbours is set down, it is as being curious in itself; not because an eye from the home circle will be gratified by it. We respect Eugénie the more for it, but care less for the journal, though there are still choice passages in it. There she records the account of those last ten days of Maurice's illness; there she describes skies and flowers, and tells of her books—'few come to Le Cayla, but if they please, they please very much.' And sometimes the habit of writing all that is in her heart carries her away, and she pours out her feelings as if forgetting that she is not writing to Maurice:—'This morning, in my 'prayers, I felt myself borne towards the other life, where he is, 'where he expects me as he did at Paris. Ah! there we shall 'see far other wonders than in these towns in the mud' (p. 302).

She had made many friends; she had 'colonies of cousins' whom she dearly loved, and many more of later date loved for Maurice's sake and their own. There is a very pretty passage about her early and more recent friendships:—

'I always stood in need of friendships, and rare *introuvable* ones have come to me, as it were, from heaven, and all first through my brother, the dear Maurice, whom I have lost. Louise dated previously. She is for me of a different flavour, fruit of another season. I met her at seventeen. Her charm is a thing apart, like the age at which we linked ourselves together. Though sadness has come since, we see one another through flowers.'—P. 329.

These friendships, their duties and their correspondence, were a great solace to her; and there is a recovery of cheerfulness visible in the tone of her diary, though no doubt not half so much as there was in her outward life, since she herself regarded it as the vent of those feelings with which she would not oppress her family. One pleasure which she had was the erection of a plain pyramid, with a white marble cross, put up by her brother's widow, in the cemetery of Gaillac; but, alas! it had to be guarded for several nights—it gave umbrage to the peasantry as contrary to the equality of death. 'Once,' says Eugénie, 'they would have adored the cross.' A more real happiness came at Easter, at the sight of Erembert, a communicant. 'One must be a Christian sister to feel what that means, 'and the sort of happiness that springs from the hope of heaven 'for a soul one loves.'

This summer—1840—Maurice's friends made his literary remains known to the world. They were not numerous, the chief being '*Le Centaure*,' a poem in prose, supposed to be the autobiography of a centaur, and embodying the longings for the ecstasies of a free wild life in the bosom of nature, of which Maurice had been full in his three unhappy Parisian years. To us it is difficult to enter into the merit of the 'Centaur;' but when it came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June, 1840, it was spoken of in the highest terms by Georges Sand, and it was accompanied by some of Maurice's descriptive letters, which placed his poetical powers beyond a doubt, and excited strong enthusiasm. But one section of the literary world, and at the head of them Georges Sand—the first to proclaim his genius—claimed him as among the free-thinkers of the age; and 'the stain they placed on his brow' was in Eugénie's eyes ill compensated by the honours ascribed to him. Henceforth her chief care was that the world should not admire him without knowing that his belief, if obscured for a time, had returned in full brightness; and to win this recognition of his Christianity was the task of her later life. She wrote letters to his friends, she drew up a short memoir of him to be affixed to an edition of his works, and she remained through all these latter days holding her shield of faith over the remains that the other party would fain have won to themselves. But of herself we know nothing. Her journal was less and less resorted to, and breaks off finally on the last day of 1840, with the characteristic entry, 'How sad time is, whether it goes or comes; and how 'right was the saint who said, "Let us throw our hearts into 'eternity!"'

She lived nine years after her brother, for the last two of which she was sinking under the same complaint; but appa-

rently it laid a gentle hand upon her, for she kept up her usual habits almost to the last—attended to her father, to household cares, and to the neighbouring poor; observed her hours for reading and prayer, and in the evening taught the Catechism in the kitchen to any ignorant person who had come to help in the vintage. Of her end we know almost nothing, except that after she had received the last rites of the Church she said to her sister, 'Take this key: you will find papers in that drawer, and you 'will burn them. They are nothing but vanity.'

Eugénie de Guérin died on the 31st of May, 1848, and her father only survived her for six months. Erembert followed two years after; and the sole survivors of this honoured house are Mademoiselle Marie de Guérin and a young daughter of Erembert. Caroline, the widow of Maurice, returned to India, married again, and died while still young.

The oft-repeated words of David come before us as we think of Maurice and Eugénie—'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' Still, there was no knowing or loving Maurice without carrying on the feeling to Eugénie; and the revelations of herself that she had almost unwittingly made, in the endeavour to show her brother as he really was, excited a curiosity and interest about her which was partly gratified, after the deaths of her father and brother, by M. d'Aurevilly, who printed for private circulation a selection of her papers. M. de Sainte Beuve made her the subject of one of his Causeries de Lundi, and finally, at the end of fourteen years, Marie de Guérin placed in the hands of M. Trebutien all the papers and journals in her possession. This is the work that the Académie pronounces '*couronnée*,' for its style and for its beneficial tendency. Eugénie, utterly heedless of distinction for herself, has, while seeking it for her brother, received it in double measure.

Maurice, as M. Trebutien truly says, will be far longer remembered as the brother of Eugénie than as the author of the 'Centaur;' and perhaps he would be content with this subordination, for no brother ever loved sister with a more true and generous love than he bore to

'Ma sœur Eugénie
Au front pale et doux,'

as he says in a little poem written in Brittany, one stanza of which we cannot forbear quoting, it is so perfect a symbol of the two lives:—

'Elle aimait mes rêves,
Et j'aimais les siens,
Divins,

Et nos heures brèves
Passaient sans temoin,
Au soin
De faire l'échange
De biens entre nous,
Si doux;
Mille rèves d'ange
Allaient de son sein
Au mien,
Quand la feuille grise
Sous le vent follet
Roulait.
" Vois comme la bise
Fait de ces débris
Des bruits,"
Disait Eugénie,
Et toutes les fois
Qu'au bois
La feuille flétrie
Au vent qui passait
Tombait.
Elle, sans parole,
Mais levant tout droit
Son doigt,
Montrait ce symbole
Qui dans l'air muet
Tournait.'

M. de Sainte Beuve has called the remains of Eugénie the book of brothers and sisters. It well deserves the title; but to us it seems that its great lesson is the never-ceasing freshness and charm of 'doing all to the glory of God.'

ART. II.—*The Song of Songs. A revised Translation, with Introduction and Commentary.* By JOSEPH FRANCIS THRUPP, M.A. Vicar of Barrington; late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of 'An Introduction to the Study and Use of the Psalms,' &c. Macmillan and Co. 1862. pp. 284.

A GREAT English author and teacher of our generation, conceived the idea, as he tells us, of arranging his poems in order, so that they should form one beautiful symmetrical whole; while, at the same time, the several parts in detail should illustrate and interpret one another. His main works were to have the same relation to one another, as the antechapel has to the body of a Gothic church, while the minor compositions 'might be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral 'recesses ordinarily included in those edifices.' It is granted to few authors to excogitate a system; and those who have been enabled to perfect the conception, have almost invariably left the execution uncompleted. It is no discredit to Wordsworth, or to his metaphysical fellow-poet Coleridge, that they failed where Bacon and the mirror of human wisdom failed before them. Those to whom we owe the present arrangement of the plays of Shakspeare, seem, quite inadvertently, to have adopted an order which presents in a striking unity the diverse productions of that multitudinous mind. Disregarding the order of construction, the chronological order of actual authorship, they seem to have fixed, without knowing why, upon the order which corresponds to the several periods of the human life in which the several classes of compositions would have been most suitably produced. Passing by 'The Tempest,' that pathetic poem, in which the great poet, after prophesying of the sure perishing and vanishing away of the 'great globe itself,' declares that—

> 'When I have required
> Some heavenly music—
> I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
> I'll drown my book.'

Passing by, we say, 'The Tempest,' we have the thirteen comedies, which so fully exhibit the redundant imagination and matchless fancy of the writer: works that exhibit the restless humour and inexhaustible buoyancy of youth. The nineteen

historical dramas represent the period of active political manhood. In none of his writings does Shakspeare exhibit more moral grandeur, more depth, more piety, more compass, more consistency of thought. In the four last poems, 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello,' we have the solemn lessons of reflective age; the agony of a broken heart; the evils of inordinate affection; the impotency of the unregenerate will; and the perils of temptation. In an age when everything is labelled 'a philosophy,' we may speak without cant or affectation of the philosophy of Shakspeare, whether he would or would not have himself so classified and ordered his writings. The connexion of these remarks with the subject we have in hand is really not hard to find. We are approaching holy ground, and we would put the sandals off our feet. This only would we urge; that—as the human mind longs to create, or imagines it has found, a unity in the works of man—we may well expect to find the writings of God forming one organic whole, and possessed of an all-pervading unity of design. And considering how the Lord Jesus, by His Spirit, has conceived, inspired, ordered, and providentially preserved the divine Scriptures, we think we may lay down the twofold axiom that the order of the books of Scripture is divine—it is evidently not chronological—and that the order of the *contents* of the books of Scripture is also divine. There are many apparent breaks in our Lord's discourses, for instance; many sentences are put in succession, as spoken by Him connectedly, which bear about them all the marks of being fragments of other lengthened discourses. It seems to us a matter of faith to believe that all that could have been learned from what has been withheld, is conveyed to us in what is preserved; that what seem to be mere repetitions, are not in fact such; that the same recurrent words recur under circumstances, and in a connexion, which invests them with a wholly distinct and novel significance.[1]

The Jews themselves seem to have compared the Scriptures entrusted to them, in their unity, order, and arrangement, to that great cathedral whose plan was due to Deity. They delighted to compare the Song of Solomon to the Holy of Holies, ranking it, with the first chapter of Genesis, and the

[1] It seems to us very unworthy of the inspired style of Scripture to say, as Mr. Thrupp does in his work on the Psalms, vol. i. p. 260, Ps. xlv.: 'From v. 3 of this psalm Isaiah *borrowed* the epithet which appears in the title "The mighty God," by which he prophesied of Christ.' How has Mr. Thrupp learned this? The statement is a mere assumption—to be regretted for itself; to be regretted as indicating an inadequate conception of the ἦθος of the inspired writers. Their method of quotation justifies us in affirming, that when they quote, they apprise us of the fact; and that there is no quotation or transcription—still less any plaglarism—where there is no statement to that effect.

opening and close of Ezekiel, as among the most mysterious of all the writings of God. Their Rabbis counted, and still count, ten songs as sung in this world: the song of Adam, traditionally reckoned as Psalm xcii.; the three songs of Moses (Exod. xv. 1; Numb. xxi. 17; Deut. xxxii. 1); the song of Joshua (x. 13); of Barak and Deborah (Judg. v. 1); the seventh, the song of Hannah (1 Sam. ii. 1); the eighth, of David (2 Sam. xxii. 1). The tenth song Israel shall sing when returning from captivity (Isa. xxx. 29). But the *ninth* song, which Solomon sung before the Lord of the whole earth, is accounted the most excellent of them all. Of the thousand and five songs, we have no record or remains; for we may not reckon in the number the 72d Psalm which he undoubtedly composed, nor the 122d, to which his name is prefixed. If from what has been preserved we argue to what has been lost, how glorious must we conclude those songs to have been; how precious and sublime must we account that one which the providence of the Lord Jesus has preserved to His Church. It is no wonder that the Rabbis knew no limit to their reverence for the book; that they treasured it up within the veil, extolled it above the most holy records of the past, and in reverential feeling held it equal to the dwelling-place of the Lord of Hosts. All the testimonies of the Holy Ghost, accumulated through eighteen centuries of the Christian time, forbid us to place on a lower level than did the Jews, the 'Song of Songs,' that tells of the 'King of Kings.' In *our* thoughts, also, Scripture may be well compared to some minster, where the long-drawn aisles, which support and illustrate the nave, may fitly be compared to the Law and the Prophets, which even now share the glory of Jesus (as Moses and Elias shared His glory on the mountain), while they uphold and vindicate the Gospel story, with all its records of deeds and sufferings, and all the mighty words and writings of apostolic men. Then the transepts may be regarded as representing the subjects of the Apocalypse, and all the chastisements and sorrows of the fallen Church. Lastly, dedicating the chancel to the Hagiographa—those psalms, that portion of the Divine Word which the Lord expounded last, as though it came the most near to Himself[1]—we place at its entrance the prophetic sorrows of the Upright One: and along the choir the divine songs of Israel; the divine wisdom of the Son of David; the sermon of mortification from the Preacher of Jerusalem,[2] as the purest preparatory for the service of heavenly love, and for ministering in the very sanc-

[1] '*In* the law of Moses, and *in* the Prophets, and *in* the Psalms concerning Me.' —S. Luke xxiv. 44.

[2] 'Verse etenim sapientiæ primum illud, initium; secundum consummatio est.'—S. Bernard.

tuary itself, singing the Song of Songs before the Lord of the whole earth.

Now it must be owned, and owned with regret, that the Song of Songs has been grievously slighted and neglected in the English branch of the Church Catholic. We welcome with all the more thankfulness any trustworthy work upon the Canticles. We propose discussing in this paper the argument of the book itself, and its importance; being more especially attracted to the subject just now by Mr. Thrupp's useful volume. The author exhibits very considerable taste and judgment in his translation; though here and there, there is observable a departure from the Authorized Version, and not always for the better. Why at ii. 3, he should have adopted 'youth,' instead of 'sons,' which reminds us of the 'sons of God,' and thus renders some exegetical help, which 'youth' does not; or why, again, at viii. 7, he should have forsaken the literal version, and the more poetical rendering, 'many waters,' and fixed on the comparatively prosaic 'floods,' we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Thrupp is occasionally reckless, too, in suggested improvements of the text. At vi. 10, because אֱגוֹז is an ἅπαξ λεγόμενον, in a writing in which at least thirty-nine more may be reckoned; because the singular is used, which, though 'awkward' here, is not an unexampled use; and because the 'nut' is itself hard to be interpreted—which it seems to us may be the very reason why the word was selected—Mr. Thrupp makes it a question whether the received text is correct. And because the Targumist, interpreting the 'garden' of the sanctuary, applies it to the second temple built by Cyrus—Mr. Thrupp literalizing, where the Jew had spiritualized, manipulates the word for 'nut' into הֲמוֹן; which he translates (to avoid the startling apparition of so flat a literalism as 'nations' in so spiritual a context) 'the throng;'[1] applying it to the Gentiles. But the word thus introduced does not necessarily apply to the Gentiles, as it is in the singular. In the plural it does specially refer to the heathen, as distinct from Israel, so that for the present purpose the use of the singular here is 'somewhat awkward.' Mr. Thrupp must know very well that all emendations prompted by exegetical difficulties are deservedly regarded with suspicion. Besides, the word 'nut' *might* be regarded as itself suggestive of the heathen; contrasting as it does with the cultivated vine and fig-tree, which Holy Scripture seems to appropriate to Israel, Church and nation.

We do not think that Mr. Thrupp is much more happy in his proposed amendment of the text in iv. 12; for the words,

[1] = ἔθνος, multitudes in the mass, not λάος = multitudes organized, people.

'spring shut up,' he proposes rendering, 'a garden enclosed;' repeating the first words of the verse, and changing גַּל into גַּן. Some better reason should be forthcoming for proposing to alter the received Hebrew text, beyond the fact that the word in this sense nowhere else is to be found in the Scriptures *in the singular*—for we meet it in the plural in the sense of 'billows' (Ps. xlii. 8); 'waves' (lxxxix. 10)—while the *idea*, though not the word (it is בְּאֹרֶךְ which is employed), is closely reproduced in Proverbs v. 15. The whole weight of rabbinical testimony is in favour of the received text;[1] in behalf of which, this further may be urged: that whereas the sentiment of the verse pauses if we adopt a mere repetition, by the words a 'spring shut up,' we are reminded that for her own self-refreshment, when viewed under the image of a garden, the Church is also at once a secured well, to *contain* the doctrines—a fountain sealed to supply all the refreshing and quickening grace of the divine life. A few verses further on, we have another of Mr. Thrupp's conjectural emendations. At the fifteenth verse of this fourth chapter, he proposes to reverse the change suggested in the passage just referred to, and for 'gardens,' we are to read 'springs;' for a 'fountain of gardens,' we are to adopt a 'fountain full of waves and ripples;' *i.e.* a 'bubbling fountain.' A seeming inappropriateness, a tendency to confusion with the previous image, and the introduction of a plural where there should have been a singular—it is not a little amusing to observe how much Mr. Thrupp is the victim of the plural number—are the reasons for the suggested change. Yet there is no question about the received text. The LXX. is distinct, πηγὴ κήπου. The Vulgate and Tremellius render, 'fons hortorum.' Gesenius[2] points out a contrast intended between this 'fountain' and the fountain of the *plains* of Judah, and those belonging to the Levites in Issachar (Josh. xv. 34; xix. 21; xxi. 29). And does not the rendering 'a bubbling fountain,' tend to produce that confusion with a succeeding image which Mr. Thrupp professes so much to dread? For what is 'a bubbling fountain,' in nature, but a 'well of living waters?' It seems to us that here again we can only adopt Mr. Thrupp's proposed improvement at the cost of part of the sense of the divine text. Here, as before, the received text seems to us superior to what is offered. For all the chosen places of God's election, the Bride is a well; yea, she is a spring inexhaustibly ebullient; yea, she is worth all the streams that flow from Lebanon.

[1] See also Gesenius, sub voce. Tremellius renders 'scaturigo clausa.' Cocceius, happily retaining the word, translates more literally, a '*heap*' enclosed; a '*treasure*' immured, hidden, and protected; which harmonises well with the spiritual meaning.

[2] Sub voce, נָזַל.

In two instances the Authorized Version[1] has been, to say the least, not very happy in its rendering. 'The smell of thy nose like apples' (vii. 8), furnishes an instance how a literal version may do an injustice to what it renders. Following the Vulgate, which has 'odores tui,' Mr. Thrupp gives, very adequately, 'The smell of thy breath.' But he is not so good to us in another passage in the same chapter: at verse 4, 'Thy *nose* is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus,' which Diodati translates '*facies*.' This accurately renders the meaning as well as the attitude of the person represented; with uplifted countenance confronting—in unblemished holiness, and the boldness which belongs only to holiness—all the strongholds of the world, and all the resources of sin.

Mr. Thrupp has rendered much service to the student of Holy Scripture, by his admirable arrangement of the several parts of the Song itself. Although on more than one occasion he decides against the judgment of a majority of the old interpreters, in no one instance have we seen cause to differ from him under this head. When we come to discuss the argument of the poem, we shall bring before our readers Mr. Thrupp's divisions of the book. Before doing so, we shall examine the theory put forward by Mr. Thrupp, as to the authorship and date of the composition of the Song of Songs.

Its present position in the catalogue of the divine writings the Song of Songs owes to the Jewish Church, which ranked it last among those four books: the λοιπαὶ τέσσαρες of Josephus, which contain ὕμνους εἰς τὸν Θεὸν, 'hymns to God.'[2] The invariable tradition of the Rabbis, who had indeed disputes about the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes,[3] declares that

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[1] We think the following a curious rendering, chap. v. 2, from a MS. of Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III. :—

'The voice of my Lemman knockyng, Open thou to me my Suster, my leef, my culver, my unwemmynd, for my head is ful of dewe, and my temple heris of the droopis of nightis. I spoylide me my coote; hou schal I be clothid it? I waschide my feet; hou schal I befoulen hem? Mi lemman putte his hond bi the hool; my wombe inwardly trembled at the touching of him. I rose that I scholde opennen to my lemman. My hondis droppiden mirre, and my fingris ful of best proved mirre. The lacche of my dore I opened to my lemman; and he had bowid aside and passide. My soul is moltyn as my lemman spac. I sogte and founde not him. I clepid and he answered not to me. There founden me keperis that gon about the cytie. Thei smyten me and woundiden me: takin my mantil, the keperis of the wallis. I adjure you, ye dogtris of Jerusalem, gif gee schul fynden my lemman, that yee telle to him, for I languisch for love.'

Thrupp's rendering of vi. 5, 'for they swell my heart *with pride*,' is peculiarly infelicitous; for pride is always sin. In this passage the Beloved invites the Bride to look at him, 'for her eyes *lift him on the wing*,' *i.e.* cheer, and exalt, and glorify him in the presence of the angels. The English version is not quite satisfactory, either as a rendering of the original, or as representing the sense.

[2] Contr. Apion. i. § 8.

[3] Vorst; not in Maimon. Yesod, Hattorah, c. 6, § 12.

Canticles is the work of Solomon the son of David. Such a tradition was not likely to be set aside by those to whom the care of the divine Scriptures was transferred by the Holy Ghost. Like many others, Melito and Origen simply enumerate the book, Ἆσμα ᾀσμάτων, in its proper place; the latter adding in Greek characters the Hebrew name. But S. Athanasius adds, after stating that the other books are the productions of Solomon, Ἆσμα ᾀσμάτων τοῦ αὐτοῦ: the exact terms in which it is mentioned by Archbishop Plato, in his Ὀρθόδοξος διδασκαλία (Athens, 1836), while stating the canon of the Holy Eastern Church. To the same effect the Church of England, in her sixth Article, entitles it 'Cantica, or Songs of Solomon.' In the catalogues of Popes Damasus, Gelasius, and Hormisdas, the writings of Solomon are enumerated—'*Salomonis*, libri iii.; Proverbiorum, liber i.; Ecclesiastes, liber i.; *Canticorum*, liber i.'[1] The first to classify these books in this way was probably Ruffinus, in his 'Expositio in Symbolum Apostolorum;' and in this he was followed by his contemporaries, S. Amphilochius, in his 'Iambi ad Seleucum,' preserved in the writings of S. Gregory Nanzianzen;[2] and by this S. Gregory himself in his thirty-third poem.[3] In the same manner S. Jerome has written, as more than one reference would prove. In fact, if there be a single book of the Bible whose *authorship*, as well as inspiration, was never brought in question, it is the Song of Songs. This very uniform and weighty tradition Mr. Thrupp is venturous enough to put aside. He says that the title has been '*almost* universally understood as ascribing' the authorship to Solomon; yet there is no Hebrew scholar but knows that where the ל is prefixed in titles, without anything to limit its application, it always indicates the author.[4] And Mr. Thrupp admits that this is the obvious and *primâ facie* interpretation of its meaning. The internal evidence, however, is such as to shut out Solomon from all claim to be received as the author. This internal evidence must needs be very weighty. We propose examining it point by point.

It is objected that Solomon spent many years of his life as only an eastern voluptuary can live; and there is nothing in his history to prove that he was capable of chaste and deep and tender love. Strange, assuredly, that the essential element in the constitution of every great mind, should have been wanting in one so wise as he; so loved of God, who had heard the

[1] Issued between the years 366 and 523. Labbé, Concil. iv. p. 1260; Mansi, Concil. viii. p. 497. By some the decree in which Gelasius enumerates the books has been regarded as spurious.

[2] Tom. ii. p. 193. Colon. 1680.

[3] Tom. ii. p. 439.

[4] *Vide* Hengstenberg on Ps. lxxii.

words of the Almighty, and who 'loved the Lord.' But again, the marriage with the daughter of Pharaoh, we are told, was 'certainly contracted in public violation of the law of Moses.' Now this is assuming that he, who 'walked in the statutes of his father David,' who after his marriage had the vision of God, had contracted the union without requiring his bride to become a proselyte. A tradition, as trustworthy as any, runs that she did become a proselyte of Israel; and, while it seems to us wholly inconceivable that Solomon should have thus early put himself in opposition to the divine law, the tradition itself, just referred to, derives no slight confirmation from the fact, that among all the gods to whose worship Solomon was drawn by his wives, in the days of his degradation, there is no mention whatever of any Egyptian gods (1 Kings xi. 5, 6). The conclusion seems unavoidable, that the bride had ceased to be an infidel, and was not herself a worshipper of strange gods. Now we are as reluctant as Mr. Thrupp himself to acknowledge any natural historic basis for the Song of Songs: that this divine poem is a spiritual improvement of a marriage union between the son of David and the daughter of Egypt. But, at the same time, we cannot forbear regarding that union in itself as full of mystery. The union of the son of David with the bride from the heathen land, is eminently suggestive of sublime and prophetic meanings;[1] a union, therefore, which might well have furnished the substance and argument of a spiritual song. But the most forcible part of Mr. Thrupp's first objection is contained in the statement, that 'there is an evident native harmony between the prophet and the message which he was commissioned to deliver.'[2] Now this objection, if it proves anything, proves too much. We put aside all thought of those other kings, Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar, through whom the prophetic Spirit spake; we will not stop to ask what 'native harmony' is discoverable between Balaam and his sublime prediction of the triumphs of the Lord Jesus; between the person and the prophecy of Caiaphas; we will be content to urge that, if this sensual Caliph of Jerusalem was incapacitated by his character from writing the Song of Songs, that same character also unfitted him for penning the beautiful description of the virtuous wife in Proverbs xxxi.; or that of wisdom in Proverbs viii.; or the world-renouncing

[1] 'Neque item arcano mysterio caret quod lætissimæ et faustissimæ nuptiæ non aliæ scribantur quam cum Ægyptiâ fœminâ; cum quâ gente neque commercium iniri, &c. Ergo Salomonis tempore medius ille maceriæ et inveterati odii paries dissolutus est, faustissimo Ægyptiæ cum Salomone matrimonio, quod proculdubio ad verum Salomonem referebatur, qui futurus esset Pax, noster, et facturus utraque unum.'—Joan De Pineda, de rebus Salomonis, 649, 1, and 337.

[2] Pref. p. 2.

wisdom of Ecclesiastes. We think Mr. Thrupp would have reasoned better if he had borne in mind the wise maxim on this very subject, '*Quærendum est de mente non tam Salomonis quam spiritûs sancti.*'

Equally fictitious with this first objection to the received opinion, as to the authorship of Canticles, is the second objection:[1] that the poem contains no allusion to Solomon's 'greatest and noblest architectural work.'[2] Now, in the very first chapter, in verse 4, there is mention made of the king's 'chambers;' and at verse 17, of 'the beams of our house.' Is Mr. Thrupp prepared to prove that there is certainly no reference in these words to the building of the temple? Any allusion, from the nature of the poem, must needs be in the form of a dark saying; and it might be argued, with much show of reason, that there is no reference to the temple in the words quoted, because these terms have so little that is mystical about them. But other obscurer references might be pointed out. Mr. Thrupp cannot devise any time for Solomon to have written Canticles in but in the days of his voluptuousness. In the same way he does not seem capable of imagining any period of innocence or repentance in the life of the son of David. Devotion to a theory has made him very blind. Hence he cannot admit the idea that the poem was written before the building of the temple was undertaken. Now, in professing to prove that the Song was not written by Solomon after the building of the temple, and therefore not by Solomon at all, he should have disposed of the earlier date.

Another of Mr. Thrupp's objections is based upon the use in the poem of the name of Tirzah. The Beloved declares the bride (vi. 4) to be 'Beautiful as Tirzah'—Tirzah 'the Pleasant.' The allusion is exclusively owing to the charms of Tirzah: those beauties which the place owed to Nature. As a 'private city' (Int. 7) even in imagery it must not be placed on a level with Jerusalem. Therefore it must be Tirzah after it had become a royal abode; therefore the 'Song of Solomon' was not written till after Tirzah had become a royal abode. But having ceased to be a royal abode within 100 years after Solomon, the earliest date Mr. Thrupp will allow for the Song, is it not incongruous to compare it to Zion? Then, surely, the inspired writer should have compared nothing less than Samaria to Jerusalem. If Tirzah, before it had become a royal city, was not to be compared with Jerusalem, surely it may not be so compared after it had ceased to be a royal abode. But it is not

[1] Pref. p. 6.

[2] It might be argued, indeed, that as the city is usually spoken of as *Jerusalem*, and only once as Zion, that therefore the temple could not yet have been erected.

out of place to observe that whereas Tirzah, after the removal of the Court, so to speak, to Samaria, about eighty-six years after Solomon's death, sank into uttermost obscurity, and ceased to be a royal abode, it first appears in Scripture (Josh. xii. 24) as a royal city: 'The King of Tirzah, one.' So that, upon Mr. Thrupp's argument, it was as much entitled at least to be contrasted with Jerusalem before the division of the kingdoms. The whole argument, however, is nought; and we cannot help reminding Mr. Thrupp that no number of rabbits will make one hare.

But it is argued—if this be argument—from the title (i. 5), 'Daughters of Jerusalem,' that Jerusalem was not then the 'religious metropolis of the whole Israelitish nation,' while the circumstances of the times in which Mr. Thrupp is pleased to fix the date of composition, that is, during the separation of Israel and Judah, 'might well render unadvisable any allusion to the temple to which the Israelites no longer repaired' (8). The timidity which our author here imputes to the inspired writer shows him not more happy in his constructive than his destructive criticisms. It seems a great deal to conclude from the designation, 'Daughters of Jerusalem,' that that city had ceased to be a centre of religious life for the whole nation when the poem was written. Our Lord, in open speech, addresses in like language (S. Luke xxiii. 28) the women of Jerusalem at a time when it was undoubtedly—as the history of the great Pentecost proves—the centre of the whole national life. The Song says (iv. 4): 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, 'builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand 'bucklers, all shields of mighty men.' Mr. Thrupp observes on this: '*If it be intended* that anywhere near a thousand 'shields had been suspended on the tower, they could only well 'be the shields of several successive generations of warriors.'[1] This might well be, and yet the poem be written by Solomon. The armies of David might have accumulated shields of old warriors of their own, or such as they had taken in battle. We learn that David in one battle (2 Sam. viii.) took from Hadadezer 20,000 footmen (v. 4), and took from the servants of Hadadezer (v. 7) their shields of gold. And even Solomon made *for the temple* (1 Kings x. 16, 17) 200 targets and 300 shields of beaten gold. In the face of such Scripture is it not the very feebleness of reasoning to pretend that the thousand shields on the Tower of David must have been 'the shields of several successive generation of warriors?' 'To the same effect,' says Mr. Thrupp, and thus far we will not differ from him, 'runs

[1] P. 168. The italics are ours.

'the evidence of ii. 15. In the full tide of prosperity in Solomon's 'reign, men troubled themselves but little with thinking of the 'foxes by whom the vineyard of Israel was ere long to be 'ravaged. Then, again, there is a melancholy tone about 'some parts of the Song, *e.g.* iii. 1—5, which ill concords with 'the universal joyousness of the days of Solomon.'[1] In the former remark Mr. Thrupp seems to forget that the Song is a mystical poem, which nom ore represents the existing state of Israelitish society, than it bases itself on the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter. Whether the men of that day cared about snaring the foxes or not,—Mr. Thrupp says they did not,—surely a royal teacher might give advice upon the subject; and we are told the advice was needed. We know, certainly, that it would have been well, humanly speaking, had Solomon himself succeeded in entrapping two very troublesome and injurious foxes—even Hadad the Edomite, and Jereboam the Ephrathite (1 Kings xi.). And this fact, that there were such foxes, disposes of Mr. Thrupp's remark as to the *universal* joyousness of the days of Solomon, and of his reasoning grounded on that assumption.

The last indication of the date of the Song, proving that it could not have been written by Solomon, is to be found in the relation in which Canticles stands to Psalm xlv. We are told 'it will be generally allowed that the shorter piece is the 'original, and that the Song is therefore younger than the 'Psalm.'[2] The Psalm, according to Mr. Thrupp, belongs to the age of Jehosaphat; the Song of Songs therefore cannot ascend higher. We cannot go into this question of the date of the composition of Psalm xlv. We are willing to admit with our author that the shorter poem is the older, but here we pause. Mr. Thrupp is fond of German critics. Indeed, he seems to us to defer over much to Hitzig. Few will doubt that Hengstenberg is a more trustworthy guide. 'For the 'composition of the Psalm in the time of Solomon, there is the 'fact, that the relations of that time form the basis of the re-'presentation, and then, the near relationship it holds to 'Psalm lxxii., which appears to have been the occasion and fore-'runner of this; also its relation to the Canticles.'[3] Again, De Burgh finds a proof that Solomon's marriage is not the subject of the Psalm, in the date of the Psalm, which, he has no doubt, is to be ascribed to David.[4]

We cannot undertake to follow Mr. Thrupp as carefully

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[1] Pref. p. 8. [2] Pref. p. 10.
[3] Hengst. on Ps. vol. ii. p. 126. (Clark).
[4] De Burgh's Commentary on Psalms, p. 400.

through the several steps by which he arrives at the conclusion that the Song of Songs was composed a century or more after the death of Solomon; and composed by a member of one of the prophetical schools, before the earliest of our prophetical Scriptures. Upon some statements, however, we cannot forbear making a few remarks.

That such a poem should have been produced at such a time, when all the foundations were out of course, when the chosen people was often wholly adulterous, seems, *à priori*, most unlikely. As the violent scenes of the Apocalypse fitly reflect the troublous days of the blessed John, so should we expect the Song of Songs to give a faithful representation of a season of calm and holy hope, not untouched by fear; of anxious love and entire self-devotion. Equally unlikely is it that such a poem should have issued from the Cloister. Whatever services the schools of the prophets may have rendered to Church, or nation, or to Scripture, as its guardians, we have no evidence that they ever were inspired to compose and transmit any portion of it. Again, Hengstenberg has enumerated the instances from which it seems to him the author of the Book of Proverbs must have had some acquaintance with the Song of Songs. These resemblances lead Mr. Thrupp to the reverse conclusion. He does not tell us why. In Canticles we read, 'Thy lips drop as the honeycomb' (iv. 11); 'Myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon' (iv. 14); 'Be intoxicated with loves' (v. 1); 'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm' (viii. 6): all expressions natural and unavoidable it may be said, considering the subject. In Proverbs we find the same phrases (Prov. v. 3; vii. 17; vii. 18; vi. 3; vi. 21; vii. 3); in a work consisting of maxims, to all appearance, very loosely strung together, where the author might be supposed to be more free to exercise his own judgment and taste. And for this reason is it the more likely that the Canticles preceded Proverbs.[1]

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[1] We will here quote from an author who is, in truth, an authority on this branch of the subject: one with whom Mr. Thrupp may perhaps, in some respects, own some sympathy:—

'In the writings of Solomon, Hebrew poetry is presented in still higher and more cultivated forms (than are found in the writings of David). The want of a temple-poetry had been admirably filled up by the Psalms of David, and now other species were introduced. To Solomon is ascribed the composition of *Proverbs*, and *longer poems*, 1 Kings iv. 32. The three books commonly ascribed to him, viz. Proverbs, Canticles, and Ecclesiastes, bear a very marked and definite character of style and language. They present, as might be expected, great similarity with some diversity. It is easy to see that many words have somewhat different significations from those which they bear in the Pentateuch. Some have thought the *usus loquendi* between the three books quite remarkable, on account of the different subjects of which they treat, and especially the short compass of the Song of Songs. But the peculiarities of all must be taken together as

It is, in truth, matter for melancholy reflection to observe the passion for originality which possesses some minds on religious subjects. In Mr. Thrupp's case the inconsistency is peculiarly glaring. For he adopts, and is prepared to defend against all assailants, the ancient Churchly interpretation of Canticles. But he mars the usefulness of his book by adopting a theory of the authorship as extravagant as can well be.

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characteristic of the writings of Solomon. Those belonging to one book must not be considered apart from the others. This would be taking a partial view of the subject, such as could not be justified. The language and style of the three works must together constitute the *usus loquendi* of Solomon's writings. The analogies subsisting between them cannot have been accidental, not only on account of their singularity, but their number. The opinion that some of them were written in a diction designedly imitative of the other, cannot be allowed by any who read their poetry with a spirit alive to its sublimity and beauty. We must not, therefore, separate these different compositions on account of several things peculiar to each which they contain. They are distinct works written on subjects widely different, and we cannot, therefore, expect complete and constant uniformity in their diction. The object of the inspired writer in the Song of Songs is so uncommon for a treatise of any length, and the mode in which it is handled is conducted with so much poetic beauty throughout, that it is not surprising that the poem should present several expressions and modes of diction unlike any that are found in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. But notwithstanding the dissimilarities, there are still so many points of resemblance, that we are strongly led to conclude that they were composed at the same period, and by the same author. Without stopping to point out their characteristic differences in a lingual respect, we shall show very briefly some of the analogies which exist between them. These analogies, and others which might be pointed out, serve to show that the probability of both works having proceeded from the same author is quite reasonable and well-founded. Now that we are tracing parallelisms in the *usus loquendi* of different books of the Old Testament, we may extend our view, so as to take in a wider range. The Songs of the inspired Psalmist agree in many respects with those of his illustrious son and successor, whilst the Book of Job may not inaptly be included in the comparison, though earlier written than the Psalms of David. The writings of David, Solomon, and Job may be classed together, as belonging to the same period, and harmonising in point of language to a degree that can only be perceived by him who sits down with his Hebrew Concordance to trace the same word in the different books, and to observe the recurrence of the same expression. We merely stop at present to make the remark, as we do not intend to adduce examples of the truth of our statement. In the Book of Ecclesiastes the Aramæan colouring is stronger than in others. In Job it is very evident also, though quite distinct from the later degenerate Aramæan; and it forms a powerful ingredient of the poetic vigour. The Psalms and Proverbs have fewer Aramæisms than Canticles—a circumstance which may be ascribed, in part, to the higher poetry of the latter, assimilating it to the Book of Job. We now come to speak of the ancient prophetic literature which succeeds the writings of David and Solomon. The division of the tribes, and the decay of the national religion, exerted a prejudicial influence on the literature of the Jewish nation. In all the qualities that are usually thought to constitute the highest excellence of poetry, the writings of the prophets are not to be compared with those which we have last mentioned. We speak merely of the general character of both, for there may, perhaps, be found single passages in the prophets approaching to, or equalling, some part of Job or Canticles. But we must carefully attend to the time in which they wrote, because there is a marked difference between their prophecies. Only the earlier part of the prophetic literature belongs to the golden age of the language.—*Lectures on Biblical Criticism, by Dr. S. Davidson*, pp. 278—282. Ed. 1839.

Another theory lay so near at hand, that Mr. Thrupp seems almost guilty of a wilful oversight in leaving it unnoticed.

The promise of the seed of the woman seemed twice ripe for its fulfilment, when the hope was deferred by the calamities which befell the one daughter of the patriarch Israel, Dinah, and the one daughter of the House of David, Tamar. In Solomon, God was pleased to raise up a remarkable type of the Great Prince of Peace; but one whose failure lives to furnish a striking demonstration of the frailty and inherent evil of human nature in its most favoured condition. As the sin of Moses showed the need of a higher and holier Mediator, while his chastisement guarded Israel from worshipping him on his removal from this life, so Solomon's departure from the beauty of holiness may at once have prompted Israel to long for a greater Son of David; and may have secured them against deifying one so wonderful and so wise. His downfal too; may we not reverently suppose that it was somehow connected with his failing to select the best gift that God could give; with his preferring wisdom to rule man on earth, rather than that wisdom which consists in the knowledge of God? However this may be, the Divine love was bestowed upon him in no ordinary degree from his birth. He was *Jedediah*, the *Beloved of God*, and we cannot doubt that he was the Beloved of David.

We may well believe also that he was early trained to touch the harp of Israel. His father, in his twentieth year, if not while yet younger, was the sweet musician who charmed away the demon which tortured the distracted Saul. Already, before he was endowed with supernatural wisdom, Solomon gave evidence of extraordinary qualities, as might have been expected from one educated by the prophet Nathan.[1] It is not unreasonable to suppose that at such a time he might have composed the 72d Psalm, a poem embodying his own faith as to the reign of the Prince of Peace, the composition of which might also have drawn, either from David himself, or from the family of Korah, the 45th Psalm, as a companion piece, in which is set forth the energy, as in the former is set forth the repose, of Messiah. There can be little doubt that the two Psalms were produced about the same time, in the golden age of the language, the 72d being a little the earlier of the two. As some of his father's greatest Psalms were composed before he became king, Solomon probably produced all the inspired Songs that have been preserved to us before he succeeded to the throne. As 'the thousand and five' Songs, apparently composed after his

[1] 2 Sam. xii. 25. 'Tradidit eum in manum Nathan,' &c. 'Salomonem Nathani educandum miserat.' See note by Bp. Patrick.

becoming king, have perished, it would seem as if the inspiration of divine song had failed him when he was endowed with the divine gift of political wisdom. And the 'free spirit' which prompted the glorious utterance of the 72d Psalm was not, when he was king, established in him. And this view, which dates the composition of the Psalm and the Canticles before his becoming king, is confirmed by the fact that whereas the Proverbs are declared to be 'the Proverbs of Solomon, the Son of David, *King of Israel*' (i. 1), and Ecclesiastes (i. 1) opens with 'The words of the Preacher, the Son of David, *King* in Jerusalem,' the Psalm and the Song bear only the *name* of Solomon, a testimony from Scripture itself, which may compensate for the want of direct rabbinical tradition in its favour.[1]

If the evidence of tradition; if the evidence of a style that preserves all the purity of the golden age of Hebrew letters, which is free from those forms which marked the period when the decay of the national religion, consequent on the division of the kingdom, made itself everywhere felt—if these arguments cannot countervail Mr. Thrupp's neological fancy, we believe it capable of demonstration that the poetical conceptions of the Song of Songs belong to the age of David, and are to be found in no succeeding period. It is not too much to say that the ever-recurrent image found among the later prophets of the unchastity and infidelity of the Daughter of Zion are traceable up to the parent image presented by the Song of Songs: in the same way as in the Apocalypse, the one book of Scripture, which in structure and subject-matter resembles, and which does actually resemble very closely, the Canticles, there is the Harlot, or fallen Church; the false wife, who becomes such, having been at first otherwise, whose present condition implies a former period of purity and fidelity—a condition where she might have proved herself a 'glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.' It was of such a bride that the friend of the bridegroom spake, when his joy was fulfilled in the joy of his friend at his espousal (S. John iii. 29). We discover, indeed, in the Old Testament use of the image, the same twofoldness of type which characterises all the mystico-historical portions of Scripture:—the family of Hagar and the family of Sarah; of the carnal and the spiritual Israels; the

[1] But compare Ecclus. xlvii. 17. 'The countries marvelled at thee for thy Songs and Proverbs.' The unauthorized dates of our Authorized Version give 1015 B.C. as the date of Solomon becoming king, and 1014 B.C as the date of the Canticles. Proverbs B.C. 1000; Ecclesiastes 977. He lived 1034—975. The notion that the poem is the work of some pupil of Elisha can only be matched by supposing S. John, while still continuing a disciple of the Baptist, to have written the first chapter of the Gospel.

twofold results of the espousals in the wilderness, issuing, in the one case, in the worldly bride, the adulteress of Hoshea, and the other prophets, issuing, in the other case, in the beautiful Bride of the Song of Songs. And so, in S. John, the purple-clad adulteress is contrasted with, and makes way for, the exiled and afflicted, but true and faithful, bride, the 'Lamb's wife;' while all the dramatic properties, if we may so speak, which are required by the Song, are supplied by the 45th Psalm. We find in its title words which have nothing to correspond to, or interpret them, in the body of the Psalm, and which have ever been held to refer to the Canticles. From its title we learn that this Psalm is a psalm respecting 'the Lilies,' and it is a 'Song of Loves,' or of 'the loved Virgins,' a twofold designation which connects it directly with the Canticles. More, however, to the point is the fact that only in the Psalms of David do we find anything approaching those passionate ejaculations and those eager outpourings of unsatisfiable love, which give their peculiar charm to the Song of Songs.[1] To quote at any length, and to do justice to this statement, would be to transcribe the greater portion of the Psalms of David. Nowhere else in the Scriptures of the Old Testament is the same language to be found of personal human love, spiritualized and intensified by the Holy Ghost. If in any case identity of thought and sentiment can determine the contemporaneousness of two works, the contemporaneousness of David and the author of the Song of Songs—whoever he may be—is most evidently demonstrated. And who so fit as David's beloved son, to sing of the consummated work of the Almighty Son of David?

Before entering on the argument of the book there are still one or two points to be noticed. And first, as to *interpretation.*

[1] The 60th Psalm may be taken at random as an illustration of this statement. By its title it is connected with the 45th, and is designated by Hengstenberg as the 'Lily of the Testimony.' It is, in fact, a prayer for the deliverance of 'the Beloved,' while 'the Banner,' over the Beloved one, 'to be displayed because of the truth,' is still the same banner of love (ii. 4). Again, the 84th Psalm in its opening verses forms an appropriate commentary on the commencement of the Song. Nowhere but in the Psalms of David, and in the Song of Songs, do we meet the same high-toned language of tenderness, describing the love of the Lord for His elect, and the love of the elect for their Lord. Out of the midst of all his agonies the redeeming sufferer of the 22d Psalm lifts up this matchless supplication, v. 30:—

> 'Deliver my soul from the sword,
> *My darling* from the power of the dog.' (Cf. Ps. xxxv. 17).

The margin renders '*my only one.*' (Compare in Tennyson's Maud, 'Ownest own'). It is the prayer of the Bridegroom for His Bride. See the note in Mr. Neale's valuable work on the Psalms, p. 265. As the title of 'Lilies' connects the 45th and 60th with Canticles, in like manner the connexion between Canticles and Psalm xxii. is indicated by the title Aijeleth Shahar, or Hind of the Morning, ii. 9; viii. 14.

Mr. Thrupp does himself justice in his mode of treating this subject. He courageously and successfully vindicates the ancient traditional Churchly interpretation. His examination of the several endeavours that have been made to evade the purely mystical understanding of the Song will amply repay perusal. It is this mystical significance which mainly assimilates the Book to the Apocalypse. What Luther said of the latter he might have said of the former: 'Even were it a blessed 'thing to believe what is contained in it, no man knows what 'that is.' It is the mystery kept hid from the beginning, but now made known through the revelation of Jesus Christ.[1] It is wholly mystical[2] and sacramental, *quot verba tot sacramenta*, or it is nothing. It is worse than nothing. If we adopt the modern new-light notion that the Song is a drama displaying

[1] 'Magna est analogia et similitudo Canticorum cum Apocalypsi 1^mo^ in materia quia utraque describitur ortus, progressus, perfectio, inclinatio, renovatio, et glorificatio Ecclesiæ; 2° in phrasi et stylo, qui utrobique est symbolicus, atque per enigmata et symbola Ecclesiæ sacramenta oblegit et obvelat; 3° in modo: Sicut enim Apocalypsis, capite 7, a primis quinque sigillis ortum et progressum Ecclesiæ strictim significantibus subito, vers. 12, sigillo sixto salit ad tempora novissima, illaque fuse prosequitur ad cap. 15, puta tempora Eliæ et Antichristi; sic prorsus idem facit Salomon in Canticis; 4° in fine: Sicut enim Apocalypsis clauditur descriptione cœlestis Jerusalem, quasi sponsæ Christi felicissimæ; sic et Cantica.' Alcazar, in Allusionibus ad Apocalypsim, quoted by Cornel. a Lapid. prol. in Cant. sub fin.

The likeness between the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel is so great that a likeness might be supposed discoverable between the latter and Canticles. And such a resemblance is to be found between the statuesque description of the Beloved v. 10—15, and the image of King Nebuchadnezzar. Contrasting with the gold, and silver, and brass, and iron of the latter, we have in Canticles gold, and ivory, and marble, and gold. Almonacirius, as quoted by Cornelius a Lapide, arranges these to represent the four epochs of the Church. 1. 'Aurea,' from Christ to Constantine. 2. 'Eburnea,' from Constantine to S. Gregory. 3. 'Lapidea,' from S. Gregory to Antichrist. 4. Final conversion of Jew and Gentiles, the two feet of gold representing Enoch and Elias, the final missionaries, the former of Heathendom, the latter of the Jews.

[2] The Authorized Version in the chapter-headings bears a full and consistent testimony to the Catholic tradition. And though these are unauthorized they witness to the teaching of the translators. The Vulgate also is very express. 'Hoc canticum totum est mysticum, Christi erga sponsam suam Ecclesiam ac rursum sponsæ erga Christum incomprehensibilis amoris plenissimum.' We do not see what room this statement leaves for the exceedingly clumsy modern exposition which appropriates to the Blessed Virgin the place and language of the Bride. We call this clumsy because it ill agrees with the supposed prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, by which she at least is entitled to the place of Christ. We call it modern because, though started in his lifetime, it was wholly unknown to S. Bernard or his illustrious successor. Cornelius a Lapide, in his commentary, goes through the three modes of interpretation. The *Sensus Adequatus*, Christ and His Church; the *Sensus Partialis*, Christ and the Soul; the *Sensus Principalis*, Christ and the Blessed Virgin. As might have been expected, the principal sense is as much out of proportion to the idea of the Book as the theory of Bossuet and Renan. In fact, it is an elaborate and miserable failure, of which we cannot help thinking that the worthy father must himself have been conscious.

In Tyndale's version of the Holy Scriptures the "Ballet of Ballets" is printed ornamentally, as the centre and most heavenly portion of the Bible. Lines of bright red divide the verses and often the clauses of the text.

the constancy of virtuous love under temptation,—or as a marriage poem without any marriage in it,—which, as Bishop Percy ingeniously puts it, was not to be looked for in the case of a 'lively and ingenious monarch, who, it should seem, 'had already gone through all these ceremonies a great many 'times, what could there be in these rites, of novelty, to excite 'his genius or deserve his description?' if we regard the book as the expression of *natural* or moral emotions, and a mere epithalamium, it is a libel on all the rest of Scripture. In all the remains of antiquity there is no composition extant that so violates and oversteps all the modesties of nature; there is no heathen song[1] to be named that employs an imagery so grotesque, so extravagant, and outrageous. And what we have said of the imagery is true of the sentiment. All the beautiful and fragrant fancies, all the chaste and lofty imaginations of the poets of all time, are contradicted and belied by a work so superlatively flat, and feeble, and pretentious, and indelicate as the triumphant criticism of the modern school has made the Song of Songs. It will be scarcely credited that three professed scholars—such as Ginsburg, Renan, and Hitzig—have laboured to produce a theory like the following; and that such a theory should have become well-nigh classical in Germany, England, and Holland. The master-mind of all men, the glorious King of Salem, entraps a country wench, betrothed to another; carries her off to his 'harem' at Jerusalem, and there attempts to seduce her. After resisting what M. Renan, in the sprightliness of a Gallic fancy, calls 'unparalleled temptations,' in the strength of her loyalty to her absent love, she is set free, and returns with her beloved to her own rural abode. How much more charming and winning is the Legend and Lay of King Cophetua and his Beggar-maid! In his note on iii. 11, Ginsburg indeed goes so far as to represent his King in the very hour of his marriage procession, and in the very company of his consort putting on his marriage crown for the sake of

[1] The Gita-govinda (which is published by Good in his work on Canticles) was written before the Christian Era, and professes to celebrate the reciprocal attractions between the divine goodness and the human soul. Compare with Canticles the following from Part III:—

'The blue petals of the lotos glitter on my neck,
Oh God of love, mistake me not for the great God.
Wound me not again.
I love already but too passionately, yet I have lost my beloved.
My heart is already pierced by arrows from Raddha's eyes, black and keen as those of an antelope.
Her eyes are full of shafts.
I meditate
On the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech,
On her lips, ruddy as the berries of the Blinba plant.'

dazzling, and so alluring, another woman! And the dialogue is maintained by the ladies of the Harem, the maiden ladies of Jerusalem, and Solomon, the shepherd nowhere appearing. How far a story with such a plot was calculated to elevate the social position and vindicate the rights of women in Israel, it were folly to discuss. We think Mr. Thrupp puts it very well[1] when he says that one may well doubt whether the benefit of the great moral lesson, which the song is 'asserted to inculcate, 'would not fully be counterbalanced by the corrupting tendency 'of the not wholly unattractive pictures of vice, which, according 'to the same theory, it would contain.' And where, it may be asked in conclusion, is there the slightest indication along the whole course of Jewish history that the Song of Songs accomplished what it was designed for, or in any way contributed to the amelioration of the status of the Jewish women?

All the objections which are urged against the expositions of the Renan school, may be urged, with less force it is true, but still with overwhelming force, against the semi-literal school of Bossuet,—of those who recognised an historical foundation for the Song in the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter. There is no real proportion between the theme and the Song. Far more legitimate are the *prophetic* interpretations, analogous to those which we are all but too familiar with upon the Apocalypse, which read in the Song of Songs the past and future history of the visible Church of God. The failure or omission of the writers of this school to arrange and systematize the contents of the Book, has led to an accumulation of inconsistent and contradictory expositions, greater, if possible, than that to be found in the Apocalypse,[2] and the effect of which is to bewilder and perplex the uninitiated reader. The one uniform error, however, pervades all these speculations. They fail to grasp the real central idea of the Book. It does not contain the 'anticipated history' of the Church, or humanity at large: but it does contain the disclosure of the great mystery in which the world is most profoundly interested; the long-hidden mystery in its manifestation and consummation, even the communication,

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[1] P. 48.

[2] Thus, to take an instance: at i. 7 occur the words, 'Where feedest thou thy flock; where restest it *at noon?*' Upon 'noon' we have the following interpretations: they may be read in Cornelius. It means, 1. Jerusalem. 2. Charity and faith. 3. The noon of the Nativity. 4. The noon of the Crucifixion. 5. Jerusalem and Zion. 6. The Roman Church. 7. The just. 8. Virgins and monks. 9. The Eucharist. 'Recte vocatur meridies, tum quia continet Christum qui est ipsa lux mundi; tum quia contra omnes tentationes et concupiscentias meridianum præbet umbraculum.' See rather the beautiful apostrophe, 'O vere meridies, plenitudo fervoris et lucis,' in S. Bernard's XXXIII. Sermon on Canticles. Op. tom. ii. p. 954.

through the Incarnate Lord, of the divine nature—without measure—to the redeemed, to the end that God may be 'all in all.'

And this brings us to the second point we proposed to discuss, before proceeding to analyse the contents of the Book. The mystery of wedlock was consecrated in Paradise, and subsequent Scripture teaches that it was ordained to be the symbol of the unification of Deity and man. It had a twofold import; it signified and represented, in the first instance, the union of the two natures in the one person of our adorable Redeemer. In the second place, it signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and His Church. It was at once the symbol of redeeming love in its manifestation and consummation. As already stated, while Scripture symbolizes the former under the actual marriage of Adam and Eve, it illustrates the latter by the subsidiary and more palpable figure of the union between God and the congregation of Israel. This union, being only in the form and letter, consistently with a dispensation and covenant of works of which it was the result, was frustrated. And just as Hagar retreats and Sarah fills the scene, the faithless spouse—foreshadowing another faithless Spouse under the covenant of grace—is put away, and the Elect Wife becomes the theme of Divine Song. The embodiment and introduction of this new idea, as might be reasonably expected, we find coinciding with the reinauguration of the national Church in the founding of the Temple. The history of the Book of Judges shows how deeply and desperately Israel had profaned the love of her espousals, and sinned the sin which roused the jealousy of her Lord. The priesthood had been well-nigh swept away by the murderous hand of Saul. (1 Samuel xxii. 16—20.) The Ark was in exile, so to speak, and Abiathar ministered before it as High-Priest, while Zadok served as High-Priest in the Tabernacle of Testimony at Gibeon. It was thus at once a season of sorrow and hope; of sorrow, when the Elect Maid, the Consecrated Ideal Bride, might mourn that the Sun of temporal persecution had so fiercely scanned her, that her mother's sons had been so angry with her and had thrust her out of her legitimate charge; of hope, too, dawning with the establishment of the line of David, that God would at length, as Isaiah (lxi. 10) expresses it, 'clothe Himself as a bridegroom with the garment of salvation;' that He would show Himself in His beauty, and fulfil the desire of those who were waiting for redemption in Israel. Thus the lovely Lady of the Song is the ideal representative of the Church of God through all time,—the Elect Maiden, promised, indeed, but at the opening of the Song not yet betrothed; not yet a Bride properly speaking, but

one who in the progress of the Song is discovered to us as espoused.

The final cause of this divine wedlock being the re-creation of the redeemed, body, soul, and spirit, in the perfect image of the Incarnate Lord, and their unification, in some transcendent sense, with the Divine Nature, it is obvious that to understand, so far as we may understand a subject so mysterious, we must keep distinctly before our thoughts the successive stages of its development in the course of Scripture. Now as in an ordinary marriage we distinguish three stages: the promise; then a period of legal provision and arrangement preparatory to the actual betrothal, which may be reckoned as the second stage; then succeeds a period of indefinite length between the betrothal and the actual celebration of the marriage, which last stage is, in Eastern regions, preceded by the no less solemn event of conducting home the bride—a little examination will show how the Divine Wisdom, in its profound sympathy with human kind, has unfolded the order of the bridal of earth and heaven, in accordance with the usages of our social life. As already stated, the promise dates from the institution of wedlock, and the blessed promise of 'the Seed' which was granted in Paradise. There the couch was green, and the bower was framed of the cedar and the fir (i. 16, 17). There did she desire to have her couch heaped with the all-healing leaves of the Tree of Life. There, as that Tree among all the trees—that Tree whose fruit was sweet to her taste—shone the Beloved among all the sons of God, as he appeared in the cool of the day (ii. 1—5). The second stage is marked by the whole period which includes the legal and prophetical dispensation, during which period, amid the perishing and falling away of the outward dispensation, the still embowered Bride of God, the Virgin of Zion, was disciplined by forms and fed by prophecies to a due appreciation of her immortal destiny. Upon the threshold of the Gospel she appears to view for a moment, in the saintly personages who then were looking for redemption; to stand forth embodied in a more durable form in the group at the Cross, when a better Eve was being formed out of the Last Adam, and God was about to betroth them to one another in everlasting loving-kindness. It was the friend of the Bridegroom who placed the Bride thus before her Lord. The unbelief of the nation which the Bride was primarily intended to represent, has postponed for ages the consummation of redeeming love. The engagement —to recur to our own circle of ideas—has been painfully prolonged over two millenniums; and the Bride, through this unbelief, and the evils of the time, withdrawn from general observation, and, as it were, hidden in the wilderness, is repre-

sented now in the world by 'the virgins that be her fellows.' When this long-continued season of apostasy comes to an end, when the dearest and sweetest words of all the prophets are accomplished, and the long-chilled heart of Israel throbs once again in love for Messiah, then will the Bride be given again to view in her perfect beauty; spotless—unblemished—her timeless beauty marred by no mark of time; then shall she be prepared and made ready for the Lamb, and the long-postponed nuptials will be celebrated in glory.

We have endeavoured in the foregoing sentences to give the substance of the Divine Word. To quote confirmatory texts would be to transcribe well-nigh the whole volume of the Prophets. All this we believe to be the theme of this wondrous Song. But while the whole Church in its ideal entirety is conceived of as the Bride,—while the communities of which it is composed are represented by the Virgins,—these latter, or rather the several Churches they ideally represent, may be contemplated under another form, as locally defined and marked out on the map of society. In this point of view the Church is represented as a Vineyard or a Garden; the former symbolizing the process, the latter the perfecting effects of redemption. It is, of course, quite unnecessary to remind our readers, how largely the object and the figure are employed in Holy Scripture. There are the Garden of Eden, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Garden of the Resurrection, and, though not so entitled, the Garden of the Apocalypse (xxii. 1, 2. Cf. ii. 7). It is not a little interesting to observe, as illustrating how very much Canticles gathers up into itself all the rest of Scripture, in this respect bearing a great resemblance to the Apocalypse, that we find four Gardens described in the Song of Songs: the Garden of Flowers (ii. 12), the Garden of Spices (v. 1), the Garden of Nuts (vi. 11), and the Garden of the Fields (vii. 11). We designate them by their most obvious characteristics. We do not trace any particular connexion between these Gardens and the former, beyond, probably, an intimation given in this way, with designed obscurity, that the *time* of Canticles coincides with the whole *time* occupied in Scripture by the history of man. Speaking briefly, it may be said that the 'Garden of Flowers' represents the Church of Zion as seen at the opening of the Gospel; the 'Garden of Spices' (v. 1, vi. 2) represents the Church Catholic in its betrothal state—in the present sacramental state—during the absence of the Bridegroom, the spice and the honey symbolizing the death and resurrection of the Lord, who here accosts His Elect, 'Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!' The 'Garden of Nuts' (vi. 11) represents the Church under the circumstances of the repentance

and restoration of Israel, when the willing people in the two armies of Ephraim and Judah will pray for the return and re-establishment among them of the Church of God. Lastly, there is the 'Garden in the Fields' (vii. 11), which symbolizes the condition of the Church during the final calling[1] and conversion of the Gentiles; when, as the blessed result of the conversion of the election of Israel, the heathen shall be called to the fellowship of the Gospel. These two last phases of her being the Church will pass through, we believe, at the time of the actual return and Second Advent of the Saviour. Thus, though differing in the details of exposition from Mr. Thrupp, we see no reason to alter his admirable arrangement of the Song. The two events here referred to are included in the section which Mr. Thrupp entitles 'the Presence,' that is, the spiritual presence of Christ with His people.

One more preliminary remark. The Song of Songs is a dramatic poem. Let us enumerate the 'Dramatis Personæ.' The majority of these are silent; either do not appear on the scene at all, or, if they appear, do not speak; as, for instance, the Virgins, or daughters of Zion. Thus, strictly speaking, the dramatic personages are limited to three: the Bride Elect, and the Bridegroom, and the Chorus. Of the two former it is unnecessary to make any further observation. The Chorus, composed of the Daughters of Jerusalem, represents the large class of well-affected but unconverted Israelites, and, it may be, the well-affected but unconverted of all classes of human kind; such as were those women who weeping followed our Lord to His crucifixion (S. Luke xxiii. 28); who confess their need of redemption; who own and feel the beauty of the Christian revelation; who warmly appreciate all the *humanities* of the Faith, but who are unawakened to any higher knowledge of the Atoning God: such as were the disciples of the Baptist in his day, who made no progress beyond his teaching. They speak for the last time (viii. 5), when their conversion is intimated in their being permitted to see the King in his beauty, afar off, coming up from the wilderness with his re-appearing Bride 'leaning on her Beloved.' The Virgins—or upright ones (i. 4)[2]—who are often referred to, and are at least once directly addressed (iii. 11) as the 'Daughters of Zion' are the Bride's maidens and

[1] C. vii. 12, 13. 'Ideoque Deus post mortem Antichristi concedet lapsis tempus aliquod pœnitendi, differetque diem judicii. (Cf. Daniel, xii. 12.)—*Nox* fuit tempus persecutionis Antichristi. *Mane* vero tempus pacis post mortem ejus.—Mandragoræ ergo significant turbam Judæorum et gentium, cujus caput fuerat Antichristus; quæ, eo mortuo, manebit acephala id est, sine capite, sed in perfidiâ, et peccatis suis sopita; hæc ad vocem prædicatorum vigilabit, ac suavem fidei et pietatis odorem exhalabit.'—*Honorius, et Cornel. a Lapid. in loc.*

[2] A masculine noun is employed here.

her intimate fellows and companions, and represent the several branches of the Catholic Church.

The Persons referred to in the course of the Song are—

King Solomon.

His Mother and	The Watchmen.
The Bride's Mother.	The Keepers.
The Bride's Little Sister.	The Shepherds.
Her Mother's Sons.	The Companions.
	The Sons of God.
The Queens.	The Friends and Beloved Ones.
The Concubines.	The Threescore Valiant Men.
The Damsels.	

The Foxes.
The Roes.
The Hinds of the Field.

Let us briefly notice these in order.

King Solomon and the Bridegroom are one and the same person, viewed under different relations; and as King Solomon the Saviour is presented to us in His sufferings. His Mother, who is, of course, identical with the Mother of the Bride,[1] is the Church and nation of Israel, of whom, as touching His flesh, Christ came. Through her He was encompassed with infirmity; and by her He was crowned with the crown of sorrows. She it was who brought Him forth: while, as keeping alive in the nation a right hope respecting Messiah, the Bride may be said to have raised him up (viii. 5).[2] The Bride's little Sister—she who is not yet ripe for marriage—represents the converted nations of the last days, who will form in all respects a different body from the Church of this dispensation. The Mother's Sons represent the impenitent Israel. The Queens, the Concubines, the Damsels, are the several communities of converts from heathen lands; unincorporated communities professing Christ under different measures of light and responsibility, and with divers degrees of purity and fidelity. The Watchmen are, of course, the Prophets of Israel. The Keepers, to whom the vineyard is let out, are those honoured with the Priesthood (viii. 11). The Shepherds are the Rulers and Judges of Israel (i. 8). The Companions who keep their flocks (i. 7 and viii. 13) are the Teachers and Priests of Israel, who are being prepared

[1] One of the proofs of the *mystical* significance of the Song is furnished by this: that the Bride is her Spouse's sister. It may be added, that the geographical notices wholly preclude a literal interpretation.

[2] All tradition, from S. Gregory to S. Thomas, ascribes these words to the Beloved; Mr. Thrupp ascribes them, and with reason, to the Bride.

at last to look for the coming of Messiah. We differ thus far from Mr. Thrupp, that we do not regard these two classes as actually evil. The Sons of God (ii. 3), the '*Youths*' of Mr. Thrupp, we take to be the Angels. The 'Friends and Beloved Ones' (v. 1) are the true members of Christ. The 'Threescore Valiant Men'—a determinate expressing an indeterminate number—represents the Apostolic founders of the Church; those whose labours founded the Church, whose writings, canonical or otherwise—each one holds his sword—are the defences of the Church in this night season.

Lastly, the Foxes represent the emissaries of the world, or of Antichrist, destroying the growths of the Church (S. Luke xiii. 32). We shall leave the successor of S. Bernard to expound in a footnote the Roes and the Hinds of the Field.[1]

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[1] 'Quærens quid in se sacramenti involutum contineant hæc animalia: quamdam liberæ mentis alacritatem, et agilitatem spiritus, cursim se et saltuatim, ut sic dicam, ad superiora ferentis, intelligo adumbrari in illis. An non et tibi velut et capreæ et cervi quidam videntur, qui licet in corpore commorantes, corporis tamen evaserunt incommoda, et spirituali levitate pondera carnis pene non sentiunt et terrenæ molis materiam nesciunt mentis beneficio? Hi sunt, qui spiritu ambulantes, ultra non sentiunt desideria carnis: aut si sentiunt, languida certe et quasi palpitantia, ad extremum ducentia halitum.—In cervis antiquitatem attende vivendi, et videndi acumen in capreis. Cervi quadam arte naturali a senio se tueri perhibentur, et vergentem in defectum vitam rediviva novitate ab interitu revocare. Christus singulariter non tam cervus quam hinnulus dicitur; qui nititur æterna novitate, nec habet aliquid novitatis admistum, quod subinde renovatione indigeat. Ille singulariter caprea videndi privilegio. Ergo et hi quoque quasi capreæ quædam spirituales intelliguntur qui revelatos habent mentes oculos in agnitione Dei; qui spirituales effecti dijudicant omnia et perscrutantur; qui revelata facie gloriam Domini contemplantur. Cervi vero sunt in eo quod in eandem imaginem transformatur a claritate in claritatem tanquam a Domini Spiritu: qui veterem deponentes hominem, novum induunt eum, qui creatus est in justitia, et sanctitate veritatis: qui senescentem devotionem, et quodam languentem tædio, in novum denuo fervorem reducunt, et perseverantiæ fastidia nesciunt reparatione frequenti.—Filias Jerusalem ad spiritualem quamdam alacritatem invitans. Hoc enim sibi vult quod per capreas et cervos adjurat, ut spiritualium ad æmulationem provocentur virorum, et ab infestatione importuna dilectæ quiescant.—Utile vobis est ut dilecta evigilet; sed exspectate donec ipsa velit. Ejus exspectetur arbitrium, ad cujus cura vestri spectat officium. Denique cum dormit Adam, virilis costa in infirmiorem mollescet sexum: et propter socialem copulam de latere viri formata est mulier; imo in sociam mulierem Adam ipse convertitur, et conformatione quadam transiit in conjugem.'—*Gilleberti de Hoilandia, Serm. in Cantic. XIV. Opp. S. Bernard*, tom. iii. p. 68.

Ainsworth's note may be added here in part. 'The roe and hind are set forth in Scripture for examples of swiftnesse of foot, as in 2 Sam. ii. 18 and xxii. 34, which being referred to the punishment for breaking this adjuration, may signifie the swiftnesse of God's judgments on them that shall so doe. These creatures are also mentioned where speech is of love between man and wife, as in Prov. v. 19, that as the males and females of these beasts do dearly love one another, so is the unfeigned love between man and wife, and between Christ and His Church. And hereunto the speech may have respect: the rather for that after v. verse 9, shee likeneth Christ to *a Roe or a Young Hart*. And as the heavens, earth, stones, &c. are called to witnesse against men if they sinne (Deut. xxx. 19, Jos. xxiv. 27), so the Roes and Hindes shall rise up and condemne such as break their faith and love unto Christ.'

We come now to review the contents and argument of the Song.

The contents are arranged into seven cantos; or rather, as Mr. Thrupp prefers expressing himself, six with an epilogue. The septenary number was to be looked for in this highest utterance of the Holy Ghost.

Part I. takes in i. 2—ii. 7: twenty-three verses in all. This section opens and closes with a system of seven verses; the first seven is immediately followed, the last seven is immediately preceded, by a system of three verses, which enclose the central part.

I. *a.*	i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.		The Bride Elect is the speaker to the eighth verse, which is spoken by the Chorus.
β.	9, 10, 11.		The Beloved.
γ.	Central.	12, 13, 14.	The Bride.
β.	15.		The Beloved.
	16, 17.		The Bride.
	ii. 1, 2.		The Beloved.
a.	3, 4, 5, 6, 7.		The Bride.

Part II. consists of fifteen verses (ii. 8—iii. 5). The systems of seven verses each are united by the central verse (ii. 15).

ii. 8—14.	The Bride.
15.	The Bride.
ii. 15—iii. 5.	The Bride.

Part III. is, apparently, the most important Part of the Song. The terms of endearment after this become more rare. The title of Spouse is met no more after the last verse of this, and the title of Sister is not met after the first of the following Canticle. This section contains the same number of verses as the first—twenty-three—and extends from iii. 6—v. 1. The section opens and closes with a group of six verses. The uncompleted number is, perhaps, expressive of the unconsummated marriage. These groups of six enclose the imperfect number of eleven verses, which further divide into two groups of the imperfect number of five each, with one central verse.

a.	iii. 6—11.	Chorus.
β.	iv. 1—5.	The Beloved.
γ.	iv. 6.	The Beloved.
β.	iv. 7—11.	The Beloved.
a.	iv. 12—v. 1.	
	12, 13, 14, 15.	The Beloved.
	16.	The Bride.
	v. 1.	The Beloved.

This closes the first portion of the Song of Songs. Part IV. with which the second portion opens, contains only seven verses, and, as we saw in Part II. here also the Bride is the only speaker. But these seven verses plainly arrange themselves into two groups, which enclose the central verse (v. 5).

Part V. contains thirty-eight verses, in the passage v. 9—viii. 4, which arrange themselves, as in Parts I. and III. into five subdivisions, as follows:—

α. v. 9—16. The first verse is spoken by the Chorus, the remainder by the Bride.

β. vi. 1—9. The first verse is spoken by the Chorus, the next two by the Bride; the remainder by the Beloved.

γ. vi. 10—13. The Chorus speaks at verse 10, the Bride at verses 11 and 12, while verse 13 is thus distributed:—

Chorus. Return, return, thou peace-laden;
Return, return, that we may gaze on thee.
Bride. On what will ye gaze in the Peace-laden,
Chorus. As it were the dance of the twofold camp.

β. vii. 1—9. The Beloved speaks, 1—6: the Chorus, 7—9.

α. vii. 10—viii. 4. The Bride speaks throughout.

Part VI. consists of eight verses; the number of completeness appropriately employed when the final union of the Bride and her Beloved is depicted.

viii. 5.	Chorus.	9.	The Beloved.
6, 7, 8.	Bride.	10, 11, 12.	The Bride.

Part VII. and last consists of only two verses, viii. 13 and 14. The Beloved speaks in the former; the Bride in the latter. Thus in its close, Canticles furnishes another point of resemblance to the Apocalypse, which lets us hear 'The Spirit and the Bride' speaking to the last.

These seven parts have been happily entitled, 'The Anticipation,' 'The Awaiting,' 'The Espousals and its Results,' 'The Absence,' 'The Presence,' 'Love's Triumph,' and 'The Epilogue.' These succeed one another in chronological order, with the exception of the Cantos entitled 'The Absence' and 'The

Presence.' These, as is so often found in details of the Apocalypse, cover the same time and coincide.

In Part I. the Bride is abruptly introduced, as passionately desiring the Incarnation. That manifestation of God's age-long love is prized beyond all the blessings and comforts and graces of the Covenant; above all that was taught or shown in the Oratories of God. The Bride then turns to deprecate the ill-regards of the Israelites. The Church of God was not to be what they expected; even a Messiah came not as they looked for Him.[1] She had suffered indeed from outward sorrow; the violence of the times had forced her from her proper sphere, and estranged her; and now she longs to find her promised Bridegroom, that she may no longer appear as a dishonoured maiden, or a hopeless widow. The Chorus makes answer with the voice of Israel: In the flock of Israel can Messiah only be found; and the shepherd be heard of only in the tents of Israel's shepherds. But the longed-for Lord suddenly makes answer: He tells her that she has all the beauty of her first youth, and all the power of that beauty, while yet she is rich in the surpassing adornments of an obedient and 'meek and quiet spirit.' Therefore shall the Trinity, '*We* will make thee,' crown her with a lasting crown. She will still be patient, and still merit her reward. While He tarries she will perfume Him with all her gracious perfumes of piety and faith. In her heart of hearts she will cherish the sweet thoughts of Him till He comes. He tells her, that though absent He sees her in her beauty, in her holiness and innocence. She tells her love how fair He is, and reminds Him of the promise of their union, and the divine associations of paradise. But she is, and desires

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[1] It cannot be too deeply regretted the view that so many expositors have taken of the Bride's confession, 'I am black but comely.' She who appears throughout the Song, and is indeed declared by the Beloved to be without spot or wrinkle, is here made to plead guilty to every amount of moral defilement. Krummacher, especially in his sermon on Canticles (Sermon III.) has erred, and popularised the error here. The world-wide destiny of the Church, so very unacceptable to the Jewish mind, seems to be adverted to when the Elect Maid fears her brunette hue may seem in the eyes of the daughters of Jerusalem to mar the perfectness and the power of her charms. One is irresistibly reminded of the very musical lines—

> 'She walks in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
> And all that's best of dark and bright
> Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
> Thus mellowed by that tender light,
> Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
> One shade the more, one ray the less,
> Had half impaired the nameless grace
> Which waves in every raven tress,
> Or softly lightens o'er her face.'
>
> BYRON'S *Hebrew Melodies.*

to be, lowly. But the Beloved knows her beauty, and she knows His. As the tree of life amid the trees of the garden, so is He far above all the angels of glory. And now in His shadow, in the promise of all good things to come, she will sit with delight, feasting and resting upon her immortal hopes; and yet craving all the while for the blessed consummation when, like John, she will rest her head upon the breast of God. And she implores Israel, by all the voices of Prophets and Saints, not to violate or disturb those silent processes by which the Divine will ripens for its consummation.

Part II. 'The Awaiting' implies that the travail of her heart is well-nigh over. From the habitation of His glory, surmounting all the obstacles of nature, yet in nature's fairest shape, He is come; but He is come submissive to the forms, and condescending to yield to the restraints, of the law. And He tells her how that the long season of spiritual darkness and desolation are past. The hearts of all are stirred by the pruning voice of the Baptist; and the long silent utterances of the Holy Ghost can be heard once more in the land. Repentance and its fruits are to be seen. Now, therefore, is the time for the Bride to come forth and stand waiting for her Betrothed. But the hope is not unalloyed. There are destructive creatures in the land that must be extirpated for that hope of union to be surely realized. With devotion unabated she declares that no outward troubles can affect her love. Only let Him come ere the eternal morn. However long He may delay, only let her see Him here, and let Him bestow Himself ere this life shall have passed away. Through the long night, for it is night where He is not, I have sought Him in sleepless aspirations. I sought Him out in all the events of the Divine story; I took counsel with the Prophets. Scarcely had they done speaking, when, lo! in the family of David, whence I am myself, in that mother-house of Israel, He suddenly appeared. Then with renewed earnestness she implores Israel, by all the voices of Prophets and Saints, not to violate or disturb those silent processes by which the Divine Will ripens for its consummation.

Part III. And now she will be betrothed. He had called her, 'Rise now, my loved one, my fair one, and come away!' And here from her long obscure retreat in the wilderness she comes, with all the fragrant perfumes of her prayers and praises. And she is borne along in the litter of her Lord, under the guardianship of her trusty servants. It is the palanquin of Solomon, of King Solomon, of King Solomon crowned, that comes here to view conveying the Bride and Bridegroom betrothed and united at last, and this is the day of their espousals. But what is the palanquin, and whence the crown of the Beloved?

The palanquin is the cross, concealed by all precious forms which but variously symbolize the blessings accomplished for us by the cross. And the crown is one of sorrows, the Crucifixion itself, which was once inflicted upon Him. What was designed as the crown of sorrows, He made a crown of love. And now the Beloved dilates upon the Bride's supernatural beauty which is derived from the death-consecrated union. Her eyes, her hair, her teeth, her lips, her temples, her neck, her bosom, variously symbolize her meekness, prolific richness, her power of rightly dividing the word of truth, her testimony to redemption through the blood of Christ, her reverent modesty, her boldness of faith, and her power of nourishing with pure doctrine. The Beloved devotes Himself until the eternal morn for His Church. Now first is she called a Bride. He says, 'I will 'deliver thee free from the world; I will give thee dominion 'over the world, and all its fiercest powers. For thou hast won 'my heart, and wilt continue to gain my love by even one act 'of faith, by one act of love. Thou art full of graces of 'nourishment, of holiness.[1] For she is fit to refresh the world.

[1] iv. 8, Hengstenberg remarks admirably on this verse. 'The heavenly Solomon assures His Bride of freedom from the dominion of the world. Mountains are the symbols of kingdoms. This symbolism is frequently extended by a further representation, in which the mountain chain of Lebanon and Antilibanus, which separated the heathen territory on the north from the seat of God's people, is treated as the image of the heathen world-power. So in Psalm xxix., of which David was the author, where the wilderness of Kadesh is coupled by way of correspondence with Lebanon and Sirion, it is the symbols of the world-power on the north and on the south of the Lord's territory that are represented as seized with terror at His voice, and as unable to endure the thunder of His might. So again in another psalm of David's, Psalm lxviii., Bashan repeatedly appears on the border of Canaan towards the heathen world beyond. In Isaiah xxxvii. 24, the King of of Assyria knows no higher boast, than that he has ascended the highest summit of Lebanon: his meaning being that he has thus the whole world-power beneath his feet. And in Isaiah x. 34, Heb. ii. 17, Lebanon appears as the image of the Assyrian kingdom. Now in the Song of Songs it is fundamentally assumed, in accordance with the representations which we find in the Davidic psalms, that Israel will, at the time of the appearance of the heavenly Solomon, be in a state of subjection to the power of the world, and will through Him be exalted to the glorious liberty of the children of God. The expressly repeated 'with me' of the present passage points to the fact that freedom from subjection is only possible for the people of God through union with the heavenly Solomon: 'Without me ye can do nothing' (John xv. 5). The Bride, however, through her union with the heavenly Solomon, is not only to be freed from the power of the world, but is also to have it under her feet, and to look down in security from its heights; in fulfilment of the promise, Messianic in its ultimate reference, of Deut. xxxiii. 29: 'Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places.' This assurance of dominion over the world, along with the deliverance from the world, is contained in the words, 'Shalt gaze from the summit of Amana,' &c. The summit of Amana is identical with the summit of Shenir and Hermon: it is the summit in which the Amana or Abana (see the Keri in 2 Kings v. vi.) had its rise. The name is here specially employed because the river Amana flowed through the first great world-city—Damascus, on which the Bride looks proudly down; a city which was, in early times, of even greater importance than

'Her outgrowths, the Churches she plants, are glorious, in her 'are all holy works. Her seven spices are patriarchs, and 'prophets, and apostles, and bishops, and doctors, and martyrs, 'and virgins.' And the Bride prays that the sorrows from the region of antichrist may speedily pass away, and that the breath of the Divine Spirit may breathe on her garden, and draw forth all the perfumes of the saints. And the Lord visits the Church, in answer to the supplication, bestowing the fulness of all sacramental graces on His elect.

In Part IV. the Bride tells her sorrow at the absence of her Bridegroom, and she reveals to us the sorrows in the human thoughts of God. These are her days of fasting, when the children of the bridechamber must mourn. It is her night-time, when her heart is waking and hears the anxious appeal of her Beloved to be admitted. He comes to her with all the bloom of the resurrection around Him; and she finds herself unprepared for this unlooked-for advent. But He stretches forth His hand and reassures her. These close manifestations, however, of Himself at the beginning were to be but transitory. The whole imagery, indeed, of this canto belongs to the period of the resurrection, and the first years of the Church. The sorrows and persecutions which she endured from the watchmen of Israel are very distinctly expressed; and are such as the Church is liable to encounter in the critical season, yet future, of her history. The Church may still take the Jews to witness her unfaltering loyalty to Messiah.

But (Part V.) the time of the Lord's absence is also the time of His spiritual presence. He goes away that He may return in power filling all things. During this period Israel ripens for conversion; and the turning of Israel's heart to the Lord is indicated by the inquiry about the Bridegroom. 'What is thy beloved more than another beloved?' And the Bride draws the portrait of her divine Lover, describing as all loveliest loveliness the person, and the powers and qualities of our Lord; 'the holy purity and majestic strength which com-'mend Him to us as precious, and which proclaim Him king of 'men.' Then, again, Israel inquires where Messiah is gone; and learns that He is engaged in visiting the garden, which is the scene of His Church's labour in this time. The Beloved here once more gives utterance to another sublime eulogium on His Bride. The beauty and power of the Church through Christ is extolled. And this at last tells on the unconverted

afterwards, when it was thrown into the shade by the side of Nineveh and Babylon. The Amana serves to mark the direction in which, from Hermon, the Bride is to gaze: it carries her eyes to Damascus, and forms the link which connects the symbol with the thing symbolized.

Israel, who are found now prepared more than before for the return of Christ, and recognising the influence of the Church, which they invite to return to them, and which they view with surprise attended by the armies of God gathered both from Israel and the Heathen, and surrounded by the elect gathered from Ephraim and Judah. The prospect of this triumph of the truth moves the Beloved and the Chorus to sing 'glorious things' of 'the City of God;' while she, anxious for the conversion of the world, longs for Him to return and prove His relationship to her, that she may hasten Him away to the house of Israel, there to drink the wine new in the kingdom of the Father. Again, and for the third time, she deprecates any outbreak of natural feeling on the part of the Jews. Thus this canto covers the whole period between the Pentecost and the Second Advent; a period whose opening was marked by the greatest manifestations of the glory and power in heaven and earth of the ascended Jesus; and the close of which will be marked by the conversion of Israel.[1]

And now in Part VI. the final union is depicted. The Church returning from her obscurity and united to her Lord reminds Him of her long devotion; how in Israel of old she had raised Him up, continuing faithful to Him in life and death. He is now 'the same as He was then; and she is herself unchanged. 'And this love she desires may be immortalised. In her perfect 'union with her Lord, she says, *we* have a little sister.' In the day when she will be called on to take her station, when the Gentiles shall be called into Christ, what provision will be made for this Church born out of due time? And the Bridegroom answers that the little sister shall possess all the assurance and glory that her calling will require, or her exigencies demand. As a wall she shall be defended against the last outbreak of Satan; as a door she shall have, till her time of probation is ended, unimpaired freedom to go in and out and find pasture. The secure position of the Bride herself interprets how much security is thus promised. And the little sister also shall find peace.

But the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is still placed in the

[1] In the Chaldean paraphrase in Targum VIII. 1 and 2 are well expounded. 'And when the King Messiah shall be revealed unto the congregation of Israel, the children of Israel shall say unto him, Be thou with us for a brother, and let us go up to Jerusalem, and let us suck with thee the senses of the law, as a sucking child sucketh the breasts of its mother. I will lead thee, O King Messiah, and bring thee to the house of my sanctuary, and thou shalt teach me to fear the Lord, and to walk in His paths, and there will we keep the feast of Leviathan, and drink old wine which has been reserved in its grapes ever since the day the world was created, and [eat] of the pomegranates, the fruits which are prepared for the righteous in the garden of Eden.'

midst of the tumultuous world; safe, however, in the keeping of its ministers. And from them, and from all, will the divine Solomon expect the fruit, and every one shall receive his own reward from Messiah; and, to quote from the corresponding passage in the Apocalypse (xxii. 12), 'His reward is with' Him 'to give every man according as his work shall be.'

The epilogue or Part VII. is a short prayer for the second advent; the Beloved is impatient for the voice of the Bride. He would then have the Church come short in no gift, looking for and hastening to the day of God; and with loving and dutiful readiness the Church makes answer: Come quickly, O beloved and unchanging Lord, with all thy human tenderness; with all the unfading memorials of redeeming love.

Amen. So come, Lord Jesus.

The prevailing neglect of this Divine work, our constitutional coldness in things spiritual, the contempt but too commonly shown, and in unsuspected quarters, for the mysterious significance of the Word of God, the prevailing disparagement of the Church, which is the Bride, will, we trust, justify the length this article has run. The book of Scripture, which above every other in some respects is the book for personal use, ought not to be the last read. The book in which God delineates the loves of wedded hearts and the purity of domestic affection, cannot be lightly overlooked.[1] But, above all, the book which teaches what should be the fervour of our love to the Redeemer, which unfolds the fires with which the regenerated heart should glow, demands and deserves the most earnest study. The Song of Songs teaches us how we ought to love God. The Song of Songs teaches us how God loves his elect. With that gracious tenderness which breathes through the thoughts of God, the Song adopts even the forms of outward nature; and consecrates to be sacraments of Divine love the charms of unbreathing nature, the innocent graces of animal life, and all the beauties of humanity. Here, for the human heart, the love which is above all love is set forth; the love that if let in will subdue and enkindle whatever is hardest and coldest. What transports of supernatural joy, what raptures of unconquerable hope the Christian soul may indulge in, here, and here perhaps alone, it can fully learn. Here the Christian may attain to that familiar converse with God which the spirit of the book will secure from degenerating into profanity: here may he be raised to enthusiasm that knows no fanatical alloy. It has been ever held that the secondary interpretation, which

[1] 'For my part,' said Niebuhr, 'I should deem something wanting to the Bible, if no expression were there found for the deepest and strongest of human feelings.' —Communicated by Bunsen to Renan. Renan, p. 147.

applies the language of the Bride to the human soul, is Catholic and true. What lover of the Divine Word but would wish to understand this use of the Song? The writings of many a departed saint bear witness that this sense of the Song was by prayer and meditation acquired. And the Laureate of the day utters no more genuine, more pure, more impassioned lay than that which he puts on the virgin lips of S. Agnes:—

'Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon star-light keen,
Draw me, thy Bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors
And strews her lights below,—
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with his Bride!'

ART. III.—*The American Church and the American Union.* By HENRY CASWALL, M.A. Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1861.

AMONG the multitude of works which, in these days, are continually coming out, even those that are upon popular subjects —like that which stands at the head of this article—and written by well-known authors, are apt to escape the notice of many to whom they would be welcome and useful. It needs a keen eye, always upon the watch, in order to observe among the crowd of candidates for public attention those whom we think are worth attending to. And when, with the quick eye of a literary sportsman, the game has been thus marked, it requires some pertinacity of purpose, and some tact, to follow up the chase, until we have secured our prey. The very circumstances which have brought Caswell's 'American Church and American Union' before our notice and that of our readers might afford a fair illustration of the truth just stated. It is a book, which, at the present juncture of affairs, will prove (we think) interesting.

While politicians are speculating upon the American Union —upon its present shattered state, and upon its prospects of future reconstruction or annihilation—the eye of the Anglican Churchman is naturally turned towards the state of the Church in America and its future prospects. Amid the complicated questions that have arisen, and will arise, from the disunion of the United States, the future progress of the Church among our Transatlantic brethren occupies no mean place. Hitherto, what a charmed life has the Church in the United States seemed to bear. How manifold its hinderances! How slow, yet how sure, its advancement from utter weakness to comparative strength! And now, when the political system of the American States appears to be shivered to atoms, we watch to see what will become of the Church's influence and institutions throughout the enormous territory comprehended in the Union. Some among us will be disposed to regard the past state of the American Union, as a nation, hopeless, in an ecclesiastical point of view, from its fearful disregard, if not encouragement, of schism. There are zealous and admirable men who will be tempted to apply this graphic description of Samaria to the whole religious system of the American republic. 'It was 'built in rebellion and schism, loose and not held together; 'like a heap of stones, having no cement of love, rent and torn 'in itself, having been torn both from God and His worship.

'It could be remade only by being wholly unmade.'[1] Others, less prejudiced, perchance, and (possibly) less zealous, would look upon the recent state of ecclesiastical confusion prevailing in America, as a species of chaos out of which order would in due time arise. They would apply the words of a late Scottish Bishop—who seems to distinguish 'the Missionary' from 'the Churchman'—to America and its future. 'The Missionary in 'due time is followed by the Churchman, who systematizes the 'elements which the other has created. Like a wise master-'builder, the latter polishes the materials, already in some 'degree prepared to his hand, and erects with them an orderly 'edifice, complete in all its parts, and having for its foundation 'the lively stones of an Apostolical Priesthood, qualified to 'offer the oblation of a spiritual sacrifice.'[2]

To those who feel an interest—and what religious mind can feel no interest?—in the probable future of the American Church and American Union, Mr. Caswall's work will prove a useful guide. In a small and readable volume they will find a large storehouse of facts, from which they may, in some measure, be enabled to form an opinion for themselves. To this source of information we desire now to introduce our readers.

It appears that about one-third of the population of the United States, or not less than ten millions of souls, may be reckoned to be descendants of the Puritans.[3] No doubt, therefore, the influence of their ancestry must strongly affect, whether for good or for evil, the present inhabitants of the Union; and especially so in some of the States. Industrious, frugal, self-relying, and enterprising, we must in justice own those early Puritans to have been. Nor have these, or any other good qualities they possessed, ever been kept unduly in the background, either by themselves or by their historians. But then, in order to form a fair idea of what they were and what their influence upon their descendants was likely to be, we must turn our eyes upon the reverse of the picture. We must look at their harsh temper, their extraordinary inconsistencies, their sour bigotry, and fierce tyranny, before we can trace the effect of the leaven of Puritanism upon the lump of heterogeneous materials which formed the American Union.

The persecutions of the early Puritans may be fairly summed up in those notable words of one of themselves, who says: 'I

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[1] Pusey on Micah, i. 6.

[2] Bishop Russell's Polynesia, p. 128.

[3] Colonel Chester, in his very interesting paper on 'The Influence of the County of Essex on the Settlement and Family History of New England,' seems to doubt whether the present population of New England is so puritanical in its descent. See the Report of the Essex Archæol. Soc. Meeting at Kelvedon, in the *Essex Gazette*, August 14, 1863.

'fled from England to escape the tyranny of my lords, *the* 'bishops, but I was glad to flee away again to escape the tyranny 'of my lords, *the brethren*.' And as a shilling was then the fine in England for not attending the parish church, *five* shillings in Massachusetts, or even *ten* at Plymouth, was the mulct exacted for not attending a meeting-house. So that if Rehoboam's little finger was heavier than the loins of a Solomon would have been in this case, yet the hand of Jeroboam carried with it the weight of five fingers, or even ten. No doubt much might be said in excuse of their enormous intolerance, when one of the fundamental principles of a settlement, Newhaven, was this, 'That all vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops, are of the devil.' But the stern persecutions of the American Puritans were by no means eclectic in their character, nor confined to either Papists or Anglicans. Any person who has a taste for exploring the bye-ways of history, and of detecting the mode in which the world has been misled by stories of 'the Pilgrim Fathers,' and the Puritans' 'love of liberty,' may soon satisfy himself by studying Dr. Coit's 'Puritanism.' There, in the last hundred pages of that curious work, he will see a distinct record of the way in which the American Puritans treated Baptists, Quakers, Papists, Presbyterians, and Indians—to say nothing of 'Episcopalians!'

The duplicity and credulity of these early Puritan settlers are well put forward by Mr. Caswall, not at all in a spirit of bitterness, but with a view to form an accurate conception of the character of those who have bequeathed so much of their own mingled character to their descendants. Everybody can recal to mind the executions for witchcraft, which certainly bear witness of the credulity of the New England Puritans, who even thought that they, 'a people of God,' had settled in what were once the 'devil's territories,' which disturbed this latter personage, 'and provoked him to plague them with witchcraft,' &c.[1] Of the duplicity of the American Puritans, one specimen may suffice. So late as in 1741, under Wentworth—who was the Governor, and a loyal Churchman—certain grants of land in Vermont were reserved for the Church and clergy. But the surveyors, being hostile to the Church, exerted themselves to render this property as useless as possible, by often placing, with perverse ingenuity, the Church's portion at the bottom of a lake or marsh, amid barren rocks, or on the side of a precipice.

It was not in the nature of things that the spirit which prevailed among the early settlers in New England and elsewhere, should continue to prevail from one generation to

[1] Caswall, p. 54, quoted from Cotton Mather.

another. Some witty writer has likened Dissenters to mules, which have no power of continuing their race.[1] And long before the general lapse of the remnant of the Puritans in America and elsewhere into Socinianism,[2] there was apparent a very great falling away from the original high assertion of low principles. As early as the beginning of the last century, not long after the establishment in England of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, considerable numbers of the Puritans in New England actually began to turn to the Church. Their best men, after careful thought, began to wish to build on the old foundations which their fathers had despised. As usual, Aaron's rod beat the magicians even upon their own ground, and the pastoral staff of the Christian ministry commenced the work of devouring all the others; a work which it has slowly, yet surely, been accomplishing ever since. In Massachusetts, at the early period just mentioned, a large convention assembled to discover 'the most evangelical and 'effectual expedient to put a stop unto these or the like mis-'carriages.' Whatever was the result of this conference, the day for actual violence and persecution was beginning to draw to its close, and the 'Lords brethren' were obliged to content themselves with keeping 'Lords bishops' out of the land, which they did most successfully. They also made the Church-men, who kept increasing in numbers, pay heavy taxes for the support of Puritan preachers and for the erection of Puritan meeting-houses. And thus matters continued to go on, the Church labouring under every disadvantage that can be conceived, and yet surviving; while the boasted system of the Pilgrim Fathers was gradually becoming changed into Socinianism. But, at length, from political causes, which Dissent was too busy in aggravating, and the Church much too feeble to check or mitigate, the Revolution broke in upon the long calm that had prevailed in American society, and the Church escaped annihilation by a series of events almost miraculous. If ever there was a Church concerning which the hopeless question might well have been asked; 'Can these dry bones live?' it was the Church in the United States of America at the close of the revolutionary war, when American Independence was *un fait accompli!*

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[1] The following is the remarkable witness of Mrs. Barbauld, the amiable and clever Socinian Dissenter: 'I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of families who for three generations have kept their carriages, and continued Dissenters.'—Works, vol. ii. p. 314.

[2] See this clearly proved by documents in Marshall's 'Catholic Episcopate.' The lapse of the author to Romanism does not at all detract from the fearful weight of his *facts*.

When the American Independence was finally recognised by Great Britain, the aid of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* was, of course, entirely withdrawn.

'The endowments in Vermont' [such as they were, see above p. 63] 'which the want of clergy had hitherto rendered unserviceable, were applied to purposes of education, and ultimately in Virginia an unjust sentence took away the remaining glebes and many of the houses of worship. Great numbers of people, who formerly were considered members of the Church of England, had forsaken it in its evil day, and attached themselves to the popular sectarianism. Many of the loyalists, laity as well as clergy, had gone to reside in England, Nova Scotia, or Canada. Thus, both in the north and south, the Church was fearfully weakened, and in some places almost annihilated. The churches were in ruins, or closed, or deserted; there was no centre of unity, and not a shadow of ecclesiastical government existed.'—*Caswall*, p. 117-8.

It would be out of place here to attempt even to trace the progress of the Church in America from this its lowest and most prostrate condition to its (comparatively) flourishing state previously to the recent political crash. The influence and example of the Church were showing their power even among the innumerable sects of America. Liturgies were coming into fashion. Colleges and learning were no longer inveighed against. Even 'clerical vestments' were, absurdly enough, coming into use. Crosses were sometimes erected on the spires of Puritan meeting-houses. And, lastly, as in the mother-country, a species of Dissenting 'Gothic' architecture was rapidly getting into vogue.

But, what was of far greater consequence, the Church, especially its clergy, were recruited in considerable numbers from the ranks of Dissent, even of that form of Dissent which had once been so bitter against them. In 1841, Bishop Griswold stated, that of 285 clergymen ordained by him, no less than 207 came into the ministry from the surrounding 'denominations.' Of the 1,800 clergymen ministering in the Church in America a few years since, it was estimated that about 1,200 had been gathered in from these external sources. The names of Bishop Hobart, Bishop Chase, Bishop Kip, and Mr. Choping, may serve as specimens of what sort of tribute the sects in America have thus been forced to pay to the Church. So marvellous, even under every possible disadvantage and discouragement, is the living power of Church principles! So unsatisfactory and unsatisfying the practical working of the Dissenting system, even where its range is unlimited, and its advantages extraordinary!

It may be worth while to pause for a moment here, and to lay before our readers, in Mr. Caswall's emphatic language, some of the facts which were held by those Churchmen in America who clung to the apostolical ministry, and which in

due time told with so much effect upon many of the best and most thoughtful men who had been born and bred in the ways of Dissent. The 'well-instructed friends of the first American 'Bishop Seabury firmly believed in a succession transmitted 'from a source coeval with Christianity itself.'

'They held that as truly as all men are descended from the first parents of mankind, so truly the bishops of the Church Catholic are descended from the original pastors of the Christian world. They knew that by the law of nature every man had his two parents, and that in order to prove a succession of men from Adam to the present time it was by no means necessary to trace every particular link of the chain. So, in like manner, they were satisfied that by the constant law of the Church every true bishop had his ecclesiastical progenitors in the bishops who consecrated him, and that the successive steps, connected as they are with various lines of descent, might safely be taken for granted.'—*Caswall*, p. 123.

And even as early as in 1785, when Bishop Seabury entered on his episcopal duties in Connecticut, he met with no disrespect; rather the contrary. For though the Puritan ministers seemed a little alarmed, yet their plan of neutralizing the new bishop's influence was to give one another the title of bishop, which formerly they had reprobated. And as politics were at first very adverse to the cause of the Church in America, whose clergy were often disposed to cling to monarchy, even when the crown scarcely hung upon a bush; so it became in some cases a recommendation to the episcopate, that the future bishop was a democrat. Bishop White was a favourable example of this; while so much cannot be said of Bishop Provoost, a man 'elected mainly because it was supposed that his ultra-democratic 'opinions would induce the people to tolerate him the more 'readily in his episcopal character!'

It was not the discipline only of the Church Catholic, but that of which the discipline is the mere fence and outwork—its doctrine, also, which was in jeopardy, when the yoke of England was shaken off by the United States. Before ever a bishop had been consecrated for America, and when Benjamin Franklin's sneer[1] had, no doubt, its weight even with Churchmen of a certain caste, one Mr. Page proposed to strike out the first four petitions in the Litany, on the ultra-Protestant plea that the word 'Trinity' is not found in Holy Scripture. It is well worth the pains to trace, with thankful heart, the marvellous way in which both the doctrines and discipline of the Church were preserved intact. And, although the American

[1] This shrewd but not very religious man said that 'men would one day learn not to be dependent upon other countries, but would make their own bishops for themselves.' Here we see the old easy-going form of Schism: 'It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem'! Yet seeing how the Apostolical Succession of bishops has thriven in America, it may fairly be asked, Would Dr. Franklin's bishops have done as well?

Prayer-Book still bears marks of its *revision*—quite as much for the worse, as for the better—yet, upon the whole, its escape in those days from material injury seems little short of a miracle. One remark, which Bishop White heard made during the sitting of the Convention, may be worthy even now of the attention of Lord Ebury and his wise compeers: 'When I hear 'these things,' said the bystander, 'I look back to the origin of 'the Prayer-Book, and represent to myself the spirits of its 'venerable compilers ascending to heaven in the flames of 'martyrdom that consumed their bodies. I then look at the '*improvers* of this book in —— and —— and ——.[1] The con-'sequence is, that I am not sanguine in my expectations of 'your meditated changes in the Liturgy.'

Nor is this merely the opinion of an anonymous individual. For, as Mr. Caswall observes (p. 157):—

'The history of American Liturgical Revision affords, on the one hand, a remarkable instance of the overruling providence of God; while, on the other hand, it furnishes a memorable example of the danger of hastily meddling with that which has been once settled by competent authority. The American Church itself is now so well aware of this danger that it has bound itself by stringent regulations not to allow of further alterations until the proposed changes have been discussed during three years at least, and have been duly considered by the Conventions in the several States.'

Of course, just as in England, the union between Church and State cripples and confines the energies of the former, so in America the general education of the people being conducted entirely upon republican principles, stands in the way, not of the Church only, but of all religious principles whatever. Washington's decided opinion was, that 'morality,' even, 'cannot be maintained without religion, and that national 'morality can never prevail in exclusion of religious principles.' But when all systems of religion are assumed to be equally true, or equally false, how can religious principles be taught to any purpose? Any particular system of religious teaching is nicknamed *sectarian*—even though it be the teaching of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church—and would not be tolerated in schools supported by the republic. Let Mr. Caswall describe the result of this system, a result to which England may be drawing nearer than some amongst us are willing to allow us to think:—

'The mention of judgment to come would offend the believers in universal salvation, the doctrine of a personal God would irritate the Pantheists, and allusions to infant baptism or forms of prayer would exasperate the Baptists and Independents. Nothing favourable to either

[1] How easily could we fill up the blank spaces with the obscure names of some of our modern revisionists!

Sacrament could safely be inculcated in the neighbourhood of Quakers; the English version of the Bible would not be tolerated by Roman Catholics, and Scriptures of any version would hurt the feelings of those who deny all revelation whatever, and whose "conscience," like that of all others, must be respected in a land where all are equal.'[1]

Thus catechisms, creeds, explanations of revealed truth, and even the Bible itself, have been banished from the public schools, and with what result?

'The bulk of the population consequently grows up, if not in absolute unbelief, at least without the blessing of a true, definite, and hereditary religion. The tone of public conscience necessarily becomes relaxed, and the respect to law proportionately weakened. The solemn oath in courts of justice loses its awful sanctions, and responsibility to God is forgotten. This divorce of religion from education, says a New York paper, was unknown to our fathers.'

Again, Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, speaks out plainly enough in his primary charge. 'Often,' he says,

'The young who are just rising into manhood are *totally* ignorant of the nature and extent of their obligations as moral and accountable beings. They can give shrewd and intelligent answers to all questions concerning traffic and trade, and the value of various kinds of property; but as to the nature and extent of those obligations by which man is bound to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God," they have been taught nothing, they know nothing, and oftentimes care nothing. The example of their parents has led them to regard money as "the chief good," and in its acquisition all advantages are to be taken which the law will allow, or which artful evasions of the law will enable them to compass. The social affections are swept away in this struggle for gain—there is no place for their exercise, and the kindly offices of charity and benevolence are unknown. The children of the country are thus in a measure trained up with feelings almost hostile to their species. The idea they have of *public* liberty is that *they* may do as they please, regardless of the comfort and even the rights of others. Reverence for age and character is unfelt, sympathy for suffering and distress is destroyed, and respect for law and authority despised as meanness. Effrontery is taken for manliness, rudeness for gentility, and impudence for easiness of manners. Is it any wonder that, under this hardening process, future heroes in crime are formed, and that we hear and read of deeds of daring villany and desperate wickedness?'[2]

It may, perchance, try the patience of our readers, but it is not, surely, an uninteresting subject to endeavour to trace some of the causes which have made the Americans, especially those of the Northern States, hitherto appear to so little advantage—so low in the scale of civilization and real liberality—as they have appeared in the present extraordinary civil war. We have just seen what, in the sober judgment of Americans them-

[1] Mr. Caswall, in a former work, 'America and the American Church,' says that 'it is quite common' in America 'to meet with persons who consider that the religious education of children is a sacrilegious interference with the work of th Holy Spirit,' p. 314. The 'public' education must not offend these men!

[2] See Caswall, pp. 193–198.

selves, the absence of dogmatic teaching in the public schools was likely to result in. The self-will, or self-worship, call it what we will, which such an education was almost sure to engender, has been encouraged and influenced by the peculiar political circumstances of the United States, and by the fierce spirit of democracy.

'The very principle of obedience seemed to have been subverted; and while men believed themselves to be simply getting rid of King George, they were, in fact, overthrowing the power which should of right belong to every magistrate, parent, pastor, master, teacher, and officer.'

Another bishop—Potter, of Pennsylvania—says (in 1849):—
'May we not tremble for the future of our land, when we see 'how the bands of parental authority and domestic affection are 'relaxed, and how much insolent contempt is expressed for the 'wisdom of the past?'

To us it is most gratifying to hear the bishops, the successors of the apostles of Christ, thus lifting up their voices against the popular tendencies to evil;—and that, too, in a land where the Church, like every other institution, depends for its support, under God, upon the people; in a republic where there is no national Church, and (comparatively) very few endowments. So, at the risk of overtasking the patience, and presuming too far upon the Episcopalian prejudices of our readers, we shall quote one more bishop, whom Mr. Caswall has cited. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, in 1854, drew this striking picture, though admitting that it might be overdrawn—an admission of no great practical value, perhaps, considering all the circumstances:—

'It is well known that the wives of this age have no notion of submitting to their husbands, and that sons and daughters are accustomed to throw off the yoke of their parents, and to do precisely as they please, while the reverence for magistrates, ministers, and teachers, which marked the early days of the Republic, is generally exploded as obsolete. Democracy has extended from the public rights of the citizen to the private relations of the family and school.[1] The sacred[2] authority of the master and the father is merged in deference to the will of the majority of the family; and the political privileges which the constitution intended to be exercised by intelligent and virtuous men are practically assumed in every other department by fools and children.'

The existence of slavery, which hitherto has almost always followed pure democracy like a shadow, the keen appetite for gain, the imperfect moral and religious training already alluded

[1] One is tempted to ask, 'Why should it not do so, if it be a sound principle? The antagonistical principle of obedience to lawful authority permeates *public* and *private* relations *alike*.'

[2] Granted the sacredness of the *master's* and *father's* authority—can men consistently deny that of the king?

to, with other circumstances, will, perchance, explain sufficiently the strange and horrible characteristics which have marked the civil war between the Northern and the Southern States. The *colluvies* which have drained into the United States from other nations;[1] the proud spirit of discontented democracy which they have often brought with them; the ambitious spirit of conquest and proselytism which usually influences a successful republic;—these, also, are facts not to be lost sight of, when we try to explain some of the events of that struggle which has made the civilized world stand aghast.

Bearing in mind, then, the peculiarities of the case, we thus offer to the reader a few specimens of the way in which the Church, distinguished from other religious bodies, is acting in America; while the almost idolised institutions of the United States are undergoing a trial, and republican principles passing through a crisis, as formidable as ever the mixed constitution of England or the absolute monarchies of the Continent have had to endure.

The first impression made upon Churchmen, when, in 1860, the disruption between North and South commenced, may be seen from the following extracts from a sermon by Dr. A. Vinton, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, given by Mr. Caswall more at large. Dr. Vinton thoughtfully and patriotically says:—

'God has permitted in the American land a sublime and fearful experiment of self-government. It is a sublime thing for thirty millions of people to undertake the work of controlling themselves by their own sense of right and duty, with no power above them but that of their own laws, sworn to no allegiance but that of truth and justice, mutually conceived and universally acknowledged, and with no king but conscience. In such a government man approaches his sublime ideal, guided not by power but by principle. Every energy may be put forth to the utmost, with none other than a moral check, and liberty may run on, step by step with reason, until the whole humanity is developed in the dignity of its godliness. This is the theory of our government—sublime if successful, but awful in its failure. If passion, pride, envy, avarice, injustice, dishonesty, possess the people's hearts, then comes the crash and havoc of a great force out of gear—the wretchedness of conscience perverted with passion, and the hopelessness of liberty run mad into licentiousness. . . .

'In the days past so holy seemed the bond of fraternity that no Christian prayer was uttered with more assurance of acceptance than the prayer that

[1] We must again quote from an American authority, Col. Chester, who, in the able paper read by him at the meeting of the Essex Archæological Society at Kelvedon, in August last, says: 'The natural history of America is chiefly that of hybrids. There is no country under the sun that has not contributed its *quota* to its magnificent census.' . . . English, Scotch, and Irish, French, Dutch, and Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Turkish, Swiss, Austrian, and Russian, in their elementary constituents, have been gathered into a common crucible, and the extraordinary results of this still more unnatural combination, has been the Universal Yankee,' a sort of ethnological monster.—*See Essex Gazette, August* 14, 1863.

God would preserve the Union, and the same pious breath that uttered the supplication was thought to be not less pious when it imprecated a palsy on the arm that should strike a blow, and scorching to the tongue that should utter a scoff or scorn, and a blighting of the mind that should conceive a plot against the brotherhood of States. But all this is past and gone.'—*Caswall*, p. 231-2.

Past and gone, indeed! Though, in truth, all this never was anything at all more substantial than a bright morning dream. For the theory of absolute monarchy would sound almost as agreeably, and probably work much better, if we could but secure perfection in our despot. Though, even were this assumed by Absolutists, we are not quite sure that they would wish to use—much less be justified in using—anathemas so strong as those just quoted against all who presume to meddle with the pet theory.

An unconcerned spectator—if any spectator of the events now taking place in the Western world can be unconcerned—might take the foundation of the Baptist sect in America as a type, or sample, of most of the political and religious institutions peculiar to America. 'Mr. Ezekiel Holliman, a layman, 'immersed Mr. Williams; and, in turn, Mr. Williams immersed 'Mr. Holliman.' Without being sour or severe, we might really take this as no bad specimen of the foundation on which stands the elephant who sustains the imposing fabric of civil and religious authority among a large portion of the citizens of the United States. And just as, probably, Mr. Williams and Mr. Holliman were none the less bigoted in favour of the efficacy of their immersion because it was, from first to last, wholly and entirely their own act and deed, so the very want of root, under which so many of the institutions peculiarly American labour, may be one reason why Americans are usually such fierce sticklers for their plenary authority. 'The weaker the cause, the greater the bigot that defends it!' is no bad saying. And where, amidst the distractions that now prevail, can a humble, sober-minded Christian look with hope and holy confidence? To *Spiritualism?* To *Secularism?* To *Mormonism?* To *schism* of any kind? No! One only hope, under God's providence, seems left of influencing for good the people of America. The Church alone seems able to do what she has done again and again in other quarters of the globe—to reunite or reconcile jarring fragments of nations, and to lead the people onwards in paths of, at least, comparative peace. This, at any rate, seems to be Mr. Caswall's view of the probable future; and in taking leave of his book—to which we refer the reader for much useful and interesting matter impossible for us to notice—we quote one most cheering prophecy from its last page: 'The Church in America will lose nothing by the present contest, and probably will gain much.'

ART. IV.—1. *State Papers, published under the Authority of His Majesty's Commission. Volume I. King Henry the Eighth. Parts I. and II.* 1830. *Volumes II. and III. Part III.* 1836. *Volumes IV. and V. Part IV.* 1842. *Volumes VI.—XI. Part V.* 1849—1852.

2. *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth.* 1547—1580. *Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by ROBERT LEMON, Esq. F.S.A. under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1856.

3. *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England.* Arranged and catalogued by J. S. BREWER, M.A. under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State. Vol. I. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.

4. *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Vol. I. The Scottish Series of the Reigns of Henry VII. Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth.* 1509—1589. By MARKHAM JOHN THORPE, Esq. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1858.

5. *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland, of the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.* 1509—1573. *Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by HANS CLAUDE HAMILTON, Esq. F.S.A. Assistant-Keeper of Her Majesty's Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860.

6. *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain. Preserved in the*

Archives at Simancas and elsewhere. Vol. I. Henry VII. 1485—1509. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.

The original commission for printing and publishing State Papers is dated June 10, 1825. It was directed to Manners Sutton, at that time Speaker of the House of Commons, with whose name were associated those of the late Sir Robert Peel, Wilson Croker, Hobhouse, and Watkin Williams Wynne, and their instructions were to examine the papers and documents existing in the State Paper Office, with the view of determining which of them might be printed and published with advantage to the public and without prejudice to the Government. They were, moreover, authorized to print such as they should think it desirable to publish, in such style as should be approved by the Commissioners of the Treasury. The reason given in the instrument of Commission is, that since the establishment of the State Paper Office on its present footing in the year 1800 the Papers had been in great measure arranged and indexed, and that it had been found that many of them were of great value and importance, and such as were likely to throw great light on various obscure parts of the history of the realm. The announcement of the probable advantages to result from the publication, if compared with the actual revelations which have been made and seem likely to be made as the process of bringing these State Papers to light goes on, will be pronounced to be a very modest estimate of their value. The illustrations of history which they afford are far from being confined to the narrow field of our own country, but extend over all countries with which England has had diplomatic relations. Not only have they thrown a new light upon public affairs, but the history of individuals, families, and districts, have profited by the publication; and what is not the least important feature of the work, the current accounts of many transactions, which have been repeated from one historian to another without any examination, have been in some cases entirely overturned, and in very many instances extremely modified. It is of the greatest importance, when crude theories and absurd paradoxes abound, such, for instance, as the estimate of the moral character of Henry the Eighth, which appears in the first two volumes of Froude's 'History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth,' that literary men should have the utmost facility of reference to contemporary documents, in order that they may expose fallacies which have no foundation of fact to stand

upon, and refute theories which are established on partial evidence or the suppression of adverse testimony. An instance in point at once occurs in the history which Mr. Froude gives us of the divorce of Katharine of Arragon. The absurdity of the story that Henry VIII. married six wives, and divorced or executed four of them for the good of the nation, may be perhaps apparent to the most ordinary reader; but when, as was shown in a previous number of this Review,[1] contemporary papers are brought into contact, one of which was never meant to transpire in this country, and another which was intended for English eyes alone, which contradict each other in the most flagrant way, it is no longer a question of balancing probabilities. The matter amounts to a demonstration that, in the divorce of Katharine of Arragon, Henry was not actuated by the conscientious scruples which he professed, but by the desire of getting rid of a wife of whom he was tired.

It will be said, perhaps, that Mr. Froude's paradox was itself created by the publication of the State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. and that such a theoretical performance never would have issued from the press at all, if it had not been that Mr. Froude's attention was accidentally directed to the State Papers published or unpublished. This is true; and it was the result that might have been expected, when the State Paper Office, after having been so long confined to a few, was opened without stint to literary inquirers if only properly introduced, that a host of writers should rush into print, hastening to enlighten the world on the subject of their newly-acquired knowledge. Such things are unavoidable, and are only the accidents necessarily attendant upon any such change as that introduced by the admission of readers to State Papers or the permission of their publication. We must be content with crude theories, if only we have the means afforded us of overthrowing them; and the value of State Papers is that they are facts. It is not so much that they contain facts as that they are facts in themselves. They cannot tell us in all cases what popes and cardinals, princes and ministers, thought and felt, but they give us what they wrote, and what they wished their correspondents to believe they thought and felt. They are the only facts upon which history can be built or remodelled, unless, indeed, we ought to make one reservation in favour of the views which appear in annalists and historians who are absolutely contemporary with the events they narrate. These sometimes possess a value far beyond what can be estimated by the amount of details that they contain. They and their works are a portion of the history which they describe, and what they say will frequently enable

[1] See the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1859.

a subsequent reader or writer to form a truer judgment than he could have done by merely using such documents as go by the name of State Papers.

The Commissioners seem to have been in no hurry to exercise the authority committed to them. It was not till February 7, 1829, that they came to any determination as to what should be printed; at least, it was only then that they announced their determination, which was to the effect that the letters of Cardinal Wolsey to King Henry VIII. and also the correspondence between that sovereign and his ministers, be forthwith printed, in the manner and form in which they are at present transcribed, and submitted to the Board. These papers were edited by Mr. Robert Lemon, and the execution of the work, though not faultless, is highly creditable to that gentleman's persevering industry, as well as to his acquaintance with the history of Europe in the first half of the sixteenth century.

The first volume, which was all that was at first ventured on, would be very unfairly described in the words of the order which was given for printing it. Of the two parts of which it consists, the first is so far from containing only Wolsey's letters to the King, that it is called on its half-title, 'Correspondence between the King and Cardinal Wolsey, 1518—1530.' But even this title gives a very inadequate idea of its contents, for, in point of fact, it contains a large mass of correspondence between the Cardinal and other persons in the service of the King—such as Pace, Wolsey, More, Clerk, and others; whilst the second part is as unfortunately described as the 'Correspondence between the King and his Ministers.' It really consists of the Domestic Papers, preserved in the State Paper Office, which belong to the last seventeen years of the reign of Henry VIII. A glance over the contents will show that the documents printed embrace a much wider field than a mere correspondence between the King and his ministers. There are many papers in which neither minister nor King is concerned, though all have some reference more or less direct to State affairs, or they would not probably have found their way into the State Paper Office. Thus we have inserted, 'Minutes for the Privy Council,' with 'Acts on the foregoing minutes,' 'Interrogatories administered to Bishop Fisher,' with 'his answers,' 'Matters treated in Council,' with various other documents, which can in no way be included under the head of 'Correspondence.' Besides which, the letters which are printed occasionally are such as would not be likely to be called State Papers, such as letters from private individuals to the King or a minister of state, or sometimes a correspondence between persons neither of whom were ministers.

We mention these instances simply with the view of showing from what small beginnings the publication of the State Papers has arisen, and how cautiously the work was carried on for many years.

Part III., occupying Vols. II. and III., was ordered for publication on the 18th of February, 1831, and Part IV., running over two more volumes, on the 16th of February, 1835. These parts relate respectively to the affairs of Ireland and Scotland, and before anything further could be accomplished the Commission came to an end by the death of William IV. Several other commissions were appointed, bearing the dates of 1837, 1840, 1842. It was that of 1840 which authorized the publication of Calendars of State Papers. The origin of this idea was as follows: In order to enable themselves to judge better which papers should be inserted and which should be omitted in their publications, the Commissioners had caused descriptive catalogues to be made of numerous documents of the nature of State Papers existing in various collections. And though there was no intention of publishing any abstracts of such State Papers, yet it appeared that so much valuable matter had been collected, besides what could be printed in entire documents in the series in hand, that it was desirable to give some publicity to their contents. The printing all the papers that were found at full length was out of the question. It would probably have involved not less than a hundred volumes for each reign; and as this was not to be thought of, a change of proceeding was adopted, and a Commission was granted, empowering the Commissioners to publish Calendars of the principal contents of the papers deposited in the State Paper Office. This Commission did not supersede or interfere with the work which was going on, and which was not completed till 1852; but it was considered expedient not to carry on the issue of a Calendar of the reign of Henry VIII. simultaneously with the printing of documents of that period at full length. Accordingly, the Calendars began with the following reign, and the first issued was that of the domestic series of the reign of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, from 1547 to 1580. The title of this volume has been placed at the head of this article, not because we intend to refer to any period later than 1547, but because Mr. Lemon gives us in his preface the account of the change of plan adopted by Her Majesty's Commissioners in respect to the mode of publication, and because it was the first volume that made its appearance under the new system. It was sent to the press in January, 1853, and the publication was delayed, owing to the death, in April, 1854, of the Keeper of the State Papers. By an Order in Council, dated March 5, 1852, the custody of

State Papers became vested in the Master of the Rolls, and the State Paper Office was henceforth a branch of the Record Department. This volume, as indeed most subsequent volumes of the series, contains no notice of papers other than those strictly belonging to the Office; and the editor very justly observes that such slight entries rather point out where information may be found than supply the information itself; and 'that for fully satisfying the purposes of study, recourse must be had to the originals.' It is much to be regretted if such brief abstracts were considered to be sufficient, that each reign was not made complete in itself. The whole of the papers relating to Edward's reign might easily at this rate have been included in a single volume; and the same may be said of those of the following reign. However, it is impossible to regret the change that seems silently to have come over these series since the year 1860. Mr. Turnbull's, Mr. Brewer's, and Mr. Stevenson's volumes no longer consist of mere abstracts, but give us nearly all the information that can be required, and in almost every instance quite supersede the necessity of referring to the originals. Besides which, such volumes as these will be interesting to the general reader, supposing him only moderately acquainted with the history of the time and the succession of events. But we return to the original issue of State Papers.

After many changes of resolution, it was at last resolved to publish all the diplomatic papers and correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII. between England and the Continental Powers in chronological series. These form the last six of the volumes of this series, and appeared during the years 1849—1852. No doubt the Commissioners experienced considerable difficulty in arranging the series, and perhaps the distinct nature of the subjects was a sufficient justification of the method adopted of separating the domestic from the foreign, the Scotch, and the Irish papers. As regards the arrangement, there is no fault to find; the Commissioners in printing wisely adopted a method which involved a departure from the traditional arrangement in the State Paper Office. There, we believe, the volumes are bound up according to the countries from which the letters came or to which they were addressed. Thus, there is one series of volumes for France, another for Germany, and, if we mistake not, a separate set for the Calais Correspondence. It seems as if the Commissioners at one time contemplated a similar arrangement, for there was an order issued in 1835 for the postponement of the correspondence between the Government of England and the Governors of Calais and other English dependencies in France; and this order was rescinded two years

afterwards by a subsequent resolution, which we have quoted above, that the Foreign Correspondence be printed in chronological order. We do not think any more judicious arrangement than this could have been adopted. If all the documents in the State Paper Office had been printed in exact chronological order, letters which relate to the same subject would have been separated from each other by an inconvenient distance; whilst a more minute subdivision of the Foreign Correspondence would have been equally troublesome for reference, as the transactions of two or three consecutive years, which are now comprehended in one volume, would have occupied several. It was a choice of difficulties, and we think the experience of writers and editors will amply justify the conclusion at which the Commissioners arrived.

Before we proceed to notice the contents of these volumes, or to comment upon the style in which they have been edited, we may, perhaps, with advantage, give some account of the repositories from which they are taken, as regards their past history and their present condition.

The origin of the appointment of Secretaries of State is, as might be expected, lost in remote antiquity. The office must have really existed, in some form or other, long before any distinct mention of actual secretaries in ancient records and annals; and there is distinct mention of Secretaries of State as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century. There are no direct records of their appointment, because they do not appear to have been created by letters patent for more than two centuries after this time. Neither does it appear that there was ever more than one Principal Secretary, or Secretary of State, so called, though there were frequently subordinate officers, who were called secretaries, and whose business was to interpret or write in a particular language. These were called secretaries for the French or for the Latin tongue, as it might happen; and these, as well as their chief, the Secretary of State, would, in most cases, naturally be taken from the ranks of ecclesiastics, who would, upon the whole, and speaking generally, be the only persons in the country acquainted with Latin.

It may be inferred from the Statute of Precedence, 31 Henry VIII. cap. 10 (see Statutes of the Realm, Vol. III. p. 729), that the office was usually, if not always, confined to a single person, as provision is made in that statute for giving precedence to the Secretary of State, if he should be of the rank of baron or bishop, over all other barons and bishops; and if he should be under the degree of a baron, and so not sitting in the House of Peers, assigning him a seat 'at the uppermost

part of the sacks in the midst of the Parliament Chamber.' This act received the royal assent, June 28, 1539, and it is remarkable that, as early as April of the following year, there must have been two Principal Secretaries, for there is extant a letter of Cromwell's printed in the first volume of these State Papers, p. 626, which is superscribed:

> 'To myn assured loving freende,
> Mr. Sadler, Esquier, oon of the
> Kinges Majesties two Principal
> Secretaryes.'

and dated from London this Wednesday night—*i.e.* as is evident from the letter itself, April 7th, not April 14th, as is erroneously stated in the note to the same volume, p. 623, and again in the preface, p. xi. And here we must, by the way, notice a remarkable instance of the carelessness of the writer of the preface to the first volume of these State Papers. The editor who arranged the papers, and who, as is well known, was Mr. Robert Lemon, the secretary to the Commission, very properly placed the warrant for the appointment of two Secretaries of State as No. cxxxiii. of this series. It is plain that this is its place; for, though without date, it must have been subsequent to the act of parliament which recognised but one such secretary, and must be prior to a letter addressed by Cromwell to Ralph Sadler, as one of the Secretaries of State. Mr. Lemon has fallen into an accidental error of dating the letter April 14, though he himself, in another note, proves that it must have been written on the 7th of that month; but the writer of the preface not only inadvertently adopts the wrong date, which is a matter of no importance, but adds the inexplicable piece of information 'that the alteration may be considered 'contemporaneous with the disgrace of Thomas Cromwell, Earl 'of Essex,' and says that 'perhaps it may have grown out of that event.' The writer continues: 'When Cromwell fell under the 'royal displeasure, the King probably resolved not to admit 'another favourite to the same degree of ascendancy, and then 'saw need for employing two Secretaries of State, one of whom 'he usually retained near his person, when he was out of London, 'leaving the other to act with those of the Privy Council who 'remained in the metropolis.' The reader can judge how far the facts of the case bear out this hypothesis. The facts are all drawn from the volume which contains this remarkable statement. They are as follows:

Immediately after Sadler's appointment to his office, he addressed a letter to Cromwell, which is superscribed 'To the 'right honourable and his singular good Lorde, my Lorde

'Pryvye Seale, be this geven. In hast.' This letter was answered by Cromwell in the letter already referred to, and in the answer Cromwell ventures to differ from the King, saying, 'Under his Majesty's correction, I think it more mete,' &c. This letter is signed 'Thomas Cromwell.' The very next letter is from Sadleyr 'To the right honourable, and his singular good Lorde, the Erle of Essex, and Lorde Prevy Seale,' sending him a message from the King, implying such confidence that the King defers action in a particular matter till he can devise with Cromwell 'what is best to do.' It is plain, then, from the 'Correspondence,' that Cromwell, so far from being out of favour, was still in the very highest estimation with the King, and that he was in the interval created Earl of Essex, his elevation to the peerage having taken place on April 18th, 1540. No doubt the writer was led into so unpardonable a mistake by referring to some modern history of the time, instead of to the contemporary documents. For it is worth noticing that several writers have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Cromwell was created Earl of Essex in the preceding year. Cromwell's disgrace followed very closely upon his elevation; but the first appearance of estrangement from him on the King's part was on the following 9th of May, when the King appears to have finally resolved to part with Anne of Cleves. Even Burnet, though, as usual, he blunders about the day of the month, comments upon the short interval between the elevation and the fall, as showing that the true cause of Cromwell's fall must be found in some other thing than his making up the King's marriage, who, he observes, 'had never thus raised his title if he had intended so soon to pull him down.'

The appointment of the second Secretary of State, then, it can scarcely be doubted, had the full concurrence of Cromwell. It is, indeed, not unlikely that he may have himself suggested the arrangement, with the view of facilitating public business and lightening his own share of the burden. The advantage to the public service must have been considerable, for from that time forward there have never been fewer than two Secretaries of State, though occasionally there appear to have been three during the century and a half that elapsed before Anne came to the throne. From 1708 to 1794, the office of a third secretary was twice constituted and abolished. Since 1794 there have been constantly three, until in our own time the number has been enlarged to four.

As may be supposed, the mass of correspondence relating to affairs of State must have begun to accumulate very fast from the times of the Tudors; but there was no adequate repository for the State Papers till 1578. The want of provision for their

safe custody, as well as of proper appointments for the Secretary, in whose keeping they were, is ludicrously illustrated by the following letter from Sir William Paget, at that time ambassador in France, to Sir William Petre, dated Nov. 24, 1545:—

'I pray you move Mr. Carden or Mr. Denny, for my lodging, and that I may have another chamber instead of that his Majesty hath taken. For you know that the chamber over the gate will scarcely receive my bed and a table to write at for myself. The study you know is no mete place to be trampled in for diseasing his Majesty. I must needs have a place to keep my table in. They said I should have the lodging over the gate where Mr. Baynton lay, which I much want. I have no place, neither for my own clerks nor such others as must serve his Majesty, as the Latin Secretary, the French Secretary, the Clerks of the Council, the Clerks of the Signet, to write in; and his Majesty's affairs be not to be written in every place but where they may be secret, and where I may resort to see the doing of the same. I speak not so much for mine own self as for his Majesty's service, as both I and such as must serve him may be ready at his hand. And his service at this present is greater than it hath been of many years before, and requireth many hands. I pray you rather than fail to move his Majesty in it, whose pleasure, reason is be accomplished in every thing. If I had no more but my chamber-keepers, and three or four of mine own men, the two little rooms were big enough; but you know what a number we have always, both of necessary ministers and also of suitors to be despatched in them.'

From the year 1578 there has been a constant succession of keepers of the State Papers, who have frequently also held the office of Secretary of State or Under-Secretary, until the present time. The last keeper before the present was the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, one of the Commissioners for the publication of the State Papers, and the one we shrewdly suspect who wrote the preface to the eleven volumes of State Papers.

The non-existence of any State Paper Office till the middle of Elizabeth's reign will fully account for the loss of so many early documents, as well as for the mutilated condition of many of the papers of Henry the Eighth's reign, and of some of earlier date. This, we say, affords an adequate account of the disappearance, but it goes a very little way towards explaining how such a vast number of them found their way into Sir Robert Cotton's Library. Both he and Sir Joseph Williamson were great collectors of such papers: the collection made by Williamson was presented to the State Paper Office; that of Sir Robert Cotton, after various vicissitudes, and having narrowly escaped entire destruction by a fire which broke out on the 23d of October, 1731, in the house in Little Dean's-yard, where they were kept, have at length found their way into the British Museum. The third great repertory of State Papers is the Chapter House at Westminster. This last collection consists principally of bundles of correspondence wrapped up together, with the initial letters of the writers' names placed outside. Thus

in this collection will be found tied up together in one bundle all the letters addressed to Cromwell by any person whose name happened to begin with a P, and similarly of the other letters of the alphabet. The Commissioners notice that a few State Papers have found their way to Lambeth, to Cambridge, and the Harleian Collection. They might have added the Collection in the Tower, the Bodleian, and many private libraries. It is, perhaps, not very easy to define the exact limits within which the term State Paper shall apply; but certainly, if all the documents that at present exist in the Public Record Office are entitled to that name, there is a vast collection of MSS. in private hands which may lay claim to the same designation.

Till the time of James I. the State Papers were kept in chests, but upon this monarch assigning some rooms for them at Whitehall in 1618, the keeper took possession of the two rooms, three closets, and three turrets which were appropriated to them. It seems to be the peculiar fate of documents of this kind either to be burnt or narrowly escape burning. These records fortunately escaped when the greater part of the palace at Whitehall was destroyed by fire on the 12th of January, 1619; but it is impossible to say whether some of them were not lost in the confusion of being thrown into blankets to keep them from the fire, before they were removed. In the following reign many papers were seized by the rebels, and many others were destroyed to prevent their falling into the rebels' hands. Besides this, considerable losses were sustained by thefts, of which Bradshaw, Thurloe, Scobell, and Milton, were guilty. All these papers are of a period with which we do not propose to deal in the present article. We shall only briefly, therefore, allude to more recent transactions which affected this office.

In 1705, there was a Committee appointed to inquire into the method of keeping Records and Public Papers, and upon the report of this Committee an apartment was added to the office. On the subsequent removal of the Papers in 1750, it was found that they had greatly suffered from vermin and wet. The same story was repeated in 1819; and we suppose most people will easily understand the moderate statement of the Commissioners of 1830, that 'the various casualties to which they have been thus exposed have led to serious loss and injury.' To most people it will appear a wonder that any considerable number of Papers has survived such chances and changes. At the time these volumes were published the plan which had been approved in the preceding session of Parliament was being carried out, and a new fire-proof building for their reception was in process of erection at the north-end of Duke Street; and the Commissioners express their hope that these historical treasures

will be secured from further devastation. This building was undoubtedly very commodious, and there are many literary inquirers who will bear witness to the courtesy with which they have been admitted to the perusal of all papers of an earlier date than 1688, as well as to the facilities afforded them for making copies and extracts from these papers. But within the last three years a change of plans has been adopted, and all these documents have been removed to the Public Record Office, which is no doubt their proper place, though it is much to be regretted that so little space is afforded there for the accommodation of literary inquirers.

We do not know why the Commissioners, in their notice of the different receptacles of State Papers, should have omitted all notice of the Augmentation Office, which at the time of their publication still existed at Carlton Ride. It has been, with all its valuable contents, transferred to the Public Record Office, where it is much to be wished, though, we fear, scarcely to be hoped, that all other public documents may, as occasion offers, be removed.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, require some explanation of the meaning of the term Augmentation Office. This office was erected by act of parliament in 1536, at the time when the lesser monasteries, with incomes under the clear value of 200*l.* a year, were suppressed. Burnet's account (History i. 194) is taken from the Statute, and is to the effect that all these houses, which were to be suppressed, including also all such as had been dissolved within a year previous to the passing of the act, were thereby given to the King, and his heirs and successors, and for the gathering of the revenues that belonged to them a new court was erected, called the Court of the Augmentations of the King's Revenue. This court, which consisted of a chancellor, a treasurer, an attorney and solicitor, ten auditors, seventeen receivers, a clerk, an usher, and a messenger, continued in existence during the following reign, and had full power and authority to dispose of the lands belonging to the suppressed monasteries, as might be best for the King's service. Thus we find an entry in King Edward's Journal (Burnet ii. 2—76) that commission was given to Sir John Gates, Sir Robert Bowes the Chancellor of the Augmentation, Sir Walter Mildmay, and Sir Richard Cotton, to sell some part of the chantry lands, and of the houses, for the payment of the King's debts, which the young King observes amount to at least 251,000*l.*

The papers in this office have suffered considerably from past neglect. In 1846, the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records reported, under the head of Augmentation Office Charters, that they 'have been roughly sorted into their respective classes, and

'to a certain extent rendered accessible, but the final arrange-'ment is far from being complete.' We do not know what arrangements have been subsequently made with reference to these papers, but the absence of any official catalogue of the documents belonging to this portion of the Public Records is a very serious obstacle to historical inquirers. Improvements have been gradually made since 1816, when the new edition of Dugdale's 'Monasticon' was published by Messrs. Caley, Ellis, and Bandinel. But the confusion in which the papers of this office at that time lay may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Caley allowed the whole of the account of the surrender of the monastery of Tewkesbury to be printed in the 'Monasticon' from Burnet, with all its errors, when the original volume from which Burnet printed was in his own keeping. It is a volume of very large folio size; and if such a volume escaped his notice it seems likely that but little attention had been paid to the rest of the contents of the office. In the same report, Sir Francis Palgrave announces a change in the arrangement of the Surrenders. It is really scarcely credible, unless it had been reported officially, that 'these documents had been arranged by 'the late Mr. Caley in small round wooden boxes; but the 'boxes not being of sufficient size have occasioned the crushing 'and crumpling of the documents.' They were at the time undergoing the process of restoration, and accordingly the next report, published in the following year, has an appendix, in which are contained the names subscribed to the Surrender, the words of the resignation being omitted as they are very nearly the same in all, being, in point of fact, a form dictated by the Commissioners appointed to take the surrender. These are 278 in number, and the catalogue is extremely valuable, though there are several mistakes made, which, perhaps, are inseparable from such a publication. We may notice, for instance, the carelessness of representing Furness Abbey as having surrendered in the 37 Henry VIII. The real date of the suppression of this house was 1537; *i.e.* 28 Henry VIII. This is not the only mistake we have noticed, in the very slight comparison we have had an opportunity of making between the originals and the printed copy. We do not mention this with any desire to invalidate the authority of the Deputy-Keeper's copy, which is upon the whole very well done, but rather with the view of showing what difficulties are involved, not only in the keeping, but in the describing of ancient documents. Certainly, there was no one living at the time more competent for the task than Mr. Hunter. He observes of himself, 'I am, perhaps, more em-'ployed than others in recovering to public use documents pre-'viously unknown, or in such a state of confusion as to be all

'but inaccessible, all kinds of documents being intermixed, and 'no kind of calendar existing to guide to any of them.' And though this state of things has been partially remedied, we can bear personal testimony to the difficulty still involved in finding not only detached papers, but large bound volumes which are deposited in this office.

We have, perhaps, somewhat wandered from our proper subject, but we have at least said enough to show that the care which is at present bestowed by the Master of the Rolls, both in keeping and calendaring the State Papers, is worthy of the highest praise.

We now return to the history of the calendaring of the State Papers. It appears that, in 1764, a memorial was presented to Mr. Grenville, at that time one of the Secretaries of State, representing the bad condition of these papers, and their want of indexes and calendars. The memorialists—Sir Joseph Ayliffe, Dr. Andrew Coltée Ducarel, and Mr. Thomas Astle—proposed to undertake this labour, and accordingly they received a commission to perform these duties from the Crown. There does not appear to have been much done under this commission, which was revoked in 1800, when an establishment of clerks was allowed to the keeper to carry on the work under his control; and to the value of their labours during the quarter of a century which elapsed before the granting of the Commission, under which the eleven volumes were published, the new Commissioners bear their testimony, though they remark upon their comparative neglect of the earlier papers of the reign of Henry VIII. and his three children.

And now that the reader is in possession of sufficient information as to the subject upon which the Commissioners had to work, and the previous labours that had been expended on the same work, we may proceed with our purpose of criticising the manner in which they have performed their task, in which we shall not scruple to intersperse remarks upon the historical value of the actual contents of these volumes.

We have already implied that we have no fault to find with the mode of division adopted. Indeed, the Commissioners, instead of adhering in any bigoted spirit to their own preconceived notions, have in the course of their work been obliged to change their projected arrangements; and probably the very fact that they set out with one intention, and were compelled to adopt another system, is in itself a sufficient guarantee for the advantages of the arrangement which they finally adopted. No one, we think, will regret that they sacrificed the fifth portion of their projected work, and incorporated the Calais Correspondence with the other foreign papers. Still less will any one be inclined

to find fault with them for dismissing the seventh portion, which it was intended should consist of Miscellaneous Papers. They also appear to us wisely to have varied from their original determination of having a separate subdivision under Portion VI. of the Correspondence between England and each of the foreign courts.

In order to judge of the difficulty experienced in arranging the State Papers of the sixteenth century in chronological order, it must be remembered that there is scarcely any instance of a document earlier than 1528 in the State Paper Office bearing the date of the year in which it was written; the day of the month and the address of the writer, or the day of the week only, and in some cases without the addition of the writer's address, being given at the conclusion of the letter. Brian Tuke, Wolsey's secretary, is a singular exception to this rule. Most of his letters have the date of the year; and the first letter that appears amongst the Domestic Series, which occupies the first volume of the State Papers, is from him to Wolsey. Of the whole series of correspondence, published in the first part of this volume, amounting to two hundred and two documents, two only, both of them by this writer, have the date of the year added to them; whilst very many, even of Wolsey's letters, have no date of any kind, and in some instances no address of the writer written on them. Even in the period contained in the second half of this volume, counting from 1530 to the King's death, there are not more letters than about one in ten so dated. Later in the century the practice becomes more common; and it is remarkable that, during the earlier part of the century, letters addressed to England from foreign parts have more frequently the dates of the year inserted than those which were written in this country, whether addressed to persons at home or abroad.

This absence of date from nearly all the correspondence of the period was only one of the difficulties experienced by those who attempted to arrange these papers. It is, however, perhaps the most considerable difficulty, and it will take most readers by surprise, to find it stated in the preface to the first of these volumes, that 'there is not now in the office a single paper of 'Henry s reign which is not arranged, both chronologically and 'according to the subject to which it relates.' This statement will, we say, naturally surprise any reader who is not sufficiently acquainted with the State Paper Office to judge for himself of its truth, and who has sufficient experience in Public Records to know how hopelessly uncertain as to date many of them are. Unwary persons, in fact, may be taken in by it. We hasten, therefore, to inform our readers that it is neither true, nor anywhere near the truth. Even under the present searching

scrutiny which Mr. Brewer and his assistants are giving to these papers, many are still undecided, and many must remain doubtful for ever, because their contents are not of a sufficiently public nature to give any clue to the date of their composition. It would be absurd to accuse any of the gentlemen connected with this publication of deliberate falsehood in making such an exaggerated statement, but we do not hesitate to say that the statement itself is a gross falsehood. For, in the first place, there are several letters which are subjects of dispute amongst historians as to their date, the internal evidence, which is all there is to go upon, seeming to one writer to point in one direction, whilst another perhaps has no doubt that the point must be decided in an opposite way. Secondly, there are others whose contents reveal nothing of their own date, for which the calendarer has to guess by the colour of the ink or the character of the handwriting. It is possible that hereafter a few of these dates may be settled as other contemporary documents turn up in private collections and elsewhere, but it is certain, or nearly certain, that the dates of many will never be discovered. The matter is of little importance in itself, because it will generally happen that a document which supplies no evidence of its own date is of little value or interest. But we only allude to the case to correct the misconception which such a statement is likely to lead to, and to draw attention to what we suppose to be a fact—viz. that the hand chiefly concerned in executing the work was not the same with that which wrote the preface to it.

The next point noticed by the Commissioners in their preface is the orthography; and here we are entirely at issue with them. They determined to preserve the ancient orthography, and, accordingly, they have caused the eleven large quarto volumes to be printed with all the words spelt exactly as they found them in the original documents, with the single exception that they have not attempted to represent the abbreviations.

The very fact which the Commissioners allege in justification of this procedure tells against them with unmistakable force. They urge, and any one conversant with the writings of the period will endorse the statement, that the plainest grammatical rules were perpetually violated, even on the holograph letters of the most eminent men and of those who affected the greatest scholarship, and that it is frequently impossible to distinguish between the design and the error of the clerk. If this argument had been valid for the preservation of the ancient method of spelling, it would have been equally good for printing the documents with the same punctuation, or absence of punctuation, which appears in the originals. But the Commissioners have

been inconsistent enough to retain the spelling and modernize the pointing. Of course there is a difference between papers which are produced for philological and such as are printed for historical purposes. It is of manifest advantage that we should have a number of documents of this age exactly transcribed, if we are to judge of the education and capability of the writers, and the usual mode of spelling and punctuation adopted at a given period by persons of different degrees of rank and education. Many considerations may justify the producing of a facsimile of any individual's composition. It is of great consequence, or at least it is interesting, to know how far Anne Boleyn was acquainted with grammar, what style of French the Princess Mary wrote in, or how far advanced in learning Edward VI. was when he composed his Journal. The comparison of the spelling adopted by ecclesiastics and laymen would help to decide the respective amount of information and the quality of their education; whilst the variation of spelling in the same letters would enable us to judge of the accuracy and tone of mind, generally, of its composer. But surely a very few specimens would suffice for all these and similar purposes; and we venture to think that a sufficient number had been presented to the world in Ellis's three series of 'Letters,' and other works of the kind, before the publication of the State Papers was thought of.

There are two reasons why we object to this copying of the exact spelling of words; first, because it seems to us a waste of labour both in the transcription and in the setting of the type. It may be estimated that the time of copying is increased by one half, and that of setting the type by one third; and this expenditure of time, of course, involves a proportional addition to the expense of editing and printing, which would, no doubt, be unobjectionable if any greater advantage were to be gained by it. But the adoption of this method but acts as a hindrance to the diffusion of such works, and, therefore, is undesirable, unless it can be shown that the advantages on the other side are greater. The other reason is akin to the first. It is the difficulty, it might almost be called the impossibility, of reproducing documents of the sixteenth century exactly as they were written. We do not allude to the difficulty, though that is considerable, of deciding about the spelling—whether, for instance, there is a final *s* or a final *e* added to the word—but to the double chance that exists of varying from the original by the weariness of the copier or the carelessness of the compositor. Such papers as these cannot be sent straight off to the printers; they are too precious to be allowed to incur any such risk as that; they must, therefore, be transcribed, and the copy sent to the press: and it requires a very skilful hand, in both these cases of risk, to avoid falling into

numerous errors. We confess that we do not remember having ever found a single instance of a document which has appeared in print, after surviving these two processes, exactly as it was in the original. We do not profess to have had any large experience in this way, and it is possible we may have been unfortunate in the instances we have selected; but the question has before now come before us for practical decision, and we have no hesitation in saying, that it is absurd to attempt to reproduce an exact copy of the original of the sixteenth century, for purposes of history. The matter need not be judged of by such a statement as we have just made, which may be thought exaggerated, and which represents, perhaps, an extreme case. Granting that exact accuracy has been attained in certain cases—granting, also, what may fairly be granted, that the deviations from accuracy, in many cases, have not been considerable—the decision of the question may fairly be rested, we think, on the amount of accuracy which is usually and commonly attained in such a process; and we will give an instance which we think must be held conclusive of the matter. We will not take our instance from an ignorant transcriber or an inferior printer. We will refer to such eminently skilful copyists as Mr. Caley, one of the editors of the 'Monasticon,' and Mr. Wright, the editor of several volumes of the creditable series of originals issued by the Camden Society. Again, we repeat, let it not be considered an argument of the form *Crimine ab uno, disce omnes.* Both these works were printed by the very best London printers, so that there seems every guarantee for the correctness of copying and of printing, and in inviting attention to a single instance of incorrectness we by no means intend to blame any one. Rather, we want to exculpate others by showing that, from these eminent instances, the thing is next to impossible to be done. We will, then, ask such of our readers as are interested in forming a judgment upon this question to compare two letters printed in Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' vol. iv. p. 359, with another reprint of the same from the same MS. in the Camden Society's 'Volume for the Suppression of the Monasteries,' pp. 225—227. The result of the comparison will be this, that there will appear a variation, on an average, in every line throughout the letters. We need scarcely say that this proves to demonstration that one or other of the copyists made this number of mistakes, and leaves room for conjecture that there may probably be some errors in which both editors coincided. We do not mean that there is even one important mistake. The only mistake is to attempt to do that which, if it is worth doing at all, is worth doing much better than it is ordinarily done. And having said thus much against the method in general, it is but fair to Mr.

Lemon to add, that his are by far the best transcripts we have had an opportunity of comparing with the originals. Rymer's transcripts are upon the whole faithfully executed, though he fails occasionally in proper names. Mr. Lemon's are extremely carefully done; yet we venture to say, that a collation with the originals would exhibit some thousands of variations. The expense and the trouble of producing these sumptuous volumes, and the necessarily high price at which they were in the first instance sold, we fear led to the discontinuance of the series; for nothing on a similar scale has been attempted for the subsequent reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. And much as we have said against the expediency of printing in this style, we cannot find it in our heart to say that, now it has been done, we are sorry it was done in the manner which we have been condemning so unsparingly.

Our next concern is with the selection of papers made by the Commissioners; and here we cannot but think they wisely exceeded the limits of their commission. Their instructions appear to have been such as, liberally interpreted, would have bound them to confine their attention to the State Paper Office. But their work would have been far less complete than it now is, if they had omitted the large number of papers printed from the Cotton Collection in the Museum and the Chapter House at Westminster. Why they did not still further enlarge their work by the insertion of several most important documents, the originals of which exist in other places, is not explained. Probably the increased labour likely to be involved in travelling to the different places where they at present exist, and the difficulty of obtaining access to the libraries of private individuals, may have been the main causes. But we confess we should have been glad to have seen these volumes still further enriched by contributions from Holkham, Hamilton, Hatfield, and other private libraries, as well as by documents preserved at Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and elsewhere. The Commissioners have saved a little space by the omission of such documents as have appeared in print before. They observe, that Lord Herbert, Bishop Burnet, Strype, and Lord Hardwick had all successively access to the Office, and that such papers as had been previously published by them have, with a few exceptions, been omitted. They say, 'This rule has not been adhered to where the first 'publication has been incorrect, or where the document forms 'part of a series, or throws light on some other papers selected 'for their work.' Here, again, is a slight discrepancy between the work itself and its preface. In point of fact, the Commissioners have omitted many documents, both of those published by Strype and Burnet, which throw light upon papers

which they have printed; whilst, as regards the incorrectness of the latter of these historians, they seem to have been but partially informed. Upon the whole, these omissions are much to be regretted. The transcripts made by Burnet are shamefully incorrect, and the insertion of the more important of them would not have materially increased the bulk of the publication, whilst it would, perhaps, have superseded the necessity for a new edition of the celebrated 'History of the Reformation.' Few people are aware—certainly the publishers of the eleven volumes of the State Papers were not aware—of the corrupt state of the three volumes of Records belonging to Burnet's 'Reformation.' It is understood that the edition just coming out from the Oxford Press has corrected about ten thousand mistakes in this part of the work alone. It was natural that the Commissioners should have avoided interfering with the new and enlarged edition of Rymer's 'Fœdera;' but, alas! these volumes have never reached the period upon which the Commissioners commenced their labours, and the publication of the remaining volumes of the series has been indefinitely suspended. With regard to the general execution of the work, the historical knowledge displayed in the few and judicious notes which have been appended to the text, the indices, the glossaries, &c., we are bound to speak in the highest terms of approbation. It is a lasting memorial of the industry and skill and knowledge of the compiler; and we can only regret that we are not likely to see the succeeding reigns treated in the same fashion.

There is one other point which calls for notice. The Vatican Transcripts in the Museum would have furnished several valuable documents for this Collection; but we are not sure that they had been completed in time for the publication. Before we conclude our notice of what may be called the exterior of these volumes, it may be well to call attention to the table of errata at the end of the last volume. From it, it will appear that the number of misprints in the first volume is considerable. We observe, also, that there are two instances of documents said not to be in the State Paper Office which had been discovered previously to the publication of the last volume. We have no doubt the gentlemen at present engaged in calendaring the State Papers of this reign will, before long, have discovered a considerable number of missing papers. Lastly, we have one fault more to find with this publication, and that is, that it should have commenced at least nine years earlier. The first document printed belongs to the year 1528, whilst there is a very important mass of materials in the State Paper Office, beginning with this King's reign, which has been neglected, apparently for no other reason than that Wolsey was not concerned in it.

From what has been already said, it will be easy to see that there has been a great want of consistency on the part of the Government, or their officials, in regard to the mode of publishing Records. There is nothing like uniformity in the publications themselves. Some series have been begun and have been entirely discontinued; others have been brought to a termination, as in the instance of the State Papers of Henry VIII.; but no attempt has been made to carry out the system on a more extensive scale: and in what we have yet to say, it will not appear that matters have been much mended.

The publication of the State Papers *in extenso* was completed in 1852; and probably the long period of twenty-two years which the publication occupied was sufficient to convince all parties concerned that the continuation of the series on so gigantic a scale was hopeless. The present Master of the Rolls originated a scheme which promised better, and accordingly, since 1856, there have issued from the press in quick succession a considerable number of handsome volumes of Calendars of State Papers, reaching from the death of Henry VIII. to the reign of Charles II. Most of these volumes, which are divided into Domestic, Scotch, Irish, Foreign, and Colonial, consist of very brief accounts of the contents of the various papers, with the dates and addresses; whilst some of them, as Mr. Turnbull's volumes, contain a tolerably complete analysis of the letters and other documents described: and an entirely new plan seems to have been adopted in 1862, when Mr. Brewer's first volume of the Calendar of Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII., made its appearance. The old plan does not seem to have been abandoned altogether; indeed, we have reason to think it is still being debated at head-quarters, whether the brief account of these documents given in the greater number of these Calendars is for the future to be adhered to, or whether the fuller analysis, such as appears in Mr. Turnbull's volumes, and still more in Mr. Brewer's, shall be adopted. We have had some experience both in consulting these volumes and in referring to the originals in the State Paper Office and in the Public Record Office, and we earnestly trust that no considerations of economy will induce the Government to give their consent to the less laborious and more economical plan. No doubt the most meagre description of a document to which an author has not personal access may be of some value, but it is of the greatest importance, for the purpose of facilitating future historical inquiry, that writers should have the fullest opportunities of knowing the whole contents of a document, and so judging for themselves whether it is worth their while to inspect the original. And much as we are in-

debted to Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Hamilton and other editors—amongst whom the name of Mrs. Everett Green should not be forgotten—for their excellent Calendars, yet we must be permitted to say, that Mr. Turnbull's volumes have been to us of far greater use than all the other volumes of the series together. And here again we must say, that Mr. Turnbull's being allowed to retire from his office, because of the utterly unfounded attack made upon him by a set of ignorant and malignant fanatics, reflects the greatest disgrace on all the parties who were concerned in it. Mr. Turnbull has since died, and it is said his death was hastened by the cruel persecution from which he suffered.

What we have said of Mr. Turnbull's volumes applies with still greater force to Mr. Brewer's. When completed—and how many years will have elapsed before that time arrives we do not mean to venture to prophesy—it will be a valuable history of the reign. But the volume which is already issued is done on so extensive a scale, that it must be classed apart from all the rest. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. In the rest of the volumes of the series it was only a question of how much or how little should be detailed. We have already implied that Mr. Brewer has adopted the method of giving a full analysis of every important document. He has even gone the length of inserting the very words of the original in cases where the document has been defaced or mutilated, so that this calendar will be of considerable use in enabling the reader who is consulting the original to decipher it.

But the grand difference between Mr. Brewer's volume and all that have preceded it consists in this, that whereas the other Calendars are strictly confined to the documents in the State Paper Office, and are moreover restricted to a particular class of those documents, under the head of Domestic, Foreign, &c., this publication alone attempts to place all the documents in their strict chronological order, and, besides that, embraces all existing papers so far as they have been discovered. The title-page sets forth that it contains 'Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England.' The title, however, gives a very inadequate idea of what has been done. 'Elsewhere in England' is a somewhat vague expression; and when it comes to be interpreted by the contents of the volume will be found to mean Lambeth, Oxford, Cambridge, and a number of private libraries. The expression, moreover, does not imply what Mr. Brewer in his preface tells us he has done. It is a calendar not only of documents the originals of which exist in England, but also of those copies from

foreign archives which were made by the Record Commission for the new edition of Rymer's 'Fœdera.' It contains an account of printed letters when the originals could not be found, and extends so far as to include an account of several letters of Peter Martyr and Erasmus which throw light on English affairs. Mr. Brewer tells us that the volume contains four original letters of Erasmus, now in the Record Office. We must confess that we were a little disappointed on referring to the volume to find that these letters are not given *in extenso* in the language in which they were written, but only in an abridged form in English. Perhaps we ought not to find fault with Mr. Brewer for not committing so great a breach of uniformity, but we think we have reason to blame him for having wrongly described this part of his volume in his preface.

We have already said that we will not hazard a conjecture as to the time which will be occupied in completing this splendid series of Records for the future historian of the reign of Henry the Eighth, but, to enable our readers to form some approximate judgment on the subject, we may mention that the first volume, which extends to near 1,200 imperial octavo pages, supplies the materials for the history of the first five, and by far the least eventful five, years of this monarch's reign. When it is considered how greatly the mass of documents increases as we approach nearer our own times, it is certainly a modest estimate of the probable dimensions of the work if we say that we think it will not embrace less than ten volumes of the same size. We trust Mr. Brewer may have strength and life enough to complete the work he has so auspiciously begun. We had almost forgotten to mention one other important addition to this volume. There will be found inserted in it an index and summary of the French, Scotch, Patent, and Parliament Rolls, the Signed Bills, and Privy Seals, together with the accounts of the army, navy, ordnance, and wardrobe of the period included in the volume.

It will perhaps be thought that a volume which mainly consists of calendars and indices must necessarily be a very dull composition. It would be impossible to defend the large majority of these Calendars, issued under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, from this imputation. They are mere brief abstracts, with dates, the only use of which, speaking generally, is to direct people to the originals. But it would be considerably to underrate Mr. Brewer's volume to class it as a mere catalogue. Even a person unacquainted with history to any greater extent than is implied in an ordinary education would find matter to interest him in the details of these papers; whilst to persons who have made this portion of history their study,

there is a flow of information and amusement which pervades the whole volume. We open it at random to illustrate this position, and light upon p. 504, and our eyes are at once caught by the heading, 'Election of Pope Leo X.' It is a document written by Spinelly on the 11th of March, 1513, and it is so very interesting that we make no apology for inserting it at length:—

'Wrote on the 10th that the Cardinal de Medici was elected. Had already written of all that took place before the entry of the cardinals into the conclave. The election lasted eight days;—would have lasted longer, but the seniors were beaten by the juniors, who were unanimous in their determination, and thus a young cardinal of thirty-seven was elected. Some of the candidates were known to be suffering from disease. The proceedings were as follows:—The deacons and the younger priests resolved on the election of De Medici for his gentleness, innocence, and virtue. There was an inclination to the Cardinal of St. George, but the seniors could not agree among themselves. After four days the seniors began to give way. Some talked of breaking up the conclave, but did not attempt it. The Cardinal of Volterra, whose brother was deposed at Florence with most of the Soderini, though an enemy to De Medici, greatly assisted the election. Seeing how it would go, he made a private arrangement with De Medici, and supported him. His example had great influence, and drew over Cardinal St. Vitalis. Sion always took the same side. Cardinal Hadrian, who had stoutly opposed him, fearing [the election] of St. George, exclaimed, "Si hic pontifex creatur, ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet."

'The writer had sent his secretary, a servant of Sion, to the conclave, to induce them not to elect a Frenchman or Venetian, and to see that no simony was practised. On the first scrutiny Cardinal Arborensis obtained thirteen votes; with three more he would have been elected, contrary to the intentions of those who voted for him. At last it fell upon De Medici, who was carried with great rejoicings to the church of St. Peter. *Honores mutant mores;*—it is thought they will have no effect upon him, except for the better, as he is a prelate of great mildness, and his election was free from all pravity. He is under great obligations to the late Pope Julius, who fostered him, and passed a law against simony. He addressed the people, expressed his resolution to abide by the league, and hoped other Christian princes would be compliant. He spoke highly of the Emperor, and of his restoration to his country by Gurk. Spoke much to Carpi to this effect, and of his anxiety for a universal peace. He has written to the Kings of Arragon and England and to the Swiss, stating that he will abide by the conditions of the league. Has informed the King of France of his election. At the intercession of the Cardinal of Arragon he has removed from the Duke of Ferrara the Church's censures for two months. Has given him and the Bentivogli a safe conduct to Rome. The Colonna dislike the election, because of his affinity to the Orsini.

'The disturbances in the city are extinguished. Julius has left less money for the Church than was expected—only 213,000 ducats to be found in the treasury, two triple tiaras adorned with most exquisite jewels, and two single tiaras, many silver vessels, a few of gold,—in all 500,000 ducats. Above 80,000 were spent upon his funeral, in payment of his soldiers, his debts, and in peculation of officers. Not a penny would have been left had not the governor of St. Angelo opposed the greed of the cardinals; for these good fathers had resolved, under one pretext or another, to divide the money among themselves; but the governor showed them a brief of the late Pope, appointing him to deliver St. Angelo and the treasury to the newly-elected Pope. They

did not desist, but called him a rebel; but he remained firm in his resolution, unmoved by threats or bribes. Thinks the new Pope will not be fond of war like Julius,—will favour literature, oratory, poetry, music, employ himself in building, will not neglect the dominions of the Church, but not enter on any war except from compulsion, except, perhaps, against the infidels. *Tamen homines mutantur in horas.* If he observe the articles of the conclave, to which, however, he is not compelled, he will be but half a Pope. Yesterday he was consecrated, and on Saturday received the triple crown. Nine days after he will proceed to the celebration of Easter, and receive the diadem at the church of the Lateran. The old cardinals are exceedingly mortified, not so much for the loss of the papacy as for the green age of the new Pope. "Spem tamen vultu simulant, sed premunt altum corde dolorem." '

Amongst other interesting pieces of information included in this volume, we may mention the diary of John Taylor, clerk of the Parliament, commencing June 25, 1513, and reaching to near the end of October of the same year. It was written in Latin, and occupies sixty-four pages in the original; and we wonder much that it has not been inserted in the list of documents to be published under the auspices of the Camden Society. Mr. Brewer's epitome extends to four pages and a half. The value of this record consists in its being the work of an eye-witness, describing the preparations for and the completion of the sieges of Terouenne and Tournay, and descending into minute particulars which historians do not condescend to notice, such, for instance, as the Bishop of Winchester (Fox) being hurt by a kick from his mule, and being unable to stand or sit for some days. Again, it is interesting to see, by a contemporary diary, what state of intelligence different parties were kept in as to the events which were going on in distant parts. Thus we have the intelligence reaching the English before Terouenne, of the projected invasion of the Scots, and soon afterwards a letter from the Queen announcing the defeat of Flodden Field, followed, a few days later, by the intelligence of the coronation of James the Fifth of Scotland. Mr. Brewer has, we believe, extracted everything of importance from this and other papers. And we cannot but think that there will be many readers who will be inclined to rejoice at the fact of there being so many half-destroyed papers in the Museum and Record Office, as well as at the number of letters written in cipher. In both these cases the document is presented entire; and when it is remembered that letters written in cipher are more likely to reveal historical secrets than other documents which were meant for the perusal of a large number of persons, it will be seen that the intrinsic value of this volume is very much enhanced by their being inserted entire.

Of this kind are some very long communications from John Stile to the King, all whose letters we believe are in cipher. And

these decipherings are amongst the most valuable parts of the volume, if value is to be estimated by the amount of trouble which future inquirers will be saved. These letters from Stile to the King appear at intervals throughout the volume, the first being within a few days after the death of Henry VII., to whom it is addressed from Valladolid, before the news of his death had arrived there. It introduces us to the first scene of the tragical story which ends with the death of Katharine of Arragon, and certifies the English monarch that Ferdinand, King of Arragon, was pleased with the proposal of marrying the prince, his son, to the princess, his daughter, adding that there had been delay in appointing the ambassadors to go to England to arrange about the princess's dowry. The subject of the marriage, and its preliminary and attendant circumstances, will probably catch the eye of most people who turn over the leaves of this volume. Several documents are headed 'Katharine of Arragon,' and contain the renunciation of the dowry of 200,000 crowns, the successive acknowledgments of Henry VIII. of the payments of portions of the dowry, the grant of lands to the princess, the espousals, the coronation, the letters of congratulation, the strict union between the King of England and the King of Arragon, the expression of the love the King bears to Katharine, being such, that, if he were still free, he would choose her in preference to all others; and these are rendered doubly interesting by the knowledge the reader possesses of the *dénouement* of that eventful drama, which may be read at length in the other series of State Papers. In particular, this last expression will recall to those who are familiar with the history the speech which Henry made twenty years afterwards, almost in the very same words, when he professed to be actuated only by conscience in his endeavour to get rid of the wife of whom he was tired. In the midst of these documents, we come upon two more of John Stile's lengthy epistles, the first detailing his views of the principal European powers, and dwelling especially on the great friendship between the King of England and his noble father, the King of Arragon; the second, indicating a probable rupture with the King of France. In due time, we come to the 'Tourney on the Birth of a Prince, Feb. 12, 1511,' the first-fruits of the ill-fated marriage. On the 30th of September, in the following year, Wolsey informs Fox that the Queen is thought to be with child; and, soon afterwards, we fall upon a document of a different nature, showing how far matters had progressed towards war by the bull of Julius II. granting plenary indulgence to all who, for six months, serve under Henry VIII. against Louis XII. of France, as well as to those who aid, by prayers and pilgrimages, or con-

tributions, the expenses of the expedition. This is followed by other letters of Stile, announcing that the King of Arragon had adopted the title of King of Navarre; then, by the Holy League of April 5, 1513; followed, a month afterwards, by a treaty between Henry and his father-in-law for the recovery of Aquitaine, the defence of the Pope, and the Lateran Council. Amongst other interesting documents is a Signed Bill, of June 6, 1513, appointing Katharine to be regent and governess during the King's absence in his expedition against France, for the preservation of the Catholic religion and the recovery of his rights, &c. Here, too, may be seen the gradual steps by which characters afterwards distinguished in history rose to importance. Thus we have Longland's first presentation by the King to the Church of Lifton, in Cornwall. This is the person who first heard, in confession, the King's scruples about the marriage with his brother's widow; and in the next page we have the pension assigned to Reginald Pole, a student in the University of Oxford. On the 26th July, 1513, we have an affectionate letter from Katharine to Wolsey, saying, that she will never have any rest unless she hears constantly of the King's health, now that he is approaching the enemy; and another soon afterwards, addressed to Margaret of Savoy, requesting her to send a physician to attend the King; and again, another, rejoicing at the great victory, and attributing it to the King's piety. On the 30th of July, 1514, we have the instrument by which the Princess Mary renounced her compact of marriage with Charles, Prince of Spain, followed immediately by her marriage with Louis XII. of France, a man more than three times her age, and the treaty of peace between the two kings. The description of the mock consummation of the marriage is curious but not unique in history. 'Last Sunday the marriage was concluded *per verba de præsenti*. The bride undressed 'and went to bed in the presence of many witnesses. The 'Marquis of Rothelin, in his doublet, with a pair of red hose, but 'with one leg naked, went into bed, and touched the princess 'with his naked leg. The marriage was then declared consum-'mated. The King of England made great rejoicing, and we 'at Abbeville did the same.' The very same ceremony had been gone through, on behalf of the Emperor Maximilian, by his ambassador, with Anne of Bretagne, more than twenty years before. Lord Bacon observes that the ceremony was 'at that in time these parts new.' And the next two documents relating to this affair, are a letter from Louis to Wolsey, saying that there is nothing in the world he so much desires as to see the Queen his wife; and another from Mary, saying that there is nothing she so much desires as to see him. Alas! for such

royal marriages of convenience. The first that is heard of the bride after the ceremony was complete is a complaint, repeated both to the King and to Wolsey, that she is left alone without any of her English attendants. Happily, the Queen was soon released from her engagement, by the death of her diseased and miserable husband, and in her next marriage followed the bent of her own inclinations. But we are anticipating Mr. Brewer's second volume, which will, no doubt, give us a great deal of useful information on a more important period than the first five years of the married life of Henry and Katharine of Arragon.

Enough has been detailed of the contents of this volume to show that it is by no means a dry catalogue, made for mere purposes of reference, which, we must admit, most of these volumes are. Carefully as they have been arranged, and conscientiously as the work has been done, Mr. Lemon's, Mr. Thorpe's, and Mr. Hamilton's papers cannot be pronounced to possess much interest for common readers. Their sole value is for historical inquirers, and for these they will only serve the purpose of directing them to the place where they may find the originals. Mr. Brewer's volume takes a far higher rank, and will be read by many who are not engaged in literary work. It must not, of course, be supposed that the whole volume is readable. It is not; for a large portion of it consists of mere names and dates of documents, such as commissions, gaol deliveries, grants, payments, &c. And, indeed, in order to read the rest of the volume with profit, it will be advisable to have first read Mr. Brewer's preface.

The preface is written in a style which will convince any one that a chronicler of State Papers does not necessarily reflect the dull character of the work on which he is engaged. The sprightliness with which it is written is equal to the knowledge of the subject which the writer has gained by some years' familiarity with the documents of the period.

Of the difficulties of the task, probably no one who has not worked in the Record Office can form any adequate conception: but we will attempt to give a sort of outline of the proceedings. It is taken for granted that the calendarer is perfectly familiar with all printed books relating to the period, and all collections that have been previously made for publication from the State Paper Office, the Museum, and other repositories. He must know with tolerable accuracy the names of the births and deaths of persons alluded to, and must be quite familiar with the historical sequence of events, before he can begin such a Calendar as this. He must be scholar enough to be perfectly familiar not only with Latin and Greek, but with French, Spanish, Italian,

and German; and must be acquainted not only with these languages as they are at present spoken, but as they were written by people who lived more than three centuries ago. He must be able to refer with ease to all the catalogues, MS. and printed, of collections of MSS., such as the various collections in the British Museum, known by the name of Harleian, Lansdowne, Cotton, Sloane, Additional, &c.; and know where in all these collections, there is likely to be anything to suit his purpose; and he must be in communication with the Librarians at Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, &c., to say nothing of various private collections. When we have supposed all this, we proceed to the actual work he has to do. The mass of materials was mainly made up of 328 miscellaneous volumes found in the Rolls House, 242 bundles and books in the State Paper Office, and numerous documents and fragments placed in portfolios and boxes, gathered up in the searches made by the officers at the Chapter House, Westminster. This number, Mr. Brewer tells us, has been further augmented by additions from different quarters, such as 118 sacks of unsorted documents transferred from the Chapter House at Westminster to the new repository. We have already alluded to the difficulty of arranging documents when there exists no date of the dominical or regnal year annexed to them. A difficulty of another kind is thus alluded to by Mr. Brewer:—

'The entire diplomatic correspondence of the reign was originally deposited at the Chapter House, Westminster, in Her Majesty's Treasury of the Exchequer; but among the documents deposited there, relating to the political history of the times, many letters and private memoranda were preserved, detailing the most secret history of the King's ministers. Not only the property of Wolsey, Cromwell, Lord Lisle, and other noblemen, but their papers and correspondence, were confiscated, on their disgrace, to the King's use. No distinction was observed between official and private documents; between drafts, despatches, memoranda intended for the Council Table, and letters on personal matters and domestic expenditure. Even the escritoires of the ladies were not exempted from this legal confiscation. Whatever in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown might possibly furnish matter for the impeachment of their husbands, was inexorably seized to the King's use,—consequently bills for ribbons, shoes, and millinery, receipts for apple pies, salves, and medicated waters, are sometimes found in grotesque juxta-position with papal bulls or instructions to plenipotentiaries.'

The history of the confusion in which these papers existed till they were arranged for the Calendar is given by Mr. Brewer without the slightest exaggeration, though manifestly with the view of representing, as far as possible, the difficulties of his task. It has been shown in an earlier part of this article that the Commissioners, who published the eleven volumes of State Papers, had formidable difficulties to encounter; and we should have been glad if Mr. Brewer's labours had reached far

enough to enable us to institute some comparison of his difficulties with those of his predecessors. But, in point of fact, even the forthcoming volume can hardly be expected to proceed so far as the date of the earliest document published by the Commissioners. And though we have reason to know that a large portion of the papers connected with the divorce is already arranged, yet we are at present obliged to institute only an approximate comparison, by enumerating the bare number of documents belonging to a given number of years. But some idea may be formed of the increase in labour demanded, when it is said that the Commissioners published between two and three thousand papers relating to the reign of Henry the Eighth, whilst, in Mr. Brewer's first volume, which refers to five years of that reign, there are catalogued and epitomized no less than 5,790 documents. Neither is the additional labour at all to be estimated as proportional to the additional number of papers to be sorted, for it is evident at once that the investigator, who has to catalogue a number of miscellaneous papers, which, being without date, refer to minor matters, and matters of no great political importance, lies under much greater disadvantages than one who has merely (so to describe it) to travel the high road of history. The difficulty of arranging such papers is just in proportion to their want of value. In other cases of difficulty, such as that of discovering one half of a letter in one collection and the other half in another, the discovery is the reward of the labour bestowed; but, with regard to many of the State Papers, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Brewer is quite correct when he says 'that long and tedious researches had to be 'made for obscure names, and events not less obscure, often 'without any successful result—often where the success bore no 'proportion to the time and labour spent upon it.' Whilst even as regards matters of more public interest, as he says, 'events 'frequently repeat themselves with extraordinary likeness in the 'various political combinations of those times.' 'Nothing,' he observes, 'seems more easy or obvious after the true order has 'been discovered—nothing is more perplexing before.' The task was begun by separating the papers of uncertain dates from those which, by bearing a date, or from some other internal evidence, might be considered certain. These uncertain papers had to be indexed, in the hope that, as the work went on, fresh evidence might turn up to fix their date. We have already alluded to the difficulties attendant upon the fact that many papers, especially those in the Cotton Library, have been extensively mutilated by fire. But, independently of the difficulties involved in calendaring a document which never was dated, or one which has unfortunately lost its date by the edges of the

leaves being destroyed by fire or damp, or any other cause, there is a fruitful source of error in the dates themselves.

Every one is aware of the variation in dates of the first three months of the year, according as the writer counted the commencement of the year from January 1 or March 25. And the modern method of affixing both years—as, for instance, February 23, 1713-14—remedies all dispute about the date, as it is plain that the latter of the two years expresses our present mode of computation; but it is not always easy to determine which was meant by a writer of the sixteenth century. For it was not till 1751 that the old commencement, from the 25th of March, was abolished by Act of Parliament, when it was enacted that the following January 1 should be reckoned as the beginning of 1752, instead of waiting for the beginning of the year till March 25. The same Act adopted the New Style, instead of the Old, by omitting eleven days after the 1st of September following; but we need not say more about this, as this does not affect any period earlier than 1582, when Gregory XIII. reformed the Julian Calendar. We are only concerned now with the different methods of dating the year commonly used by the different European nations at the beginning of the sixteenth century. There were at that time four commonly received modes of reckoning the commencement of the year. The four initial days were Christmas, the Circumcision, the Conception, and Easter. In England the year was reckoned to begin on Christmas-day; and though the abolition of this custom in the twelfth century may be thought to have rendered it unnecessary here to allude further to it, it has to be mentioned that German and French documents of this reign, in some instances, count the year from Christmas. We will quote but one instance of this. There will be found in Bishop Burnet's Collection of Records, part iii. book iii. number 44, p. 103, of the original folio edition, a document entitled 'Propositions made to the King by the German Princes,' dated Christmas-day, 1536. Burnet's entire ignorance of the mode of calculation and his extreme carelessness have led him into several mistakes. He has in the text of his History, part i. p. 196, assigned the right date to their proceedings. When, after an interval of thirty-three years, he came to revise his work, and added a supplementary volume, he tried to make it fit into the year 1536, the true date being Christmas, 1535. In the answer to this document, there is an allusion to the death of a woman, which the author ridiculously enough explains to mean Queen Anne Boleyn, who was executed in May, 1536. The allusion really is to the death of Katharine of Arragon, which took place Jan. 8, 1536, a few days only after the reception of the proposition of the

German Princes, and probably only a few days before the King gave his answer. This is an instance in point to show how easily a writer, tolerably conversant with his subject, may be misled by not attending to the meaning of a date.

The difficulty of fixing a date is greatly enhanced by not attending to the circumstances under which the writer penned his despatch. Thus an ambassador who at home would have used the English method of dating his letters, will, when at a foreign court, conform to the practice of those around him; or, on the other hand, a writer at home will adopt the method of his correspondent; whilst in one instance, viz. that of the Emperor Maximilian, the capricious variation of his style of dating will submit to be classed under no law.

We wish we had space to give large extracts from Mr. Brewer's masterly description of the state of England at the commencement of the century, his character of Henry as a young man, and the hopes that were entertained of him. It will be curious to notice the changes he will have to depict when he comes to the publication of his fifth or sixth volume, whichever it may be that will detail the trickery of the divorce and the relations of the King with Anne Boleyn. He has wisely abstained from prophecy, but we cannot but think that whenever it comes the blow will fall like that of a sledge-hammer upon Mr. Froude's first two volumes, and absolutely annihilate the hypothesis on which they were founded. At present his view, though undeveloped, looks very much like that taken by the Roman Catholic historians, that Henry's life was in the main decent and tolerable, if indeed it does not rise to a higher level, when compared with that of contemporary sovereigns, whilst he remained the dutiful son of the Church, and preserved communion with Rome. Whether Mr. Brewer will treat his defection from that communion as only accidentally contemporaneous with or as the real cause of his fearful fall into the lowest depths of wickedness, remains to be seen. We shall not anticipate, but we must say that on this account, as well as for many other reasons, we long to see the Calendar of State Papers proceed a little faster.

We have little space for the notice of the other volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article; neither is there any reason why we should waste words on Calendars such as those of Mr. Thorpe, &c., however meritoriously executed. On a future occasion we may perhaps recur to the period of the three succeeding reigns, with the view of noticing the new information contained in the Calendars of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, as published by Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Stevenson; for the present we do not wish to go beyond the reign of Henry

the Eighth, though not excluding from our notice the only volume yet issued which belongs to an earlier period.

There is one point on which we should have been glad if Mr. Brewer had given us some information, upon which he has been entirely silent. He has, as we have observed above, printed some deciphered papers at length, but he has not informed us as to the method of deciphering, or whether it was attended with any unusual difficulty. Probably his silence indicates that he found the process comparatively easy. In fact, the ciphers he has had to deal with as yet have not been numerous. With the exception of John Stile's letters to the King, we do not find many others in this volume that were written in cipher; and some even of these appear to have been previously deciphered. Many readers will think, perhaps, the deciphering a document the hardest task imposed upon the calendarers of State Papers; but, in reality, the labour involved will be found to be of very various kinds. Some despatches will easily yield their meaning up, whilst others resist all efforts at complete detection, though the meaning of the greater part of them has been ascertained.

The editor of the Spanish series of State Papers of the reign of Henry VII. has given us a very interesting account of the ciphers which occur in Spanish despatches of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He says that the direction usually given is to attempt to discover what signs occur most frequently, and to judge from that whether they represent vowels or consonants. Of the various kinds of ciphers, the most simple is that in which Arabic numerals are interspersed with ordinary writing; and probably no document written in this style contained so many as a hundred different signs. Another kind is where Roman numerals are employed in this way. This method was adopted later, and was more complicated than the other, and in process of time became very intricate, as may be supposed, from its having had some thousands of different signs, a cipher sometimes representing a whole word or an entire sentence. Letters written entirely in cipher first appeared in 1495, but in the very next year M. Bergenroth found a changed system of cipher introduced; whilst, to render the despatch still more bothering to the decipherer, there will be inserted, perhaps even in the middle of a word, a quantity of signs without meaning. One instance will suffice to illustrate the difficulty of the task. The single word *enviando* (sending) is written 'DCCCCLXVIIII *b* N *o* γ *malus* ζ.' The *malus* has no meaning. To most people the detection of such a complicated system would appear altogether impossible, and M. Bergenroth describes his success as owing more to accident than to method.

Such cases as these, however, where the ciphers represent single letters, are comparatively easy. Where the sign represents a whole word it is more difficult. It is very curious to observe how the cipher has to be discovered, not by the mere inductive process of finding out each word separately, but by guessing at the principle or principles of selection in the mind of the composer; for no one can proceed entirely at random in inventing such a cipher.

M. Bergenroth might certainly have spared his argument to prove that he is right in his system. If ever the proverb, that the 'proof of the pudding is in the eating,' applies, it is in such a case as this. In one observation the whole case is concluded. The decipherer cannot himself be deceived. Either he is right or he is an impostor; and the discovery of De Puebla's key or of the draft of a ciphered copy could scarcely, we think, have afforded him any additional satisfaction, after he had once had the pleasure of seeing a document reveal its meaning at the application of the key he had invented or discovered for it. M. Bergenroth gives an instance which is sufficiently ludicrous; whether it is a fictitious or of real occurrence he does not say. He supposes the combination Cox Ω MDCIX Δ. If Ω signifies *d*, according to a key already known, and Δ signifies *s*, and Cox always stands for *river*, and MDCIX always stands for some great personage, it is probable that most readers will be just as much at a loss as ever; but M. Bergenroth tells us the river must be the Po, the great personage the king, *rey*, and the word will then run, after making the proper substitutions, *podreys*, (you will be able). No other interpretation, says he, is possible. That, we confess, seems to us a little to overstate the matter. No doubt it is true that no other interpretation is possible, when it is taken into consideration that the same method applies more extensively, or if this word *podreys* fits harmoniously into any given sentence; but taken by itself it seems to stand on something like the ground that Copernicus's system of the universe did before the observation of the phases of the planet Venus. It is known that Copernicus, when it was objected to him that if his system were true Venus ought to exhibit phases, admitted the truth of the allegation, and replied that she would do so if they could be seen by the human eye. The telescope subsequently revealed them; and the truth of the hypothesis of the planets moving round the sun may be said to have been established even before the discoveries made by Sir Isaac Newton.

Whilst we are on the subject of ciphers, we may mention another source of difficulty in discovering the cipher, though it can scarcely be said to afford any difficulty in applying the key when found; that is, the mistakes made in the despatches by

the writer accidentally using the wrong cipher. Thus, the cipher will sometimes give the King of England when the King of France is meant, or, again, when the key is new to the secretary, he is liable to confound one set of signs for another. Thus, the column of signs expressing the letter *c* may be mistaken for that which means either *b* or *d*, &c. Sometimes, again, too great familiarity with a cipher will lead a person to trust to his memory, and so make a mistake. M. Bergenroth's account of his style of deciphering is most interesting. If we have failed to give any idea of it, we refer the reader to the volume itself. We proceed to say a few words about other circumstances connected with the publication of the Simancas Records.

Simancas is a little village near Valladolid, at a great elevation above the level of the sea. Owing to the latitude, some ten degrees south of London, the sun is extremely hot, whilst the climate is rendered still more trying by the very cold winds to which the place is exposed. Nothing but sheer necessity or the great love of records will ever reconcile a student to the hardships he has to undergo in his investigations. It may most truly be said to be the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He must live in a peasant's hut, supplied with food such as, if he were at home, he would never venture to taste, and he must make up his mind to be cut off from all social intercourse and even the commonest appliances of civilized life. Unlike the literary inquirer in London, who, however poorly lodged, is entertained in the most sumptuous style of comfort the moment he puts his foot inside the reading-room of the British Museum, the reader at Simancas is obliged to sit in a room with a northern aspect, where no fires are allowed, and where the ink sometimes becomes congealed from the cold; yet here the editor of the Spanish papers remained for two whole years, working almost day and night at his favourite subject. M. Bergenroth informs us that the documents at Simancas amount to about 10,000,000, distributed in 100,000 bundles. Of these, however, comparatively few belong to the last quarter of the fifteenth, and the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The editor says that he spent whole days over the first few lines of the despatches of Alvarez, and this must have been sufficiently discouraging; and he seems to have been specially unlucky in lighting first upon this minister's despatches, as his successor, Almazan, wrote much more intelligibly. Here, however, the cipher difficulty began: it was Almazan who first used cipher. M. Bergenroth must have been but ill informed beforehand of the nature of his task, as he himself says he had never attempted before to decipher any despatch; and great indeed must have

been his dismay when he found before him several hundred ciphered despatches, in which not a single word of any common writing occurred—despatches, too, of whose subjects he knew nothing, and of which, as regards the language they were written in, he was entirely in the dark. He tells his own story, and it is so naturally told that, though he is our only informant, we gather from it that his success must have been owing to the most undaunted perseverance. He relates his success without the least appearance of boasting, and from his account it appears that there was only one set of ciphers that he failed to detect; and these were employed only in one short despatch from Ferdinand and Isabella to their ambassadors in England. After having made out his ciphers, a doubt arose whether he was to be allowed to copy; and for some time it seemed as if his labours would all be lost. On appealing to the Government, he obtained the required permission, on the condition that he should leave a copy of all his decipherings and keys in the archives. The subsequent discovery of one complete, and two other incomplete, keys at Simancas came too late to be of much benefit to the writer. He had only to regret time and trouble wasted in discovering what was really close at hand, if he had only known where to find it. The editor subsequently found his labours much lightened by the discovery that the same ciphered despatch existed in as many as four, five, or even six copies, so that the number was reduced from what appeared some hundreds to about fifty. After completing his work at Simancas, the editor next proceeded to Barcelona, thinking that, in all probability, the blanks in the correspondence at Simancas would be filled up from the archives of the crown of Arragon; but, though full of information as regards European politics in general, little light was thrown upon history by any papers relating especially to England. The same observation applies to the Spanish documents, which are still retained at Paris, where there are five boxes relating to the reign of Henry VII. In addition to these sources of information, the volume is made up from documents at Lille and Vienna, together with a considerable number from the Public Record Office in London, and from the British Museum.

We have extracted from Mr. Brewer's volume such passages as had reference to the life of Queen Katharine. Perhaps we shall interest our readers by furnishing them with some particulars of the early career of the same lady when known by the title of Princess of Wales.

The first proposals for a marriage between Arthur, eldest son of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon came from England in the year 1487. The first document relating to the subject is

without date, but belongs to April 30, 1488. It is the commission to De Puebla to conclude a treaty of marriage, and to agree as to the marriage portion and the amount of the jointure to be given by Henry to the Princess Katharine. Negotiations were going on for a whole year, and at last a treaty between England and Spain was ratified by Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the terms of which was that the marriage was to be contracted *per verba de futuro*, as soon as they attain the necessary age, and that the marriage shall be contracted *per verba de præsenti*, and consummated as soon as they attain the necessary age. At this time the prince was nearly three years old and the princess nearly two years younger. The right of succession to the crown of Castile and Arragon is reserved to the princess, and her marriage was to take place one month after her arrival in England, which, it was subsequently stipulated, should be when she had completed her twelfth and the prince his fourteenth year, and the marriage portion was fixed at 200,000 scudos, each scudo to be worth 4*s.* 2*d.* The marriage is constantly alluded to in several despatches running over the following years, until the 14th of November, 1501, the day of its actual solemnization. And this volume furnishes the facts which are summarily disposed of by Lord Bacon, when he observes, in his history of this reign, that 'the marriage was almost seven years in treaty, which 'was in part caused by the tender years of the marriage couple, 'especially of the prince. But the true reason was, that these 'two princes, being princes of great policy and profound judg-'ment, stood a great time looking upon one another's fortunes, 'knowing well that in the meantime the very treaty itself gave 'abroad in the world a reputation of a strict conjunction and 'amity between them, which served on both sides to many pur-'poses that their several affairs required, and yet they continued 'still free. But in the end, when the fortunes of both the 'princes did grow every day more and more prosperous and 'assured, and that looking all about them they saw no better 'conditions, they shut it up.'

The archives of Simancas abundantly confirm the sagacious remarks of Lord Bacon, but they enable us to supply corrections of some minor *errata*. Thus, for instance, for nearly seven years that the marriage was in treaty, we are bid to read twelve or thirteen years; whilst, as regards the ages of the young couple, historians unanimously speak of the princess as three years older than the prince, whilst the records as invariably imply that she is two years younger. At least we can affix no other meaning to the often-repeated words that the princess is to be sent to England when Arthur has completed his fourteenth year and the princess her twelfth.

The treaty of marriage was concluded a second time, October 1, 1497; the princess landed October 2, 1501, and the marriage ceremony was performed six weeks afterwards; and exactly six months from that date Prince Arthur died. And here commences one of the most extraordinary revelations made by the Simancas Records. It was well known that avaricious considerations mainly induced the proposal for the marriage of the princess with her husband's younger brother, the new Prince of Wales. But it is entirely new, though unquestionably true, that Henry VII. proposed himself as the husband of his daughter-in-law. Little light is thrown upon the events of the four months' married life of the young couple. There is a letter from Arthur a fortnight after his marriage, expressing the joy he felt at the sight of his bride, and another which implies that the prince was in good health up to December 20th; but the documents of this period, from November to the following May, proceed at the rate of two to each month; and it is remarkable that proposals for the second marriage with Henry, Prince of Wales, came from Ferdinand and Isabella eight days after the date of Prince Arthur's death—as soon, that is, as they could have heard of it. Very soon afterwards Queen Isabella appears to be pressing the new marriage urgently, alleging the virginity of her daughter as a reason for it. Afterwards she did all she could to hurry on this matter by urging the withdrawal of the princess from England, a piece of diplomacy which was invented for the occasion. Meanwhile, Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII., died, and from a despatch of Isabella to the Duke de Estrada, it is plain that the proposal for the marriage of Katharine with her father-in-law was on the *tapis*. The Queen of Spain would not for a moment listen to the overtures, and proposed the Queen of Naples as a new wife for Henry. The affair seems to have been quickly dropped, for on the 23d of June, 1503, a treaty is signed between Ferdinand and Isabella and Henry VII., by which both parties are bound to use their utmost influence with the Pope to obtain a dispensation for the marriage of Henry with his brother's widow, which marriage, it is stated, was consummated. It is probable this was intended to cover all contingencies, as it might involve an awkward proceeding if any doubt should afterwards arise on this point. The dispensation, if made for a marriage in all respects complete, would cover the other supposition of its not having been consummated, whereas a dispensation granted on a supposition of a fact which would be difficult of proof might hereafter perhaps be called in question. The marriage was undoubtedly not consummated, and the words of a formal document stating that it had been are only words used *ex abundanti*. This is not only palpable on the surface

of matters, but was actually stated as the reason by Ferdinand to his ambassador at Rome on the following 23d of August, when instructing him to procure the papal dispensation.

The Pope died during these transactions, and the celebrated dispensation which caused the Reformation in England was granted by his successor on the seventh day before the kalends of January, 1503; *i.e.* the 26th of December, 1503, with the words, 'notwithstanding that the marriage has, perhaps, been consummated.' The actors in this singular drama were gradually dropping off. Isabella died in November, 1504, and though no bull of dispensation had even then reached England, yet a copy had been sent to Spain to comfort Isabella on her deathbed. The next document relating to this affair is not new, nor is it printed from the archives of Simancas, which naturally enough contain no copy of it, but which is well known, because it is given by Lord Herbert, Burnet, and Collier. It is the protestation of Henry, Prince of Wales, made June 17th, 1505, that he will not ratify the marriage contract. M. Bergenroth makes use of the protestation, as he reasonably may, in evidence that Henry never entirely abandoned his intention of dissolving the marriage whenever circumstances should permit. But he throws unnecessary suspicion on the genuineness of the document, and that because he has overlooked two sources of information, one of which was ready to his hand. We have spoken of the document as well known, though it does not, as far as we know, exist entire in manuscript. M. Bergenroth tells us that Collier gives a reference to the Cotton MS. Vitellius D. xii. (it should have been Vitellius B. xii.) from which so many other documents relating to the divorce have been printed. Now, if M. Bergenroth had collated the three copies, he would have seen that two are independent; the variations in the spelling of proper names and small words not allowing the supposition that Collier took the document from Lord Herbert. But, further than this, the protestation was printed also by Burnet, with a reference to the same MS. Whether or not Burnet's copy is independent of Lord Herbert's, we will not undertake to say. The evidence is pretty equally balanced, but there exists a remarkable evidence of the fact of there having been such a protestation. There is at present in Mr. Brewer's divorce box of the year 1529 half this protestation, in a contemporary hand; the other half appears to have been lost; but the existence of this half plainly proves that Lord Herbert is right when he alleges that this protestation was made use of in the trial for the divorce. If Lord Herbert saw the same paper from which Collier printed, it was no doubt at that time in its proper place in the State Paper Office. How it ever found its way into Sir

Robert Cotton's Collection we make no conjecture. Mr. Brewer plainly thinks that stealing State Papers was carried on to a great extent, and that this was the method by which the Cotton Collection became so rich.

The next complication was caused by the death of Philip, King of Castile, and the proposed marriage of Henry VII. with his widow Juana, another daughter of Ferdinand, and sister of Katharine. And it was not till the last year of his life that Henry became convinced that there were no hopes of his gaining in marriage the hand of the insane daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who was still, in 1508, carrying about with her the unburied corpse of her deceased husband. In 1509 Henry VII. died, and the long course of ill treatment to which the Princess of Wales had been subjected came to an end. Soon after the accession of Henry VIII. she was married to him, and so became Queen of England. M. Bergenroth's volume concludes with the death of Henry VII. We look forward with much interest to the publication of the second, and we suppose concluding volume, which will in all probability throw a great deal of light on the relations of England and Spain in the succeeding reign. Perhaps it may furnish additional papers on the all-important subject of the divorce of Katharine.

ART. V.—*The Clergy List, &c. &c.* London, 1863.

ABOUT two years ago, the Bishop of London sent forth a circular to the chaplains abroad holding his license, in which he required them to give him information on various matters, and in which he divided the clergy ministering abroad into three classes—viz. those under the Foreign Office only, those also holding his license, and those acting without either State or Episcopal sanction; characterising these last, in a somewhat unwarrantable manner, as men who disgrace their profession. Doubtless it is unhappily the case, that some of those who thus minister, unaccredited by any authority, are men not worthy of their office; but there are also others who deserve no such slur as the Bishop has thought fit to cast upon them, who minister without State or Episcopal authorization on principle, and who would feel themselves obliged to decline a licence if it were offered to them. There is much to be said in behalf of their views; for on what does this jurisdiction of the Bishop of London rest? what is it? and how did it grow up? There can be little doubt that the present Bishop of London regards his jurisdiction and licence as a reality, for a bishop could hardly send forth in his own diocese more authoritative Articles of Visitation than those forwarded to the chaplains abroad. But the Bishop's own view of the matter of course is no settlement of the question.

When this chaplaincy question was agitated in Madeira some fourteen years ago, we believe that the Episcopal claim was founded by the chaplain on an arrangement made in the reign of King Charles, by which he considered that the Crown conferred the jurisdiction in question on the Bishop of London. But this foundation was so weak, that another chaplain felt it necessary to rest nothing upon it, when defending the claim to jurisdiction; and he was consequently obliged to plead in its favour custom alone, and to suggest hesitatingly the idea of an inherent jurisdiction in bishops, whereby there would be no need of mission in their case. We need hardly say that such a theory cannot be substantiated, and that such examples as can be drawn from early Church history in favour of a bishop's unauthorized interference beyond his own diocese, belong to a wholly different state of things. Again, we believe that it was argued, that the mission supposed to be conferred upon the

Bishop of London was much the same as that conferred upon some of our colonial bishops. Admitting for a moment, that in form the mission in either case is nearly the same, there still remains this difference; that in the case of colonial bishops the Crown is merely exercising its just prerogative in founding new sees within its own dominions; and the sending of a bishop to such sees by the Primate of the English Church is as regular as his sending a bishop to any see within England itself. But in the case of foreign countries, where neither the Crown nor the Primate can have any jurisdiction, the circumstances are wholly different; and that which makes the one a right and necessary act, wholly fails to justify the other. Hence some have further modified the claim, and called it jurisdiction over *persons* only, and have thought in that manner to escape the difficulty, and still uphold the claim of jurisdiction. We may remark by the way, that even this modification appears in a fair way to be forgotten, as a pretence has been made in some instances of consecrating or licensing the *buildings* used for worship by British subjects abroad.

However, all these parallels and modifications are useless in order to form any claim on this alleged grant in the reign of King Charles, for there is evidence, of a much later date, that neither the Crown nor the Bishop was aware of any such right of jurisdiction in the see of London. We have been favoured with a view of the opinion once given by one of our most eminent and most learned prelates, in which he distinctly and emphatically denies the alleged jurisdiction of the see of London, or any supposed right of the Bishop of London, "to say what priest may or may not minister the Word and Sacraments in" such places; "in other words, give, refuse, or revoke a licence so to minister;" and this on the express ground that the Bishop of London has never received any mission for this exercise of jurisdiction. In support of this opinion, he quotes from a life of Bishop Kennett by Newton, published in 1730; in which life there is an account of the appointment of a chaplain of the factory at Leghorn. From this account it is clear "that the whole was founded on the Commission of the Crown, and that nothing was recognised in either the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, beyond a recommendation of the chaplain at the royal request." No such jurisdiction was supposed to belong to the see of London then, nor has any been conferred since. And the late Bishop of London himself is known in some instances to have characterised his licence as only equivalent to testimonials. The very arrangement which he at last made with the Foreign Office, when he agreed to give his licence to those who wished

for it, and thus to let those who did not wish for it go without it, shows how little he believed in any right of jurisdiction over foreign chaplains.

In truth, it must be admitted that the Bishop of London has no more authorization for giving licence to foreign chaplains than those chaplains have for ministering without one. In either case there is irregularity. The chaplains who minister on their own authority, act irregularly both in ministering without Episcopal mission, and in ministering without leave of the Bishop of the diocese in which they are. The Bishop acts irregularly by giving licence to minister in another bishop's diocese, and by giving it without himself having received any mission to do so. Even looked at from this point of view, we think that it would be generally admitted, that the former is a far more excusable act than the latter. Irregularity in a bishop is far more glaring, and productive of much more serious consequences, than irregularity in a priest. Mereover, in the latter case both are involved; for, though the priest might plead that he has mission for what he does, he cannot free himself from the charge of acting without the leave of the Bishop of the diocese wherein he is. This is not the whole case. The ministrations of the Bishop or priest, such as baptising, confirming, consecrating the Holy Eucharist, although performed under irregularity, yet all things essential being observed, are valid. It may be that *fieri non debet*, yet *factum valet*. But this is not true of mere acts of jurisdiction; then *factum* NON *valet;* the irregularity makes such an act *ipso facto* null and void. Tried by this rule, the confirmations of the Bishop of London, or any other of our bishops abroad, may be valid, yet his licence be mere waste paper, his jurisdiction a baseless usurpation and a sham; and the priest's ministrations may be perfectly valid, but any claim to authority over those to whom he ministers, as though of a pastor over his flock, and as though specially authorized to minister to them, utterly without foundation. It was an essentially different state of things which justified the interference of S. Athanasius and S. Epiphanius beyond their own proper jurisdiction. Then the disorders were so grave as to require and justify irregular interference; yet even in such a case the interference was not of a permanent, organized character, but passing and special, and the Church required the interference to be explained, defended, and justified.

As then the ministering to English churchmen abroad involves irregularity, is it necessary that they should be left without the means of grace? To this we should suppose that but one answer would be given, were it not that we have seen opinions

stated, to the effect that we are bound to communicate with the Church, within whose jurisdiction we are residing, or to go without the Sacraments altogether. This would be reasonable enough, if it were through the fault and error of our own particular Church that we are separated from that part of the Church within whose jurisdiction we may be staying. But this is not our belief. English Churchmen, although acknowledging the Roman Church, are hindered by that Church herself from receiving at her hands the Sacraments. They can only do so, at the cost of being disloyal to their own Church, and by accepting terms of communion which they cannot accept conscientiously. Hence the fault is not on the side of themselves or of their Church, but of the Church of Rome, that they cannot receive from her ministers the essentials to salvation. In such a case surely the irregularity is fully justified by necessity: and the priests who minister to them, and they who use these ministrations, may surely do so in all good conscience, justified by the necessity of the case, and satisfied not only that the ministrations are valid, but also that they are offered and accepted without incurring guilt or blame. Rather, we think, that if persons staying abroad could obtain the benefit of such ministrations, and were to neglect so to do,—or if any priest were able and should refuse to give to such persons the benefit of his ministrations, serious blame would lie at the door in either case. Necessity justifies and demands this much; but it justifies nothing further, and cannot be pleaded either to justify that which is not necessary, or to give validity to acts of jurisdiction, which are *ipso facto* null and void by their irregularity. The ministrations of foreign chaplains are valid, not because they are backed up by an irregular and invalid licence, but because they are rightly and duly performed in all things essential, whilst they are free from blame, and convey blessing, because they have the justification of necessity.

But the matter has been taken up with zeal and vigour in Convocation, and committees have been appointed to consider and report upon the subject. We suppose that every churchman would be thankful if any plan could be devised by which these chaplaincies could be placed on a more regular and satisfactory footing. But we must confess that we are not sanguine on the subject. There is the same old objection *in limine*. By what right can any branch of the Church claim to give its bishops jurisdiction within the dioceses of another branch? What custom or what canon of the Church Catholic has ever invested particular Churches with this power. The English Church is as much wanting in mission, and would be as open to the charge of

irregularity, in this matter, as the Bishop of London: and as the irregularity of the Bishop would be worse in itself and in its consequences than the irregularity of the priests, so would the irregularity of this particular Church be worse and more hurtful than the irregularity of the Bishop. And after all, would not its unauthorized act of irregular jurisdiction be as absolutely null and void as the similar act of the Bishop? And would it not be likely to bring reproach upon our Church, as though through ignorance on such a point or through disregard of the Church's law, she were become an imitator of the 'Papal Aggression,' without having the same principle to go upon? For the Roman Church in that act was consistent. Ignoring all Churches not in communion with herself, she, according to that theory, acted in a regular way by supplying bishops where only schismatical and heretical bishops were considered by her to be then in existence. But the English Church would be invading dioceses, the Bishops of which she acknowledges, however much she may in some points dissent from their teaching. It is scarcely worth while to lay ourselves open to such a taunt for the sake of setting up an irregular and invalid jurisdiction.

But very probably there are persons to whom this view of the invalidity of the jurisdiction will appear merely theoretical, and who will wish to look at the practical advantages to be gained. Let us therefore consider these.

At the very outset comes the question, What is the authority of the Bishop to be? and how is it to be enforced? We presume that the authority to be exercised, and the obedience to be rendered, are canonical; or, as nearly as may be, the same as in England itself. No one would wish to see the Episcopal authority merely nominal—confined simply to giving a licence, and some occasional advice. On the other hand, we have seen enough in certain instances at home, which should make us equally cautious how we give unlimited authority to the Bishops chosen for the office in question, if we wish to secure either fair treatment for the chaplains themselves, or any guarantee that they will be obliged to set forth the system of the Church, instead of the particular views of the respective Bishops for the time being. In a word, we should neither desire to see the Episcopal office degraded to a shadow and a make-believe, nor exalted to an autocratic and irresponsible tyranny.

But whatever the amount of authority conferred and obedience to be rendered, how is it to be enforced? The Bishop of London appears to suggest that an arrangement between the Bishop and the Foreign Office would be sufficient. We may refer again

to the Madeira case, in illustration. The chaplain attempted to carry out the Bishop's recommendations; the people objected and appealed to the Bishop; the Bishop, in the main, supported the chaplain; the people appealed to the Foreign Office, and the Secretary of State sided with them against the Chaplain and the Bishop: then arose a schism; one chaplain being supported by one portion of the people and the Secretary of State in opposition to the Bishop, the other supported by the rest of the people and the Bishop. Then there was the spectacle of two chaplains and congregations, with their respective chapels, arrayed against each other in bitter hostility under the opposing banners of the Bishop and the Secretary of State. So much for the value of an agreement between the State and the Bishop. This would be valueless, unless some Act were passed, carrying out the views of Convocation, settling the authority of the Bishop and the position of the chaplain, and requiring the Foreign Secretary and the Bishop to see that the provisions were duly carried out. Then it would be requisite that some court should be decided upon to settle such disputes as might arise amongst the many parties concerned. But supposing all this to be duly arranged—what if, after all, certain chaplains and congregations should decline having anything to do with the Bishop and the Foreign Office? Who is to compel them to submission? And this is not a very unlikely case. Those who decline the benefit of Foreign Office aid and Episcopal jurisdiction, would probably for the most part continue to do so. There would be both clergymen and laymen of lax principles, who would prefer their present freedom; there would be both clergymen and laymen of rigid principles but 'low-church' views, with little regard for Episcopacy and still less for Convocation; and there would also very probably be clergymen and laymen who, though holding 'high-church' views, would consider that Convocation had over-stepped its powers, and usurped an authority to which it had no right, and who, out of principle, would still, as they now do, decline placing themselves under a jurisdiction which they would deem invalid. And once more, if dissensions should arise in those chaplaincies which submit themselves to the Bishop, would there not be then, no less than now, persons willing to withdraw from the Episcopal jurisdiction, and priests considering themselves justified in ministering for them? What remedy can be devised for all this? If there is no remedy, then all we can say is, that practically, the plan will not work; that we should be worse off even than now, because the scandal would be greater, and would be far more likely to attract the eyes of the world. Now, such as it is, it is attributed to circumstances; *then* the English Church will

have taken the responsibility of it upon herself, and she will become a laughing-stock throughout the world, through having attempted to impose upon her priests a jurisdiction which they feel themselves justified in refusing to recognise, and to which she has no means of enforcing submission.

Some have spoken enthusiastically on this subject, under the high hope of setting the English Church before the world in all her glory. But it is quite as likely that she may incur the danger of being set before the world to her shame. *Now*, when foreigners see bare and meagre services, frequent variations of ritual, not to say of teaching, more or less marked, according to time and place, and manifold irregularities, they can ascribe it to the unorganized condition of those chaplaincies and the pressure of circumstances; but then they will lay them all at the door of the Church herself, and attribute them to her want of consistency, order, and authority—in a word, to the faultiness of her system.

We need not enlarge on the strife and heart-burning likely to result. Although probably few persons would endorse the sweeping censure passed by the Bishop of London on all chaplains ministering abroad independently of himself and the Foreign Office, or the extreme views of those who regard as unlawful all ministrations of English priests abroad; yet we suppose that there are many who even now think and feel decidedly and strongly on both sides of this jurisdiction question. But how will they think and feel and speak and act, if the proposed scheme should ever be put in force! in which case one party will be horrified at what will seem to them a flagrant breach of all Church order, and the other no less horrified at what they will think a grievous outrage against the jurisdiction set up over them. Surely we ought to consider well, before we create a new element of strife, or a new opportunity of setting our disagreements before the Church at large.

We must admit that these are weighty evils. But let us see what advantages may be looked for under the proposed plan to counter-balance them; always bearing in mind that we are now regarding the question only in its practical aspect.

The *present* arrangement with the Foreign Office is considered to be unsatisfactory, and experience has shown that *any* such arrangement is uncertain; and for both these reasons we can well imagine in many clergymen an unwillingness to become licensed consular chaplains. Such an arrangement as we have supposed, fortified by Act of Parliament, will remove to a great extent these difficulties, and enable the chaplain to know better, and be more sure of, his real position. The Bishop will also reap the same advantage. And there will probably be less tempta-

tion to an unruly congregation, and less inclination to set themselves against the chaplain, if they know that he cannot be arbitrarily dismissed. At the same time, this advantage is somewhat lessened by the fact, that when the chaplaincy is placed under the Foreign Office, it necessarily becomes a *British* chaplaincy, exposed to the intermeddling of any British subject, whether churchman or not, who may choose to give the necessary qualification—liable, in fact, to all the evils of a vestry meeting in its worst form. Of course, moreover, there would be nothing to hinder an unruly congregation from making the chaplain's position unbearably disagreeable, or even from withdrawing their chapel from all connexion with the Foreign Office, and so freeing themselves from both Bishop and chaplain. The main safeguard against this would be, that they would thereby lose the Foreign Office aid—a consideration usually somewhat weighty with people of that kind.

On the whole, it might be hoped that the arrangement would establish, and at the same time control, the Bishop's authority; that it would bring more chaplains under the Episcopal authority, wheresoever admitted; that it would strengthen their position, and give greater weight to their authority in the eyes of their people: and so far as any chaplaincies, now independent, might happen to be placed under the Bishop, that there would be a better guarantee against a choice of chaplains unfit for their office. But we think, for reasons above stated, that no great numbers of these chaplains would place themselves under the Bishop, and that, so far as they are concerned, the arrangement would be a failure, unless, indeed, some punishment should be devised which might eventually reach them, and by fear of which they might be reduced to submission.

There are then, we think, sundry practical advantages to be gained by the proposed arrangement, so far as chaplaincies in connexion with the Foreign Office are concerned, but no further. And perhaps we might hope that the influence of irresponsible societies over some of these foreign chaplaincies might be in some degree checked and lowered. But the present evils would be at the utmost only modified, not done away with; whilst others, which we have already endeavoured to point out, would be created, of a serious character, and highly injurious to the Church herself. Moreover, the advantages to be gained would principally and directly affect, not the Church, but individuals, viz. the Bishop and the chaplains; whereas, the evils would directly and mainly affect the Church. Practically, therefore, we think the idea, on the whole, objectionable; whilst on the ground of principle, we consider that it ought never to be entertained. Practically then, as well as theoretically, we believe

that Convocation had better leave things as they are, however unsatisfactory such a state may be. And the Bishops and priests of our Church, without making any false invalid claims of jurisdiction as pastors of either order, and without making themselves responsible for a permanent and organized intrusion into strange dioceses, must be content to minister, as occasion serves, for those who from time to time require their ministrations. It might perhaps be well if Convocation were to express its approval of their so ministering, as this might be a satisfaction to some consciences, and check some misgivings and murmurings.

ART. VI.—1. *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* 1760—1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY. London: Longmans. 1861—1863.

2. *A History of England during the Reign of George III.* By WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855—1863.

3. *History of England during the Reign of George III.* By JOHN GEORGE PHILLIMORE. London: Virtue Brothers. 1863.

ONLY within the last few years has any detailed narrative of the times chronicled in the volumes now before us been possible. The heat of party contests, the bitterness of personal strife, the memories of successful machinations and of disappointed intrigues, have been till within a short time too recent to allow the publication of any history which attempted to portray events and characters to the life. Hence, the only stepping-stones hitherto available for the student who endeavoured to explore this portion of our annals—a time as full as any of great events, as much embellished as any by the mighty deeds of great men—besides 'Annual Registers,' 'Parliamentary Debates,' and the like, have been meagre epitomes, such as Aikin's 'George III.' or mere party memoirs like Walpole's; and even these aids to the inquirer, few, incomplete, and treacherous as they are, almost entirely fail when approaching the commencement of the present century. From that date to the present time few now living, who have been born within the last quarter of a century, have had any safer guide than the traditions of their elders; and these unwritten narratives, though from their nature far more vivid in their portraiture of particular events than any written record, are of course, though doubtless to a great extent unconsciously, coloured by the personal bias of the narrator. Without intentional untruth, without deliberate fraud, facts become distorted, motives are imputed where none, or possibly the reverse of what was believed, existed, and the mighty stream of history is not only narrowed to the thread forced through a particular and private channel, but coloured by contact with the crumbling banks of fable.

The three histories which we have named above endeavour, each in its measure, to fill up this deficiency. But though all three treat of the same period, they are very different in design, and, we must add, in merit. Mr. May's careful, scholar-like

volumes, as their title imports, portray the epoch mainly from a constitutional point of view. Mr. Massey's work includes more of the general events—the wars and alliances, the contests within and the conflicts without—which marked so large a portion of the era. Mr. Phillimore's at present is but a fragment; but from the volume he has already published, we conclude he intends to go over the same ground as Mr. Massey, only with a great deal more gall in his pen.

Mr. May's book claims precedence, if for no other reason than that in the preface we are distinctly told that its object is to take up the thread of the narrative where it had been left by Mr. Hallam, cut short there, not by any of the causes which have conspired of recent times to render so many of our modern histories incomplete fragments, but by the deliberate choice of the author,—'admonished,' he says, 'as I have frequently been 'in writing these last pages, to break off from subjects that 'might carry me too far away from the business of this history, 'and content with compiling and selecting the records of the 'past, to shun the difficult and ambitious office of judging the 'present, and of speculating upon the future.'

Mr. May has, however, shown himself able to tread in the course thus worthily traced out before. The circumstances of present times, as he is careful to mention in his preface, have justified him in dealing more freely with recent events than would have been possible had he written thirty or forty years ago; and the most vehement partisan must admit that he is warranted in the conclusion that 'the policy of our laws, as 'determined by successive Parliaments, is so far accepted by 'statesmen of all parties, and by most unprejudiced thinkers of 'the present generation, that I am at liberty to discuss it his-'torically, without entering upon the field of party politics. 'Not dealing with the conduct and motives of public men, I 'have been under no restraint in adverting to recent measures, 'in order to complete the annals of a century of legislation.'

Few monarchs, it has frequently been observed, ever ascended a throne under more favourable auspices than George III. He commenced his reign at a time when the spirit of faction was nearly extinct, when the domestic enemies whose plots and insurrections had disturbed the peace of his two immediate predecessors, even one might say of the four monarchs who had ruled before him, had subsided into a quiet acquiescence in the representative of a Protestant succession. The first two Georges had been foreigners—aliens in language, thought, and manners from the great body of their subjects—monarchs who reigned by sufferance as the incarnation of a great principle, towards whose actual rights and personal qualities it was impossible for the

most ardent supporter to feel the slightest devotion. And now, at the very moment when party divisions were less rancorous, when the expiring flame of faction could no longer keep simmering the cauldron of political discord, the arrival of a new prince, in serving whom all parties could centre, on whom no one important section of his subjects could look otherwise than with hope, appeared to set the very key-stone to the edifice of social stability. The telling phrase in his first speech on meeting his Parliament, which perhaps more than any other words of any British monarch has been treasured up in the hearts of his people, 'Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton,' added, as is now well known, by the King's own hand to the original draft prepared by his ministers, was the very expression then most desired by all, and struck a chord in harmony with the universal feeling of the nation. It would have been well had the education and training thus referred to been more in keeping with responsibilities of the high position of the monarch; but the maternal advice, 'George, be king,' still rang in his ears, and influenced his conduct to the latest moment that he held the reins of power. The first division of Mr. May's work, the chapters on the influence of the Crown, show how large a share George III. personally bore in the government of the country. Naturally indolent in earlier years, a strong love for power, which soon developed itself, caused the youthful prince to struggle successfully against this defect in his character. Lord Waldegrave, one of his governors, early remarked both his deficiency in application and the probability that he would overcome it as years passed on. 'When the prince,' he says, 'shall 'succeed to his grandfather, he will soon be made sensible that 'a prince who suffers himself to be led is not to be allowed 'the choice of his conductor. His pride will then give battle to 'his indolence, and having thus made a first effort, a moderate 'share of obstinacy will make him persevere.' The result bore testimony to the discriminating shrewdness of the observer. The King shrank from no toil in his self-imposed task. It was an undertaking which, carried out by a monarch of the highest ability, might have produced vast results; as it was, the effort greatly deepened the darker shades in the chequered fortunes of a reign protracted far beyond the ordinary span of human life. This task on the monarch's part was nothing less than a fixed endeavour to break down the power of his ministers, and to govern the country through their assistance, not according to their advice. The same causes which rendered the political atmosphere so calm at the King's accession, aided by his personal popularity, greatly assisted this design.

With the fall of Sir Robert Walpole the great Whig party

had become divided, and the Ministry in power when George III. ascended the throne was a coalition between the Duke of Newcastle and the elder Pitt. In a Cabinet so formed jealousies were sure to arise which the 'King's Friends' secretly fanned. Pitt was the first to yield to these influences. The Duke of Newcastle, provoked by the slights put on him, also resigned shortly after; the object the King had set his heart on was obtained, and Lord Bute was placed at the head of the Ministry. Then commenced the humiliation of the chief Whig members of the aristocracy, who for nearly half a century had possessed the ascendancy in the Councils of the State—of the party to which the House of Hanover owed both throne and power. The Duke of Devonshire was compelled to resign his office of Lord Chamberlain, treated with personal rudeness by the express order of the King when he presented himself at the palace, and his name struck out from the list of Privy Councillors by the King's own hand. The Marquis of Rockingham and the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton were dismissed from the lord-lieutenancies of their counties. The proscription, for so it might fairly be termed, was not confined to the heads of the Whig party: all placemen who had voted contrary to the wishes of the Court were dismissed; and even in lower ranks still, unfortunate clerks in public offices, and persons in inferior stations in the Customs and Excise, were dismissed for the same cause. Meanwhile the greatest efforts were made to obtain a majority in Parliament by bribing those who could not be conciliated or coerced by other means. Yet such was the temper of the times, that all this was submitted to with scarcely a murmur; and had not the King himself, from private feelings, found the Ministry unbearable, there is no knowing how long it might have continued in power. The King, having negotiated fruitlessly with Pitt, preferred turning again to the obnoxious Whig aristocracy to enduring the odious Grenville as minister, and a fresh Cabinet was formed, with the Marquis of Rockingham at its head. But when the new premier desired to carry out those measures which he considered necessary for the well-being of the State; when, first and foremost, he proposed repealing the American Stamp Act, which his predecessors had (in obedience to the King's wishes) reluctantly imposed on the still more reluctant colonists, his Majesty himself opposed his ministers by his 'Friends' in the Council and in Parliament, and encouraged members of the House of Commons to vote against them, both then and after this most salutary measure was carried, marshalling (in Burke's words) an opposition of placemen and pensioners against his own ministers. This ephemeral Government, the mere creature of the royal pleasure, having been soon

dismissed, the last Administration which included the great Chatham, was formed under the nominal lead of the Duke of Grafton. But failing health and failing friends reduced the power of the great earl to a mere wreck of what it once had been: he found himself at the head of a Ministry formed of the King's 'Friends' who thwarted him, and discordant associates whom he was powerless to control. Hence it actually happened that while Chatham, whose memory will always be associated in this country with his constitutional opposition to the laying imposts on our American colonies, was nominally in power, his own colleague in office, Townshend, proposed and carried in a listless House of Commons the second plan for taxing imports into America—the measure, in fact, which led to the ultimate rupture between the colonies and the mother country. Lord Chatham's resignation was followed by the miserably inefficient Ministry under Lord North, during which the Government was in great measure really conducted by the King, who stretched his personal influence to its fullest extent, and watched the votes of individual members of parliament as keenly as any 'whipper-in' of the House of Commons ever could have done. The unpopularity of Lord North's Government compelled the King to treat with the Opposition, but fruitlessly; as it was a part of his programme that ministers only, not measures, should be changed. It was at this time that, backed up by increasing discontent out of doors, Dunning contrived to carry his celebrated motion, 'that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished,' by a majority of eighteen in the Lower House. When a somewhat similar measure was debated in the House of Lords, the King marked his defiance of his subjects' opinion by dismissing from their lord-lieutenancies Lords Carmarthen and Pembroke, who voted for it. The complaints of the people continued to increase, affairs in America continued to become worse, and Lord North was eventually compelled to resign. The King felt this as such a personal slight, that he even desired the royal yacht to be prepared, and talked of returning to Hanover. He submitted, however, though very reluctantly, to see Lord Rockingham again assume the premiership; but this Ministry was shortly after irremediably weakened by the death of its chief; and Lord Shelburne, who succeeded him, was out-voted by a coalition formed by Lord North and the party which adhered to Fox. The King again discussed the idea of his retiring to Hanover, and yielded more reluctantly than ever to a Ministry forced upon him, though one of the principal actors in it was Lord North, who had formerly been one of his closest friends. And not long did this Government remain in power. The King, con-

triving skilfully to make the hostility to Fox's India Bill (which he considered a measure particularly pointed against himself) a weapon to be turned against his own minister, dismissed them, and appointed William Pitt, who took office at a time when there was a majority of forty against him in the Lower House. Perhaps there is no instance whatever, among the many cited by Mr. May, of the manner in which the King's influence was exerted, more striking than this. William Pitt, nearly alone, without a single minister to back him in the House of Commons, was supported almost solely by the knowledge that he possessed the confidence of the King and a majority in the House of Lords. Addresses of want of confidence were passed, but Pitt still stood firm; the Opposition attempted to extort a promise that Parliament should not be dissolved, but this was indignantly refused. They repeated their efforts to drive ministers from office, but in vain; holding his ground steadily against them, availing himself most skilfully of every mistake on their part, of every error in judgment into which the impetuosity of Fox could lead him, Pitt manfully fronted the surges of hostile feeling;—gradually the court influence prevailed; gradually members came to the conclusion that a new and powerful minister had arisen; the Opposition, which on January 12th, 1784, had a majority of fifty-four votes, by the 8th of March, in the same year, had so dwindled that they had then but a bare majority of one. Pitt's courage had triumphed. Parliament was dissolved, the rancour of opposition had exasperated the nation, the spectacle of Pitt's firmness had conciliated many opponents, and on the assembling of the new Parliament the majority was greatly in favour of the Ministry. Pitt, who had been sustained during the early part of this struggle by the royal prerogative, was now naturally inclined to lean on it, and to desert his former predilections, forgetting the times in which he had been as loud as any in declaiming the 'injurious, corrupt, and baneful influence of the Crown.' It is true the King now no longer governed personally, yet he and his minister together raised the power of the Crown to a higher point than it had ever previously attained. The supremacy of the minister in Parliament was complete, but the King was prepared at any time to use his own personal influence against him, if he proposed any measure to which his Majesty objected. The story of the fall of this great minister is well known; like his rise, it was owing to the King's personal will. After years of authority, on the occasion of the union with Ireland, he desired to make concessions to the Roman Catholics. The King announced that he should consider any one who supported this measure his enemy, and desired the Speaker of the House of Commons (Addington)

to 'open Mr. Pitt's eyes on the danger arising from agitating this improper question.' Mr. Addington undertook this commission, but Pitt was too deeply impressed with the necessity of the measure to withdraw it, and he determined to abide by the advice which, as a responsible minister, he was about to tender to the King. The King being resolved not to permit any alteration in the law as it then stood, Pitt resigned, and an Administration was formed under Addington. The King was delighted with his new minister. But in less than three years, Pitt, who had in the meantime pledged himself against bringing the Roman Catholic question again forward during the King's reign, was once more called to power. Pitt's death was followed by the well-known Grenville and Fox Ministry of 'all the talents;' but this Administration, like so many of its predecessors, was compelled to resign in consequence of a difference of opinion with the King on the Roman Catholic question. The next Ministry was under the lead of Percival. The King's conduct, in requiring a pledge from their predecessors that they would not revive the hated Roman Catholic question, was severely commented on in both Houses; but the monarch's personal will had again prevailed. The close of his sway, though not of his life, was, however, near at hand, and his mental diseases reappearing, his power was at an end.

'The King's will had prevailed, and was not again to be called in question. His own power, confided to the Tory ministers who were henceforth admitted to his councils, was supreme. Though there was still a party of the King's friends, his Majesty agreed too well with his ministers, in principles and policy, to require the aid of irresponsible advisers. But his rule, once more absolute —after the struggles of fifty years—was drawing to a close. The will, that had been so strong and unbending, succumbed to disease; and a reign, in which the King had been so resolute to govern, ended in a royal "phantom," and a regency.'—*May*, vol. i. p. 98.

We have thus endeavoured to give a slight sketch of one of the most interesting portions in Mr. May's work. In a subsequent chapter, he has traced the influence of the Crown through the reigns of the three successors of George III. It has been a far more agreeable task to point out how, in more recent times, this power, which during the latter half of the last century was, by the manner in which it was exercised, the cause of deep-rooted discontent and continued discord, has, under happier auspices and more constitutional counsels, become one of the most powerful bonds of union in the State.

'From this time,' says Mr. May, 'no question has arisen concerning the exercise of the prerogatives or influence of the Crown, which calls for notice. Both have been exercised wisely, justly, and in the true spirit of the constitution. Ministers, enjoying the confidence of Parliament, have never claimed in vain the confidence of the Crown. Their measures have not been thwarted by secret influence and irresponsible advice. Their policy has been directed by

Parliament and public opinion, and not by the will of the Sovereign, or the intrigues of the Court. Vast as is the power of the Crown, it has been exercised, throughout the present reign, by the advice of responsible ministers, in a constitutional manner, and for legitimate objects. It has been held in trust, as it were, for the benefit of the people. Hence it has ceased to excite either the jealousy of rival parties or popular discontents.

'This judicious exercise of the royal authority, while it has conduced to the good government of the State, has sustained the moral influence of the Crown; and the devoted loyalty of a free people, which her Majesty's personal virtues have merited, has never been disturbed by the voice of faction.

'But while the influence of the Crown, in the government of the country, has been gradually brought into subordination to Parliament and public opinion, the same causes which, for more than a century and a half, contributed to its enlargement, have never ceased to add to its greatness. The national expenditure and public establishments have been increased to an extent which alarms financiers; armies and navies have been maintained, such as at no former period had been endured in time of peace. Our colonies have expanded into a vast and populous empire; and her Majesty, invested with the sovereignty of the East Indies, now rules over two hundred millions of Asiatic subjects. Governors, commanders-in-chief, and bishops attest her supremacy in all parts of the world; and the greatness of the British Empire, while it has redounded to the glory of England, has widely extended the influence of the Crown. As that influence, constitutionally exercised, has ceased to be regarded with jealousy, its continued enlargement has been watched by Parliament without any of those efforts to restrain it, which marked the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century. On the contrary, Parliament has met the increasing demands of a community rapidly advancing in population and wealth, by constant additions to the power and patronage of the Crown. The judicial establishments of the country have been extended, by the appointment of more judges in the superior courts—by a large staff of county-court judges, with local jurisdiction—and by numerous stipendiary magistrates. Offices and commissions have been multiplied for various public purposes; and all these appointments proceed from the same high source of patronage and preferment. Parliament has wisely excluded all these officers, with a few necessary exceptions, from the privilege of sitting in the House of Commons; but, otherwise, these extensive means of influence have been entrusted to the executive government, without any apprehension that they will be perverted to uses injurious to the freedom, or public interests of the country.'—*May*, vol. i. p. 135.

Besides this very interesting chapter on the influence of the Crown, Mr. May has traced, with equal research, the history of the past changes in the constitution and character of the other two branches of the Legislature. Nothing, as he truly remarks, is more remarkable in the history of the constitution than the permanence of every institution forming part of the government, while still undergoing continual and sometimes very great changes in its powers. Thus the House of Lords continues to hold its high place in the State, while in its members and composition it is difficult to recognise 'its identity with the "Great Council" of a former age.' Yet these very alterations have been the source of additional strength to that body. Had the House of Lords remained what it was at the death of Queen Elizabeth, when only fifty-nine temporal Peers received writs of

summons—or even what it was in the reign of Queen Anne, when the number, before the addition of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, was only 168, it could not possibly have been that power in the State which it is now. Changed as the peerage has been, in character and composition, since the days of the Tudors, it nevertheless exerts far more power than might have been expected after the great revolutions in British society which have taken place during the last three centuries. From being formed mainly out of the great possessors of vast landed property, it has been recruited in more recent times not merely from this class, but the most distinguished men in diplomacy, in war, at the bar, and, in later days, in business, have been added to its ranks, which have thus acquired almost more of a representative than of a hereditary character; and to this change in the constitution of that Chamber its strength has been owing. Had the number remained fixed, as proposed in the reign of George I., when a bill restraining the Crown from the creation of more than six beyond the then existing number of peerages had been agreed to by the King, and passed through the House of Lords, it would have been impossible for that body to have expanded as it has since done in proportion to the requirements of the State. The close aristocratic council which would thus have been formed might have been, indeed, for a long time formidable from its privileges, and respected on account of its possessions; but unless it had been actuated by a wider spirit than such close bodies are usually possessed of, it would probably, sooner or later, have come into such vehement collision with the other powers of the State, that its own destruction or theirs must have been the consequence. From this danger the Peers were saved, not by their own act, as they had passed the measure in question, but by the prudence of Walpole and the constitutional sense of the Commons, who rejected the bill by a large majority. Since that time, no attempt has been made to fasten the jealously-watched gates of the highest chamber in the Legislature;—and to the fact that this has never been done—that our British roll of nobility, unlike the 'Libro d'oro' of Venice, has never been closed, we must ascribe it that our peerage still exists in undiminished vitality. Not that, as is well known, the power of the House of Lords has never been exposed to rude shocks, and sometimes to great dangers. This risk arises the more readily from the circumstance that every successive Minister, in adding fresh peers, has naturally favoured his own adherents. Hence, after a long lease of power to one or the other of the great parties in the State, that party slowly, but surely, comes to be possessed of a majority in the House of Lords, at a time when the House

of Commons, which far more readily reflects the current phrase of public sentiment, may be of a contrary opinion. Thus, at the accession of George III., the House of Lords was mainly Whig; when William IV. ascended the throne, mainly Tory. At a later date, as is fresh in the memory of all, the House of Lords opposed the demand for Reform, at a risk which filled the minds of many with dread. Their compliance, however, at that time, with the expressed wish of the Sovereign, and the demands of the people, has been followed since by the exact reverse of what many confidently predicted. Instead of being deprived of their influence, a mere mass of showy reeds bowed by every breath of popular clamour, planted on a tottering foundation, ready to be swept away by the least rise of the tide, they have steadily maintained their position. Again and again, on various questions, they have opposed the expressed opinions of the Lower House, and compelled them to withdraw or to modify various measures which did not meet with their approval. But, as Mr. May says:—

'These examples of independence are thrown into the shade by their proceedings in 1860, when—treading upon the forbidden ground of taxation, they rejected a bill which the Commons had passed—as part of the financial arrangements of the year—for repealing the duties upon paper. The controverted question of privilege involved in this vote will be touched upon hereafter; but here it may be said, that the Commons have ever been most jealous of their exclusive rights, in matters of supply and taxation; and that their jealousy has been wisely respected by the Lords. But finding a strong support in the Commons—an indifferent and inert public opinion, much encouragement from an influential portion of the press, and a favourable state of parties—the Lords were able to defy at once the Government and the Commons. There had been times when such defiance would have been resented and returned; but now the Lords, rightly estimating their own strength, and the causes by which retaliation on the part of the Commons was restrained, overruled the ministers of the Crown and the Commons, on a question of finance, and by their single vote continued a considerable tax upon the people. The most zealous champion of the independence of the Peers in 1832 would not then have counselled so hazardous an enterprise. Still less would he have predicted that it would be successfully accomplished, within thirty years after the passing of the Reform Act. In short, though the Lords were driven, in 1832, from an indefensible position, which they had held with too stubborn a persistence, they have since maintained their independence, and a proper weight in the Legislature.'—*May*, vol. i. p. 265.

If the character of the House of Lords has undergone great changes during recent times, that of the Lower House has received greater alterations still. It is curious to observe of what very remote standing some of the defects and anomalies in its constitution have been. As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the influence of the great Peers was discussed and deprecated by the Commons. Under the Stuarts, the unwise exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown in creating

fresh boroughs, mainly of inconsiderable places, only made these defects more glaring. William III., Queen Anne, and the first two Georges had other business on hand than a reform of the representation; but it is a thing much to be regretted that the subject did not receive due consideration when, in 1766, in one of his most celebrated speeches on American taxation, Lord Chatham called attention to the borough representation—'the rotten part of the constitution' as he called it—'which,' with foresight far beyond his generation, he said, 'cannot continue a century. If it does not drop, it must be amputated.' But these remarks fell unheeded on the ears of men occupied with the vehemence of colonial contests and party struggles. Nor was William Pitt successful when, in 1782, he proposed an inquiry 'into the best means of carrying 'into execution a moderate and substantial reform of the 'representation of the people . . . to restore that beautiful 'frame of government which had made us the envy and 'admiration of mankind; . . . and which has so far dwindled 'and departed from its original purity, as that the represen-'tatives ceased in a great degree to be connected with the 'people.' And again he was foiled in his attempt to bring forward a similar measure when in office in 1786; a measure which he introduced by stating, that 'though he had twice 'failed in his endeavours to effect this salutary purpose, he was 'not discouraged.' To this last attempt the King was personally adverse, and an indifferent or unfriendly House of Commons rejected the plan. There were great and evident objections to the plan as proposed, which included a scheme for compensating the owners of borough property, and purchasing the exclusive rights of various close corporations. Yet, had some 'sober and practicable scheme of reform,' to use William Pitt's words, been carried at that time, some endeavour made to remedy the 'defect in the frame of representation which it was not innova-'tion, but recovery of constitution to restore,' it is more than probable that the waters of bitterness which were dammed up and restrained by this and subsequent acts of repression, till they threatened to swallow up all semblance of authority in their poisoned and accumulated depths, might have been so far drained off by this cleansing and improvement of the channel, that those convulsions might have been avoided which followed when the flood-gates were at last burst open, and the vast current driven onwards by the irresistible pressure of the times. There is no occasion here to advert to the details of the Reform Bill of 1832; by it, though the representation still remains theoretically incomplete, the Lower House has been brought far more into harmony with the interests and sympathies of the

people, till it practically comes nearly up to Burke's standard, according to whom 'the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House 'of Commons consists in its being the express image of the 'feelings of a nation.'

The examining into the working of the House of Commons naturally led Mr. May to a careful consideration of the kindred subjects of government by party, and the influence of public opinion by which the different parties in the State are formed and maintained. In a free country, these combinations are inevitable; and while it is impossible not to deplore the factious length to which such connexions have sometimes been carried, the bitter strife stirred up between the fellow-subjects of the same monarch, yet, on the whole, we may well feel with Mr. May, that though there is much in these disputes to deplore and condemn, there is more to approve and commend. By these contests, the relative importance of particular measures is frequently ascertained; in these preliminary debates, the necessity of yielding somewhat to the opinions of others becomes too clearly manifest to be altogether refused:—

'We find that government without party is absolutism; that rulers without opposition may be despots. We acknowledge, with gratitude, that we owe to party most of our rights and liberties. We recognise in the fierce contentions of our ancestors the conflict of great principles and the final triumph of freedom.'—*May*, vol. ii. p. 93.

We may hope, also, that if we are spared a pressure like that which marked the early years of the century, the internal condition of the land,

'Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,'

will be less subject to vehement contests than in the days of our fathers. We fervently echo Mr. May's hope that the framework of our constitution will not, in years to come, be tried with 'the perpetual wear and tear' which characterised former years. The struggles he has narrated 'marked the transition from old 'to new principles of government—from exclusion, repression, 'and distrust, to comprehension, sympathy, and confidence. 'Parliament, yielding slowly to the expansive energies of society, 'was stirred and shaken by their upheavings. But with a free 'and instructed press, a wider representation, and a Parliament 'enjoying the general confidence of the people, agitation has 'nearly lost its fulcrum. Should Parliament, however, oppose 'itself to the progressive impulses of another generation, let it 'study well the history of the past, and discern the signs of a 'pressure from without, which may not wisely be resisted. Let 'it reflect upon the wise maxim of Macaulay: "The true 'secret of the power of agitation is the obstinacy of rulers,

, and liberal governments make a moderate people."' Nor' we may add, is Mr. May insensible to the dangers which inevitably attend a government like ours. Free institutions have their drawbacks, chief among which we may reckon the difficulty of obtaining the enactment of any law, however desirable, which is opposed to the current prejudices of the times, or would militate against the individual interest of any considerable body in the State. Still, we may thankfully accept the vast benefits of our privileges, and, gathering confidence from the past, look on with hope to the future. There is much else in Mr. May's volumes to which we should desire to advert if space permitted. They contain a thorough summary of the progress of legislation as well as that of society during the century of which he treats. In no point has a higher condition of public opinion been so marked as in the alteration of the criminal code of the country, and yet this has been done in such comparatively recent times, that the whole of it lies within the last fifty—the greater part within the last twenty-five—years. No portion of the touching memoirs of Romilly are more interesting than those in which he chronicles his vain efforts, session after session in the House of Commons, to introduce some amelioration into the vindictive code of laws then existing. Vain efforts in the main, for very few were the crimes then punishable with death towards which he was able to extend any remission. Picking pockets was then a crime held to deserve capital punishment, and Romilly gained a remission of this cruelty. In one or two other instances also he was able, though with difficulty, to prevail on an unwilling Legislature to show the like clemency to other kindred misdemeanours. Yet, though little came of it in his time, in one sense, his labours were not in vain; for his example roused others to follow in his steps, and a gradual and, in later years, a rapid amelioration of the laws has followed. That further measures of improvement in the doubtful lottery of criminal legislation and the treatment of our convicts are yet required, it is impossible to deny; but on the whole, though much remains yet unperformed, the spectacle of what has already been done is some assistance in nerving the present generation to fresh efforts.

Mr. Phillimore's work, as it at present stands, only brings the history as far as the year 1766. The volume which he has already published is distinguished by considerable research, by great vigour of style, and, we must add, by very hard language against all those with whom he chances to disagree. We regret that he has not at all times been more temperate in his expressions, as it is impossible but that he must thus deprive his work

of much of the weight which it would otherwise have possessed. We may, however, feel obliged to our friendly critic for reminding us how much we stand in need of being continually warned of our national defects, and thank the hand which probes our sores to the quick from a desire to expedite the process of recovery. We make one extract which gives some idea of Mr. Phillimore's style. After claiming the right to be heard in the cause of truth, he goes on to say:—

'Fully convinced that our balanced constitution—that is, a limited monarch, an *hereditary* peerage, and a fairly chosen House of Commons—is better adapted to us, and more likely to promote the good of the commonwealth, than any other form of government, I have not abstained from expressing my admiration for republican energy, or from pointing out the particular evils to which our monarchy, however limited, is inevitably exposed, from the habits of courts, the intrigues of courtiers, the servility of peers, and, above all, from the corruption of those who elect and those who are elected to the House of Commons.

"Nam variæ illudunt pestes."

They require incessant vigilance. Grossly and most stupidly do we flatter ourselves, if we suppose our age is free from them; for, whatever we may imagine, the complete triumph of mediocrity, and almost total extinction of taste and genius, are no security against time-servers and hypocrites. Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer.'—*Preface*, p. viii.

The history itself is brought so little way in the volume now published, and so large a portion of that is occupied by a survey of the state of the country, that we shall best do justice to the work by deferring any more extended remarks on it till it is continued to a later date.

While Mr. May has devoted himself on the whole more to the political than to the social history of the last hundred years, Mr. Massey has, we may say, supplemented his labours with a work which takes a more general view of English society during a portion of the same time. We must say a portion only, for the original intention apparently, announced in the title-page and preface to the first volume, of illustrating not only the 'Political and Military, but the Social History of England,' during the reign of George III., has been so far cut short, that the fourth volume, instead of bringing us to the close of that reign, only goes as far as 1802. We have vainly endeavoured to extract from internal evidence any certainty whether Mr. Massey intends to continue his labours to the full extent of the period promised, not less by the title-page of the fourth than by that of the first volume; but the ominous words 'The End' are printed on the

last page of vol. iv. in so peremptory a manner, that we are compelled to believe, though reluctantly, that the narrative will be continued no further. We must sincerely say that we regret this decision. Mr. Phillimore's work, with its hasty conclusions and crude opinions, even if he accomplishes all that he has started with the intention of performing, will be far from filling the place which Mr. Massey's better-matured history may well take even in its incomplete state. The plan of Mr. May's book, a treatise on the constitutional History of England, necessarily breaks it up into detached chapters on each branch of the government and other kindred subjects. Mr. Massey, on the other hand, has supplied for the period that he treats of a continuous narrative, handled in a broad and intelligible manner. We may perhaps consider that the picture given at the commencement of the second volume of the habits and manners prevalent among our countrymen in the earlier portion of the eighteenth century is too highly coloured; we do not doubt that Mr. Massey could bring authorities for what he has stated, and furnish a long list of proofs, if such were required, for all the dark shades in the picture; yet it would not be difficult to extract from our newspapers at the present time traits of morals and character, if not as sombre, at least sufficiently dark, to justify a future historian a century hence in producing a portrait of the England of this period which we should unhesitatingly reject as a caricature. We regret the more that the promised review of the progress of manners and laws up to 1819 which Mr. Massey contemplated has not been given us, as it would have been the more interesting to compare it with the earlier picture. To attempt any summary of all the four volumes, the shortest of which contains close on 500 pages, while the longest exceeds that bulk by nearly 150 more, would be in great measure to go over the same ground that we have surveyed in our notice of Mr. May's work. We propose, therefore, to consider Mr. Massey's description of Pitt as minister, both before and during the war with France. Of the former of these periods, Mr. Massey's narrative gives a clearer delineation than any we possessed before, and we make this selection the rather, because, in any history of the central and later portion of the reign of George III., William Pitt, the minister who served that monarch so long, and would have served him so much better had he only been allowed to do so, must be one of the most prominent figures.

William Pitt is so generally known in this country as a war minister, and his memory is so closely associated with the taxes required to maintain defence without, and the repression required to keep down the ever-growing discontent within, which

the raising those heavy taxes engendered, that we are apt to forget that there was, so to say, an earlier Pitt, who had endeavoured to accomplish other things—to reform the representation, and improve the system according to which the customs were levied—and who, had he lived in happier times, would have been remembered for other 'works' than the closed windows, the frequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and a general system of repression. As early as 1784 he endeavoured to remove the heavy restrictions which then fettered trade between England and Ireland. The speech in which he introduced this measure exhibited a broad and liberal view of the relative positions of the two countries. Instead of coercion he desired conciliation; instead of a captious fear lest Irish products might, in some instances, drive English industry out of the market, unless restrained by protective duties, he exhorted his unwilling hearers to lay aside these petty jealousies, and to remember that the advantage of one portion of the empire was the gain of the whole.

'Pitt was of opinion that Ireland had still grievances to complain of, and that until these were redressed it was hopeless to expect tranquillity, or to establish a Government in that country. His plan of policy comprehended Parliamentary Reform, and the adjustment of the commercial relations of the two countries on an equitable footing. Although aware of the complicated difficulties which beset any attempt at a reform in the representation—difficulties far greater than any which have prevented the settlement of the question in this country—Mr. Pitt still strongly urged upon the Irish Government the propriety and expediency of devising some means by which the scandals and iniquities of the House of Commons should be redressed. The idea of a complete union between the two kingdoms, which he carried into effect sixteen years afterwards, in the only manner in which such a scheme was practicable, was, at this time, present to his mind; and he indulged the hope that it might be worked out through the agency of a Reformed Parliament and a free trade. The first was soon given up as impracticable. It was on his commercial policy, therefore, that Pitt was forced to rely, for establishing the relations of the twin islands on a friendly footing.'—*Massey*, vol. iii. p. 275.

Nor did he less manifest the higher qualities of a statesman when he proposed the commercial treaty which he negotiated with France by the assistance of Lord Auckland:—

'An article in the late treaty of peace between France and England had provided for the negotiation of a commercial intercourse between the two countries. This was now happily effected by a treaty based upon the most liberal terms, and conceived in a spirit which recognised the mutual interests of the great contracting parties. Prohibitory duties on the products of either country were to be repealed, with some few exceptions. A moderate tariff, mostly for revenue purposes, was to be fixed on certain commodities. A great concession was made to France, by abolishing the differential duties in favour of the wines of Portugal, and thus abandoning the famous Methuen Treaty, which had been so long considered a masterpiece of British diplomacy. The treaty was calculated to be highly beneficial to the trade, commerce, and manufactures of both nations, and to ruin the contraband traffic, which, in spite of repressive laws and a revenue fleet, had long infested the channel. But above all, it was valuable in its tendency to allay the barbarous animosities which had

subsisted for centuries, and to introduce relations of a more humane and generous character, between two great and enlightened communities.'—*Massey*, vol. iii. p. 307.

Meanwhile he rendered a most useful service to trade by the plan for consolidating the customs' duties, abolishing a great number of vexatious, uncertain, and unintelligible imposts, and in their stead substituting specific duties—an arrangement which, while it facilitated the collection of the revenue, added considerably to its amount. By 1792 the surplus revenue was little short of a million; and Pitt, while applying a portion of it to the reduction of the National Debt, expressed a confident hope that this most desirable object was in a fair way to be realized—unconscious, alas! that this was the last peace budget which it would be in his power to bring forward. Lord Stanhope is surely justified in saying, 'The benefit of these measures is by 'no means limited to the period thus described, since it was 'mainly the sap and strength imparted by them which enabled 'the country to sustain, and finally triumph over, the perils of 'the conflict that ensued.' We can the less doubt, from the terms of the French Treaty, and the hopes Pitt expressed of laying by it 'a foundation for a free and amicable intercourse between the two countries,' that he was the more reluctantly driven to a war with the people he had thus immediately before endeavoured to conciliate. England, under Pitt's guidance, had no share in the first attack on the French Republic, which was the act of the Austrian and Prussian Governments; and, notwithstanding the excitement caused in this country both by those who admired and those who abhorred the principles then in fashion at Paris, there can be no doubt that Pitt was reluctantly forced into the war by the French invasion of Holland, and the breach of treaty thus involved:—

'The War in which England became thus involved was unlike any former war in which any civilized power had been hitherto engaged. It was not a war of ambition, of self-defence, or of national rivalry. The elements of those quarrels which had aforetime involved this country in "just and necessary" warfare with her mighty rival were, indeed, still extant; but at this time, there was no struggle to retain or acquire some distant possession more burdensome than useful to either party; there was no question about the balance of power; there was no dispute, to serve as a pretext for the indulgence of military emulation. Our ancient rival was no more. That famous house of Bourbon, whose aggrandizement it had up to this period been the leading policy of English statesmen to restrain, was levelled with the dust; but in its place had uprisen a power more terrible than the French monarchy, at the height of its insolence and vigour. A country without a government, denouncing all regular Governments, dispersing the missionaries of anarchy throughout Europe, and inviting all nations to cashier their rulers, to level society, to confiscate property; in a word, to dissolve all the bonds by which civilized communities had hitherto been held together. Such was France—and France had declared war against England.

'England had simultaneously declared against France; nor was it possible that peace could have been maintained between the two countries. The ministers of the Crown, rashly accused of provoking a rupture with the French democrats, were the last to admit the necessity of war. They desired only to guard this country against the contagion of French principles; they gave no encouragement to the rash aggression of the German Powers; they used their influence to prevent the States General from joining Austria and Prussia; and proposed, for the first time in the history of England, to maintain a strict neutrality in the conflict between France and the Continental States. The policy of the first minister, during a lengthened administration of unrivalled prosperity and success, had been essentially the policy of peace.'—*Massey*, vol. iv. p. 1.

When war was once commenced it was no longer possible to conclude it at will. The spirit of the French nation was so entirely roused, and kindled into fury by the general coalition formed against them, and their military ardour so encouraged by the tide of conquest, that it was long before they again desired peace. The abortive attempt at pacification in 1796 was persisted in by the English Government long after the French had made it perfectly clear that they were by no means prepared to accept the terms offered. The negotiation which had been unsuccessful at Paris was renewed in the following year at Lisle; and Pitt, for the sake of peace, was then perfectly willing to allow the Austrian Netherlands (which had been the principal bone of contention at the previous conference) to remain French territory, as well as to give up all the possessions taken from the French during the war. After these terms were rejected nothing remained but to continue the bitter struggle.

It has always appeared to us unfortunate for Pitt's reputation as a statesman, that his efforts for the improvement of the condition of the country during peace are so little remembered, while his fame is usually associated with his acts as a minister during the war. In this capacity his conduct has been so frequently discussed, that there is the less occasion to relate here the long list of efforts, failures, and successes which chequer the narrative. It is a period which, though an Englishman may well contemplate with pride, he must likewise remember with sadness. The ill-concerted measures, and incompetent generals of the earlier portion; the vast subsidies, and assistance, disguised as loans, to the Governments of Germany, to persuade them, to bribe them, on any terms, to continue a war as necessary to them as to ourselves; the great suffering these efforts entailed on this country;—are brightened up with the sunshine of occasional brilliant success both on sea and on shore, and the remembrance of ultimate victory. The means employed to repress opinions which the Government disapproved —opinions far more likely to have died away unnoticed and

unimportant, had they not been forced into notoriety by indiscriminate prosecution—seem to us now unworthy of a great minister. The only excuse that can be offered for these acts is, that the temper of the times threw even the firmest minds off their balance. The effect on Burke is well known. This feeling was doubtless shared by many others alarmed at the slightest disturbance, doubting whether any riot might not expand into a complete revolution. Some reflection of these fears may have actuated Pitt both in instituting the State prosecutions and during the Irish rebellion, the revolting history of which will be found at some length in Mr. Massey's pages. Yet here we find Pitt more fortunate in his choice of Lord Cornwallis as Lord Lieutenant—a man whose clemency was only equalled by his courage, whose arrival in Ireland brought the first hope of peace to that desolated country. The moment, also, that the supremacy was gained, and the victory assured, we find the Ministry in England far from vindictive in their punishments, and thankful to be able to cease from the hateful task of severity. Had Pitt been able to carry out the measures he desired, we may well believe that these horrors might have been spared, and Grattan could never have uttered the bitter rebuke, 'Instead of buying foreign aid with subsidies, buy your own subjects with kindness.' On all the main features of Pitt's character we find the stamp of a great mind. Those qualities, however, will best be remembered which are the more prominently brought forward in Canning's celebrated song. You do not ask whether the pilot who has directed the ship during great dangers has not been compelled to acts which might have been unnecessary in a fair-weather voyage—whether he may not have been reduced to cut the crew down to short allowance, to put a refractory seaman in irons. Even if he has mistaken loud grumblers for mutineers, he may be forgiven; it is enough for him that he has guided the ship into safety. And this was Pitt's merit. Though his reputation would, we doubt not, have stood far higher had he been able to carry out the peaceful programme of his earlier days, he will be remembered as the man who imparted a portion of his high spirit to the nation in a time of unwonted peril—he will be known as the pilot 'who weathered the storm' during the greatest dangers that ever assailed the country. It was greatly owing to him that, in the noble words of the latest speech he ever made, 'England saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.'

Though much of what is chronicled in the pages of the works we have been surveying passed in the lifetime of many still among us, yet the period is in many respects so unlike the

present time, that it is separated from us by a gulf greater than that which the comparatively few years which have elapsed since would of themselves have created. The language of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and of Sheridan, is far more akin to our own times than the system they administered, or the laws which they enacted. Hence we seem so close to them while we read their burning words, that we are scarcely conscious of the continuous alteration which has gone on ever since—the reconstruction, piecemeal, of the old edifice of the constitution, and the vast changes in the social arrangements of society. When we read of the long list of questionable practices—the abuses in the Pension List, the wholesale smuggling, the atrocious severity of the laws, the turbulent coarseness of manners—we turn from the unattractive picture of the past to the smooth demeanour of the present, and complacently allow ourselves to assume that we are in all respects better than our fathers. But we must not plume ourselves that the improvements we have inherited and continued are all due to our own merits. In bodies politic, as in organic bodies, reconstruction is one of the conditions of life, and that reconstruction is grounded, in some degree, on the previous condition of the corporate system. The changes of late years have frequently been for the better; but let us ever strive to strengthen the weak portions of the social frame, or a disintegration more rapid by far than this gradual and by no means progressive amelioration may result, even as 'corruptio optimi pessima.' We look back with astonishment, not unmingled with contempt, to a House of Commons of which the members were bribed. Yet there were high qualities even in those days which we may well regard with reverence. Let us remember what, in 1830, Earl Russell—not too favourable in his judgment of the past—said of the Parliaments of George II. —applicable, too, we entirely believe, both to the present day and to the period we have immediately been surveying:—
'The Parliament of that day was, at all events, the faithful 'guardian of the public purse; and although the members of 'it might be pensioners and place-holders, they acted more 'faithfully in watching over and guarding the expenditure of 'the public money than we do at present. Indeed, I think 'I have shown pretty well, that much as we boast of the times 'in which we live, yet, as faithful guardians of the public purse, 'we are not entitled to all the praise we so abundantly claim 'for ourselves.' And if, in a point where one might have supposed their venal judgment was the weakest, their conduct receives so much praise from so high an authority on such points, we may well believe—what indeed a closer study of the times in question will assure us of—that they were more practically

useful than we permit ourselves to allow. And even if the record had presented but what was degraded and base, are we, even in the present age of advanced knowledge, so completely perfected in every degree, that we may rest content without endeavour for improvement? Are there no sores in our social state yet festering deeply, scarcely concealed, yet unprobed, unsalved? Are all our institutions so faultless that nothing is left to be desired? As fresh complications arise, as fresh difficulties and dangers beset the State, it is well that we may pause, and, looking backward to times of great doubt and great discouragement, strengthen ourselves for the struggle by the remembrance of the high deeds of those who have endured, striven, and conquered before. Especially now, when it is so much the habit of the time to assume an indifference to anything that does not interfere with our comfort or trench on our indulgences, it is a refreshment to turn over again the fast-fading leaves on which are inscribed the great names of some who will ever stand confessed among the noblest of England's great men, who were in earnest because their heart was in their work, and successful because they were earnest.

ART. VII.—*Addresses delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, at his 11th Visitation*, A.D. 1863, by HENRY, Lord Bishop of Exeter. *To which is added a Sermon preached by him in the Cathedral Church of Exeter, on Whitsunday*, 1863. Compiled and published by permission, by Rev. CH. CH. BARTHOLOMEW, Vicar of Cornwood, and Rev. REGINALD BARNES, Vicar of Mary Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter. London: John Murray, 1863.

2. *The Prayer-Book Unveiled in the Light of Christ; or, Unity without Liturgical Revision. Letters for Nonconformists, expository of the Church's Teaching, &c., addressed to the Rev. T. Binney.* By the Rev. R. AITKEN, Incumbent of Pendeen, Cornwall, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Seafield. London: William Macintosh. (Preface dated May, 1863.)

3. *Clerical Papers, by one of our Club.* Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker, 1861.

As a general rule, a Bishop's triennial Visitation of his Diocese is an event calculated to excite no high degree of public interest. To the chief pastor himself indeed, and to the clergy who attend his summons and render him their canonical obedience, such periodical meetings must needs be salutary, as silent mementos of the flight of time, and the changeful nature of earthly things: it is our own fault if these rare opportunities for mutual intercourse between the several orders of the sacred ministry are ever allowed to pass by unimproved. For the outer world, unless the Bishop be on a Confirmation tour, it is much if any notice is taken of his presence, except by the few, churchwardens and others, whose duties call them to his Visitation Court. And so the Charge is respectfully listened to, and mildly criticised, and printed in course, and safely lodged on some upper shelf of the parsonage library; the parish priest meanwhile cherishing in his quiet sphere of labour a pleasing remembrance of his Diocesan's kindly sympathy; and, in most instances, we trust, the cheering conviction that God's Providence has set over him a spiritual father from whom he can hope to receive counsel and encouragement in his hours of disappointment aud perplexity.

Now and then, however—once or twice at least within the compass of the last eventful quarter of a century—a Bishop's Visitation Charge has been looked forward to or received by Churchmen in a widely different frame of mind. We have all

known seasons when, deserted by the leaders we trusted and honoured most, the boldest among us were growing anxious what the end might be; the hearts of the timid utterly misgave them; when even thoughtful men looked forward to the forthcoming addresses of their Bishops for guidance and consolation and prudent advice. Most of us, too, can remember with thankfulness the Primary Charge of more than one earnest and eloquent man, fresh to his great office, solemnly impressed with the sense of his new responsibilities, who has seemed to pour forth his whole soul into the burning words he utters, for the first time, to his assembled Diocese. Such Charges there have been, which live yet, and long shall survive in the memory of those who heard, and even of the strangers who but read them.

The deep and peculiar interest which encompasses the little work whose title stands at the head of this article, arises from the fact that the extemporary addresses it contains were delivered, not on the occasion of a *first* visitation, but of one, the eleventh in order, which can hardly fail to be the *last*. They comprise, in fact, the farewell to his great diocese of that man who, as a champion of primitive truth, as a maintainer of the faith of Christ as taught in the English Church, holds in the estimation of all that love and all that hate her the very foremost place among her living Bishops and doctors; a place attained by none other since the close of the seventeenth century—by few, very few, before that date. The stormy voyage of his life has almost ended, and the haven is only not in sight.

That great old man is yet our own,
His voice is in our ears;
Ne'er doubtful is the trumpet's tone,
When that old man appears.

Like David's, his no tranquil life;
And yet, like David's son,
He doth the work, midst storm and strife,
Reserved for Solomon.

Most loved by those who know him best,
Dreaded, or loved, by all,
He bids the way-worn wanderer rest,
The stumbling not to fall.

So Athanasius propped the Faith,
When it was scorned by men:
And so have trod the self-same path
Our Wilson and our Ken. [1]

On the recurrence of several preceding visitations, the Bishop of Exeter, mindful that his threescore years and ten

[1] We shall the more easily procure our pardon from the honoured writer of these vigorous lines, if we abstain from quoting the title of the work in which we found them.

were fast hastening on to fourscore years, instead of exhausting his powers by oral delivery of a Charge, had circulated among his clergy Pastoral Letters, treating of the perils and errors of the times. In 1860, if we remember right, when he had reached his eighty-third year, even the Pastoral Letter was dispensed with, and save that Diocesan and Clergy joined in celebrating the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper, the visitation was purely of a formal character. In the early summer of 1863 the triennial period again came round, and the Bishop seems to have gathered up his strength, both of body and mind, for a solemn parting, face to face, with those who had loved and honoured him so long. The hand of time had pressed heavily upon his physical powers, but there yet abided the charm of that earnest and measured eloquence, which has so often held captive the House of Lords, and which, in persuasiveness, in power, and closeness of reasoning, was never surpassed even by the highest efforts of Lord Lyndhurst; it was once more to be put to the proof on an occasion the most trying and affecting that can be well conceived. At seven different places in his Diocese (unhappily still the most extensive in England), within the short compass of twelve days, Bishop Phillpotts delivered those extemporary addresses which he has permitted to be published, sanctioning the general accuracy of the reports without vouching for every single expression, and all who heard them will readily testify to the reverential care and faithfulness with which they have been preserved.[1] They are indeed memorials of a scene which none who witnessed it can soon forget. It was not till Morning Prayer was ended that the Bishop would enter the Church, his tottering steps supported by his Chaplains, and his voice was soon heard as he offered up the opening Prayers of the Communion Service. The sermon ended, the blessed Feast was celebrated by the whole body of clergy and many of the assembled laity. That Divine rite performed, the Bishop was led to his chair, which was placed immediately before the holy table, when, for a few moments, all were hushed in silent expectation. There stood around their Bishop, awaiting his valediction and his blessing, some who owed to his patronage all they had in life; many who had long looked up to him as the fearless champion of the truth in the midst of a gainsaying generation; yet more who had once been taught to hate and revile him, but whose enmity time had softened, and whose unjust prejudices had been corrected by experience. The speaker's first sounds were eagerly caught up by anxious

[1] Here and there (*e.g. Addresses*, p. 14) we seem to catch the very accents which, in mere weakness, trembled on the lips of the old man eloquent.

listeners; as he went on and gradually warmed with the interest of the subjects that he dealt with, his words, low but distinctly enunciated, flowing on deliberately without pause or hesitation, while they fell on nearer ears as if uttered in the tone of conversation, were yet clearly heard in remote corners of the great church of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. No one present, we verily believe, was cold enough to be wholly unmoved, while the unbidden tear flowed down many a cheek. For the Bishop's parting from his flock was couched in no form of conventional language, however fit or impressive; as every neighbourhood afforded to the Church and her clergy some work of peculiar local interest, or some special difficulty or perplexity, so are they severally met in these addresses by appropriate counsel and encouragement, prudent suggestion, and gentle rebuke. At Plymouth, more especially, as well from the importance of the place as from other well-known circumstances, this solemn visitation was deeply felt. Nowhere throughout England had the course of duty which the Bishop of Exeter has invariably pursued been met with opposition so virulent and unscrupulous. Even some of the leading clergy there had occasionally been betrayed by party zeal into the use of language which would do harm to the best of causes. They were now before him, more than one well stricken in years. As none could forget or dissemble the irrevocable past, let us mark with what mildness and dignity, not without some compunctious personal regret, a Christian Bishop can recognise and deal with it: the passage is long, but we do not think that any one would wish it shorter who is capable of receiving from it the admonition which, in these troublous times, every one of us so sorely needs:—

'But that there is one other subject that presses upon me, I should now take my leave, and that is in Plymouth and its neighbourhood—I may call it Plymouth, I mean the three towns together—I lament to say, as every Christian must lament, that there is much of spiritual discord, ay, among the clergy. I grieve for it. I will not ascribe the blame to any unless I do it to all; and if I do it to all, it is because it is hardly possible for any to be exposed to the danger of spiritual discord—however pure they may think their own intentions, however sound their own attachment to the duties of their high office, however zealous they may be for God's honour—it is hardly possible for any to have mingled in these scenes without having increased the danger which must attend, and has ever attended, spiritual discord amongst the ministers of Christ. Do not imagine that I am so visionary that I should expect all to have the same views in all parts of Christian truth. It has pleased God that it should be otherwise, and we must accept it as part of that mingled cup which He has given us to drain; but let us all remember rather that this is the trial of our faith, and that we cannot expect to escape from it, because we may otherwise flatter ourselves that the discord is not our fault, and that it is only our faithfulness that causes others to differ from us. *Depend upon it that difference has left its soil upon all it has touched.* But you must not therefore be less zealous in

God's cause, but determine by His grace to value and assert His truth. It ought to make you more zealous to inform yourselves rightly, and then to think and act obediently to God and charitably to each other. It is difficult for those who are conscious that they are pursuing the straight line of duty, according to the doctrines of the Church, to think that those who they may be of opinion are going widely apart from its duties—it is undoubtedly difficult for them to think without censure of those they consider their *erring* brethren. Let them, however, consider them as *brethren*, and then let them pray to God to enlighten the minds, whether of themselves or their brethren, to see His truth, and above all to see the beauty and holiness of the exercise of charity. *I am not ignorant that during my long life I have been very much exposed to that very state of feeling which I earnestly hope you may pass by without sin.* That I have been exposed to it and passed through it without in some respects a diminution of charity, I dare not say; I doubt not that I have suffered, and I doubt not that I have sinned, if with any vehemence or without knowledge I have fought, or unwisely acted towards my fellow-ministers in Christ. *I trust in God that He has made me see how much better charity is than all else,* and that He has made me to be more earnest in believing this than in remembering any instance of my life in which I may have fancied at the time that any one had triumphed; and that He has led me to believe and see that that triumph —if there has ever been a triumph—has been the defeat of him that fancied he had so triumphed. May we meet again where we shall all meet in love, for the sake of His dear Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.'—*Addresses*, pp. 19, 20.

It was publicly said next day by one who was much moved by this touching address, that when the speaker thanked God for making him see how much better was charity than all else, he virtually passed sentence upon those acts of his own career for which he will be longest held in thankful remembrance throughout Christ's Church. We take the Bishop's meaning to be far otherwise. At no period of his life has he shown himself more convinced of the deep importance of definite views in regard to the faith once for all delivered to the saints. His anxious concern for this matter pervades the very passage we have quoted above; and on the close of his laborious and exciting visitation, the next Sunday being Whit-Sunday, he delivered from the Episcopal throne in his Cathedral a noble sermon, on Acts x. 47, 48 (which is seasonably appended to these addresses), wherein the high mystery of our *oneness with the body of Christ* is made the foundation of those very doctrines respecting sacramental grace, to the defence of which he has long devoted the best faculties of his mind. If, in the prosecution of this great warfare, his weapons have now and then been but carnal; if his adversaries have sometimes felt the lash of sarcasm moved to action by the sharp sting of wanton provocation; if their presumptuous ignorance has been exposed, or their folly put to rebuke by the practised controversialist with whom they have chosen to measure their puny weapons; for all severity uncalled for in the vindication of sacred truth, the Bishop

declares his hearty sorrow; and if he 'may have fancied at the time that any one had triumphed' (there would be among his hearers some who understood his meaning only too well), he would fain regard that triumph a defeat. Yet, even in the course of this very visitation, a portion of the old spirit is seen to return upon the veteran. Not indeed that, as with poor Edie Ochiltree, the frailties of the past cannot be recalled without a certain feeling of penitential glee; but rather on the old Horatian principle, that you cannot easily expel nature by force, least of all, perhaps, the inbred power and relish for calm and polished irony. A few days after this palinode at Plymouth, the Exeter clergy have to look as grave as they can while listening to the following criticism on the dealings of Convocation with the case of Bishop Colenso and his miserable books:—

'I have received the Report of the Committee of the Lower House; and that Report I speak of with sincere respect and thankfulness for the great pains taken; for the moderation, yet firmness, exhibited in it; and apparently for the great ability shown in dealing with the subject. It is now gone to the Upper House of Convocation, and what the result of their deliberation upon it may be, it is not for me even to guess. I have no special reason for knowing; I have had no communication with any one of them. But I rejoice in one thing,—I am perfectly sure that they must have ascertained, before they encouraged these discussions in the Lower House, and before they entertained the subject in their own, that they had a legal right to deal with it. I conclude that they must have had, in the list of matters commended to them by the Crown, the examination of books, and especially, perhaps, of Bishop Colenso's book, mentioned as one of the matters that their licence enabled them and empowered them to deal with. *I give them credit for that; for I am sure they are not rash men.* They are sober, discreet, as well as learned and able men; and they would not have rushed into such a danger of violating an Act of Parliament—the Act which relates to the supremacy of the Crown in these matters—without great caution, and being quite sure that they were right.'—*Addresses*, pp. 34, 35.

He then cites the precedents for the action of Convocation in the instances of Toland's and Whiston's publications, with the opinions of the Crown lawyers in the latter case. His further perplexities in reference to the question are put in the following perspicuous and characteristic manner:—

'The question in the present instance is involved in some peculiar difficulties, arising, not from the position of Bishop Colenso as a Bishop, but from the fact of his being a Bishop in a part of the Church, which, whether it be within the patriarchate of the Archbishop of Canterbury or not, I know not. What may be the effect of the proceeding in relation to his own Metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town, and from him whether an appeal is possible to the Archbishop of Canterbury or not, as I am told, has been a matter of question. These matters, however, must certainly have been settled on the knowledge and authority of the Crown lawyers before Convocation would have dealt with them. *Their having dealt with them is assurance to us that they have been advised well that they may so deal with them; and I am thankful for it.*'—*Addresses*, pp. 36, 37.

This knotty discussion is suitably enough reserved for the ears of the learned Clergy of the Cathedral. Country incumbents and curates are treated to plainer fare, but every word that falls from the Bishop's lips bespeaks lively sympathy with their difficulties, a full appreciation of their exertions and their sacrifices, an eager desire to promote every good work men's hearts have been moved to begin within the compass of his vast diocese. In the north of Devon, he speaks of peace and harmony throughout the district; the task of Church restoration engages many minds; he is thankful for the establishment of a middle school among them, where the sons of farmers and tradesmen may receive a better education than was hitherto within their reach, conducted on Christian and Church principles. The new institution reminds him of a similar one long before established at Probus, 'in a remote part of this diocese—in Cornwall,' with much success. The old fire of his indignant eloquence is kindled as he denounces the crying sin of Plymouth and our sea-port towns, its terrible consequences to its victims, the *unmanly* baseness and cowardice of the seducer: he rejoices over the Devon House of Mercy, founded by the Hon. Mr. Courtenay, Canon of Windsor, and the sister House in Cornwall, raised by the persevering zeal and devotion of that true servant of Christ, Mr. Everest, the Chaplain of Bodmin Gaol. Church Missions to Seamen on board the ships that fill our western harbours divide the thoughts of this large-souled man of eighty-six, with a care for the continued success of Training Colleges in the west, and for diocesan inspection of National Schools, and for the most effectual method of promoting among the pupils an intelligent knowledge of the Prayer-Book. Age may have bowed the outward frame, but has had no power over that free spirit: Bishop Phillpotts is no mere *laudator temporis acti*, even of those times when his intellect shone bright among the brightest: he lives in the present, he forecasts and provides for the future. Of the *practical* turn of his genius, we find no inadequate proof in the matter of these *Addresses*, which their editors have so happily published, in the just persuasion that 'the words then heard by the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter were such as they would not willingly let die.'

It was no part of the Bishop's design to enlarge upon the present prospects of the branch of Christ's Holy Church by God's mercy yet living in England; or to dwell much on those mingled hopes and doubts and fears which must perforce fill every mind intelligent enough to discern the spirit of the age. At Totnes, however, he does not shrink from acknowledging that the younger clergy who surround him 'have come into

'the Church in not its most flourishing period, but at a time when 'their zeal and faithfulness will be most useful, and most blest, 'and rewarded by their Heavenly Father' (*Addresses*, p. 12): as though the very hardships of their warfare as Ministers of the Lord need but enhance the glory of their future triumph. It must have been in Cornwall that the low and afflicted state of the Church—the alienation of a large majority of the population from all reverence for her services, or recognition of her character as their spiritual guide—would press most heavily on his thoughts. True, the evil is far from a new one; his first experience of it in all its intensity thirty years ago is said to have forced from him the sad complaint that *Methodism was the mother Church of Cornwall.* It is also an undoubted fact that in the chief towns and more enlightened districts Dissent has languished and the Catholic faith has signally revived within the last ten or twenty years: at Truro, Penzance, and Falmouth, the churches are crowded by constant and devout worshippers; in other towns, till quite recently very unpromising, such as Camborne and Liskeard, the tempered earnestness and diligence of the clergy have been blessed to an extent far beyond all reasonable anticipation. From the remoteness of its situation and some untoward circumstances, Cornwall is more destitute than any other part of England, except perhaps Lincolnshire, both of great resident landowners and of families of liberal training and cultivated intellect, whose very presence effects so much for the moral and religious well-being of a neighbourhood: yet those there are, are without exception attached to the Church; indeed, it cannot well be otherwise; no person of ordinary education or refinement ever attended a Dissenting service, *in parts where Dissent is rampant*, with any disposition to repeat the experiment. Yet while we thankfully hail these tokens and promises of better things to come, it is our painful duty to confess that in country parishes, especially in such as are far distant from the larger towns, and we must needs add in many of the mining districts also, the actual condition of things is deplorable. The little pamphlet which we name last at the head of our article contains four papers on the chief departments of parochial work, read to the Clerical Club of his Deanery, by one of the most hardworking, prudent, and liberal clergymen in the county: he stands well with Dissenters in his own parish and elsewhere, he has been sometimes known to yield to their claims when passive resistance would have been more seasonable. We say this to show that his account of what he sees and knows must be taken as the measured language of sobriety and truth, rather than as the ebullition of hot-headed zeal, without sense or discretion. 'Born and bred,' as he tells

us, 'and having spent a life of some forty or fifty years in the West of England, where Methodists abound;' addressing brethren who ought to be familiar with the topics he is discussing, he does not hesitate to speak as follows of the actual position of himself and his hearers in relation to most of the flocks they were sent to feed with the Word of eternal life:—

'Look at the majority of our country parishes in the districts of which I speak; the clergyman—is he not often the only Churchman in his parish? Of his small congregation, some come from habit, some from indifference to religion generally, some from interest, none from principle; and he stands *alone* as the representative of the Church, amongst his seven hundred, one thousand, or two thousand parishioners.'—*Clerical Papers*, p. 14.

The clergyman stands *alone:* scarce a soul comes near his pleasant parsonage without some interested motive, a favour to ask, or some perplexity in his ordinary business to solve, about which he would deem himself insane if he consulted the ignorant teachers, whom yet he thinks skilful enough to assume the direction of his soul and conscience. The clergyman may roughly estimate beforehand the number of such applications he will get in the week, by marking whether Farmer So-and-so pays him the compliment of attending church on Sunday. His pastoral visits are received much in the same way, sullenly, or with a welcome in proportion to the hopes and calculations of the visited. He seldom finds much difficulty in obtaining access to the sick and dying, but it is too often with a view to their imparting, not receiving, spiritual edification; Christ's messenger is lectured by the *professor* on the need of a sensible conversion, and has to listen in sadness, almost in silence, to rapturous anticipations of assured bliss, where the largest charity can hardly persuade him to stifle his misgivings. Of his scanty and irregular congregation, hardly one in twenty is a communicant; he is seldom so happy as to meet with one even in the fittest person he can nominate for his own churchwarden; and if he ever seems to himself to have made way enough for suggesting the Blessed Sacrament to some dying patient, he is put aside by some such language as was once addressed to the writer of this article:—'I know well my Lord's command, *Do 'this in remembrance of Me;* but I bless His Name that I have 'long since realized by faith more than a carnal ordinance can 'teach me. However, if it will do *you* any good, I will receive 'with you.' We return to the 'Clerical Papers:'—

'If any clergyman thinks or expects, as a clergyman, by any means to obtain or have ceded to him, by his people as at present constituted, at least in Dissenting districts, the position in his parish of chief spiritual adviser, to the exclusion or even to the prejudice of the tinker or the tailor, I cannot help saying, and I say it advisedly, that he is doomed to certain disappointment. He may thoroughly expose the tinker, and utterly defy the tailor, but to no

purpose, save that the dirt will stick only to his own fingers, and that the tinker and tailor, as objects of the parson's antagonism, will be raised to a higher position in parochial estimation. Nor supposing he essays another line, and fondly hopes, by adopting the popular opinions of these worthy gentlemen, to *win* his way to victory, and so beat them, as it were, at their own weapons, is he likely to meet with a better success? He will soon find that their weapons are too coarse for his handling—their secret means of carrying on the hidden warfare of far too unscrupulous a nature to suit his notions of propriety; and he will thus find a defeat awaiting him even more signal in this case than in the former, inasmuch as defeat here must carry with it an acknowledged superiority of the successful adversary, and a consequent complete cession of the ground.'—*Ibid.* p. 3.

This precious policy, the becoming a Methodist in order to win the Methodists, our Cornish friend tells us he has seen tried, 'and that, too, by able and energetic men, with wonder-'ful effect at first—crowded congregations, Methodist preachers 'coming to church, the meeting-houses partially closed, to the 'infinite disgust of their proprietors.' But he has seen, too, the end of this line of policy, which we must candidly admit has met with as much success as it deserves. Of the several instances which he details, in a vein of quiet humour, we will find room for one, though we do not pretend to know the person to whom he refers with so much particularity:—

'First, then, A., well known in the religious world as a popular commentator and writer. He, then, adopted the line above alluded to. Well, A. drew crowded congregations to his church and week-day lectures, and made a great stir for about three years. At the end of that time his influence began visibly to diminish, and his congregations to fall off; until, at the end of another three years, his influence was entirely gone, his congregations had dwindled down to their pristine paucity, and, *still a prophet in every man's parish but his own*, his own had ceased to receive him. Self-respect compelled A. to seek another sphere.'—*Ibid.* p. 4.

The simple fact is, that the post of a clergyman in a Cornish country parish resembles nothing so much as an outwork like Fort Sumter, to be held by its beleaguered garrison against all odds, for the sake of their own honour and the general safety. When the Methodist prophet, John Wesley, early in his career (1734), was for declining the living of Epworth, so long held by his excellent father, on the plea that a life of contempt was better suited to his spiritual health, he was shrewdly told by his brother Samuel:—'What you say of contempt is nothing to the 'purpose; for if you will go to Epworth, I will answer for it you 'shall, in a competent time, be despised as much as your heart 'can wish.' At the present day, the social rank and education of the parish priest exempt him for the most part, among his own people, from that contempt which his Master was content to bear for our sakes; but he is only exposed the more to the worse calamity of being the most envied and best hated man in the

neighbourhood. Envy, perhaps, he might buy off by renouncing the moderate, so frequently the *very* moderate, portion of worldly goods assigned to him by our pious ancestors, who had heard that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' but so long as the church bell shall sound to prayer, and its spire point heavenward, and he himself is at hand to teach and to rebuke, he will not fail to experience the melancholy truth that pure intentions, a frank and friendly bearing, moderation in upholding Divine truth, gentleness towards them that oppose, sincere love for souls, are no protection whatever against the assaults of adversaries, open or concealed. If, indeed, a man can bring himself to give up the contest in mere despair, and rest satisfied with performing decently his routine duties, and amuse himself with his own occupations and pursue his own tastes, he will find himself let off rather easily. He will be abused in private, *as he richly merits*, for a careless, selfish, ungodly ministry. But he will be doing the enemies' work too well to be roused to action by sharp or open reproach. He has abandoned his charge to the stranger, and that is enough. He may live on in peace for many a year, and, if his own heart will let him, he may lay him down at the last in peace to die. But we are thankful to say that few indeed of the Cornish clergy (personally we know not one) are found willing to purchase quiet at so dear a cost; and so they find themselves irrevocably committed to an unceasing warfare with those who hate them for the commission they bear. Fortunate is the new incumbent who soonest understands the terms on which he must live; who never expects to win love by conciliation, or confidence by bestowing confidence. There is something in the spirit of Dissent, working as it here does on coarse and untrained natures, which expels from the breast all candour, gratitude, or reverence for truth; unless, as will sometimes happen, it shall itself be expelled by the virtues against which it arrays itself. The clergyman gradually learns to prepare himself for being regarded as the worst man in his parish; for knowing that the wildest calumnies regarding him will find ready credence, though they be founded on no probable cause whatever; for finding sentiments and expressions freely imputed to him the very reverse of the reality; and he will at length come to acquiesce in the conviction that *it must be so;* that if he be at the trouble of refuting a lie to-day, it will only be replaced to-morrow by another as false and even more absurd. Well may our Clerical Club member say that our foe's 'secret 'means of carrying on the hidden warfare are far too unscrupulous 'to suit' honest, Christian men. It is only just to say that these remarks are true to a far less degree with regard to the older denominations of Nonconformists, such as the Independents and

the Baptists, than to the Methodist Connexion and the several yet lower forms of Dissent which have branched off from the parent society, mainly within the last few years. For ignorance, for vulgar turbulence, and utter recklessness about the means they employ, if only the end seem convenient, the bad pre-eminence must be assigned to a body which abuses the name of 'Bible Christians:' inasmuch as one great attraction they offer is the setting up women for public preachers, we may assume that such texts as 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35 are lacking in their Bible. Another of their ingenious schemes for keeping up excitement, which we found to be pretty general among them, first came upon us with something of the charm of novelty. We were once asked to sympathise with a Cornish rector's daughter in a matter about which she hardly knew whether she ought to be more vexed or amused:—She had taken some notice of a smiling, ruddy little girl of four or five years old at the national school, and had spent days and weeks in teaching her to recite a large portion of Keble's sweet Evening Hymn with simplicity and feeling. One Sunday the child was missing at the school, and the sly looks and nods with which her companions answered inquiries about her told too plainly that she had been led away captive by the Philistines; in fact, the fame of her hymn had reached the ears of the Bible Christian minister, the parish miller. On that luckless Sunday she was smuggled into his meeting-house, led up into his pulpit, and there were recited publicly (for the first time, we dare say, in such a place and to such an audience) the most touching stanzas contained in that glorious storehouse of Divine poetry, the 'Christian Year.' We had no better comfort to offer to the young lady, thus ruthlessly bereft of a favourite pupil, than that she now knew what her bees must feel when their honey is drawn.

We only wish that a keen eye to business never led these poor people to devices less harmless than we have just described. One of their practices, however, which proves a formidable obstacle to the clergy in the mining districts, is too characteristic to be left unnoticed. When a body of adventurers forms a company for opening and working a new mine, the superintendents, or *captains*, as they are termed, if there be no other meeting-house on the spot, or even though there be one, will often run up the four walls of an ugly barn, to be used as a place of worship, wherein they expect all persons employed in the mine to hire sittings. The labourers themselves have little or no choice in the matter; the captain or his subordinates puts the seventh day to profitable account, by turning preacher; the concern is a safe and sure investment, with quick returns; and it is really too much to expect that the miner, while the

opinions of all around him on these matters remain what they are, should trudge for miles to his parish church, while he has a conventicle at his own doors, for the support of which he must pay, whether he goes near it or not. In agricultural districts, again, some enterprising person is always at hand, who will venture his little capital in the same way, in the full security that the debt left on the building, after all donations are paid, will ere long be liquidated, principal and interest, by the familiar machinery of anniversary sermons, shilling tea-drinkings, lectures and temperance meetings, bazaars and magic-lanterns. In more than one neighbourhood we can name, *Good Friday* is chosen as the best time to effect two worthy purposes at once: to catch the labouring classes when released from work, and to insult, by their noisy gathering, and their profane and hideous music, the slender congregation of Church people, who are met together in their Lord's name to keep in solemn remembrance His death and passion for us men and for our salvation. On one occasion, we know, an Independent preacher, no strict observer of days and seasons, manfully remonstrated with the "Bible Christians" on the indecency of thus dishonouring a day which not he, but others, regarded with reverence and awe; but the appointment was too convenient to be changed, and he remonstrated in vain.

The consequences of this fearful state of things on the ministrations of the clergy and the morals of the people need hardly be so much as stated. It is only by dint of sustained efforts and constant watchfulness that about *two* per cent. of the whole population (the proper average is said to be *four* or *five*) can be brought yearly into the Church for Holy Baptism; the custom of returning thanks for a woman's safe delivery in child-birth is 'fast falling into disuse, and, in many cases, pretty-nigh forgotten altogether' (*Clerical Papers*, p. 30); in country places, where there is but one burial ground, and that in the churchyard, Dissenters will come to funerals in crowds,[1] and the clergyman is called upon, and can hardly refuse, to administer the full rites of Christian burial to many of whose baptism, even by a layman, he has no evidence; of whose life-long estrangement from the Church he possesses abundant proof. Another evil—whose gravity no language can exaggerate—the inevitable result of this Carnival of Disorder and Misrule, was deplored by the Bishop in his Addresses both at Bodmin and Truro: the growing disregard to Holy Matrimony, as a religious ordinance, and to the barriers set

[1] Some clergymen will seize this season, if there be anything remarkable in the case of the departed, to address, on the spot, in the middle of the service, a congregation whose faces they never see at other times.

up by God's law against unblessed and incestuous unions. He exhorts the clergy to remonstrate with their parishioners on the recent portentous increase of marriages contracted in the registrars' offices, and thinks that 'the women at least will 'be thankful to have those they are about to wed reminded 'what matrimony is and ought to be, and what the blessings 'of the Church and the promises of God upon it are. The 'women, if their minds are properly drawn to this subject, 'will insist, as a condition of their consent to wedlock, that 'the blessing of God should be prayed for and pronounced 'upon their union by His appointed minister' (*Addresses*, p. 27). Alas! the mischief is more deeply rooted than the venerated Prelate seems to imagine. We are not aware that the sin of unchastity is more common (it is certainly not less so) in Cornwall than in some other parts of England, especially in the southern counties; but in a large proportion of the unions formed before the registrar, the woman has forfeited her power of making terms; she is only too glad to be married anywhere and at any rate; and the Church's rich benediction on 'that 'blessed state which is the symbol and the image of God the Son's 'union with our nature' (*Addresses, ubi supra*) would be simply desecrated on the occasion of these unwilling, unloving contracts, inaugurated by the violation of the laws of God and the decent arrangements of social and domestic life.

We must again remind the reader that this melancholy detail of the Church's weakness and the people's loss, though generally, is not (God be thanked for it) universally true throughout every part of the south-western county. In the towns, as we have been careful to state, with much to lament there is somewhat to rejoice at for the present, and a good hope for the future. Even in some country parishes, which are favoured in being the residence of the landed proprietors, or where the clergyman is a person of conspicuous station or easy fortune (we do not think that, as a rule, mere personal character, or distinguished ability, or warm piety, make anything in his behalf), there will be found moderate congregations, composed of persons who think it proper or convenient to attend Church once on Sundays, though they may all be more or less connected with some sectarian body. But if, in the whole length of Cornwall, from Launceston to Scilly, there is one neighbourhood in which the Church maintains the place its dutiful children would fain desire, it is in the district committed to the charge of that remarkable man whose name stands on the title-page of the volume second in place at the head of this article. Mr. Aitken's career as a minister of Christ has been so peculiar, the visible success that has crowned

his labours presents so striking a contrast to all we have seen or heard of elsewhere in the county, that our readers, to whom his position and character may be less familiar than it is to us, will pardon us if we try to discover the secret of a success which, even if only temporary, is sufficiently striking, and such as could have been anticipated neither by himself nor his warmest friends.

The Peel District of Pendeen forms a part of the parish of St. Just-in-Penwith, of which the well-known Mr. Gorham was for some years vicar, and lived but a sorry life among a people as obstinate and cross-grained as himself. The three parishes which lie immediately to the south of Pendeen comprise the Deanery of Buryan, founded by King Athelstan as a College of Priests, after his conquest of the Scilly Isles; the Dean of Buryan, now the sole and the well-endowed incumbent of the whole group, has brought unmerited scandal and shame upon the Church in those parts by nearly half a century's continuous non-residence. Seaward is Cape Cornwall, which 'looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;' that bold headland so well remembered even by casual visitors to the Land's End. The whole region is as bleak and wild as can easily be conceived; the soil barren and destitute of trees, which the furious blasts from the Atlantic forbid to rise above the shelter of a garden-wall; all the wealth of the country and the main subsistence of the people is in the tin and copper mines, one of which (Botallack) runs into the Ocean, far below the bed of its waters.

Such was the sphere of duty to which Mr. Aitken was called by his present Diocesan some fourteen years ago. He was then somewhat advanced in middle life, but full of hope and energy and love for men's souls. He found in his new preferment—*ἄδωρον δῶρον* he might deem it—enough to task all his powers to the utmost: no church, no schools, no congregation, no Church-feeling, or even the semblance of it. His nominal flock consisted of some three or four thousand rude miners, some calling themselves Methodists, others destitute of the bare notion of religious life. For once the man's spirit quailed; he almost despaired, and offered to decline the charge he had accepted. He was told by his patron that he was bound to go on; and then, resting on God's help, he set himself vigorously to the work. Fortunately for him, he was not a poor man, and could draw on the resources of pious friends at a distance; and so in this physical and moral wilderness there soon arose a temporary church, into which his impassioned oratory and the unction of his teaching brought crowds who had never joined in our service before. This was hardly a beginning;—any earnest preacher, who will but throw

aside his book and look his hearers in the face, can do nearly as much for a short time in any the darkest corner of poor Cornwall: we have seen the end of this passing excitement as described in the 'Clerical Papers' (see p. 10). Mr. Aitken effected far more than to attract an audience; he retained them; he won them over to himself and to the Church; those who had hitherto gone to meeting wandered no more; the frequenter of the beer-shop became a changed man, a constant and devout worshipper, an habitual communicant. The temporary edifice gave place in four years to a spacious stone church, whose storied windows and rich decorations would have seemed more suited to a Cathedral city than a poor colony of humble miners; school-buildings and a handsome residence followed in due time (for the good man holds that the earth belongeth to the saints); and thus in a country where to cheat the parson or to charge him twofold would almost seem to be regarded as the eighth cardinal virtue, the materials for church, schools, and residence, were carried from a distance and at heavy cost, by the cheerful hands of the farmers of the district. We profess ourselves utterly unable to gauge the influence which has produced results so far surpassing all that is experienced elsewhere. As he began, so does this sincere and laborious man proceed. His church is as full, his sermons as long or longer, his hearers as patient, his power for good as great, as when all wore the bloom of novelty, and before love and zeal had space to wax cold.

Sincerely honouring Mr. Aitken's self-devotion, rejoicing in his almost marvellous success, we opened his book, entitled, 'The Prayer-Book unveiled in the Light of Christ,' now just published, with profound and anxious interest. It is regarded by the many who admire and reverence him as a formal exposition of his theological views; and those who in other spheres have their own work laid upon them as ministers of the Lord's Church in England may easily be pardoned for inquiring into the character of that teaching which is received by so many as the very Gospel of Christ. Any high degree of literary ability, at all adequate to his power in preaching and extemporary prayer, could hardly be looked for, in the circumstances of the case: it is no disparagement to Mr. Aitken that he expends his whole mind on pastoral work and preparation for the pulpit; and such a course of life must tell unfavourably on literary composition. A great preacher may be, and often is, an indifferent writer: what a mighty man was Whitfield in Moorfields or at the Tabernacle; what a poor creature when he took a pen in hand! We will not, therefore, look for, and certainly shall not find, in this volume severe logic, exact learning, precision of thought, or neat expression—a certain rude energy there must be in any

composition on which a strong mind has exercised its best powers in regard to a subject with which it is intimately familiar: this is all we have a right to expect, and this obtained may satisfy us. If we desire information respecting the system and scheme of doctrine which has seemed to accomplish results so decidedly successful, we shall not here be disappointed, though we may and must rise from our investigation with serious misgivings as to the soundness of Mr. Aitken's teaching, with heartfelt sorrow that so much wholesome truth is modified and, in some degree, neutralized by dangerous error.

And we will begin with the pleasing duty of thankfully acknowledging that no writer is more bold than the Incumbent of Pendeen in denouncing the miserable sectarianism of the times; no one can see more clearly the mischief it has done and is doing wherever Christianity is professed. The motto on his title-page strikes as it were the keynote of his whole volume, 'The work of the Spirit in the world is only a preparation for 'the life of Christ in the Church;' and few statements can be more effective, none more sadly true, than the following in the very opening of the book, which takes the form of a series of letters addressed to that able and eminent Nonconformist, Mr. Thomas Binney. After speaking of his recovery from recent illness, he proceeds:—

'Through God's mercy I am again fit for work, and no kind of work can be attempted which is more difficult and more needful than the restoration of unity among professing Christians. *Unhappily, its necessity is not felt as it ought to be.* Our lamentable and long-continued differences and divisions have naturally enough induced and fostered misconceptions respecting unity, which are held, and acted upon, without misgivings or any consciousness of wrong. There seems to be no suspicion of the fact, that, by a righteous retribution, we are under the domination of a devisive spirit—that the religious mind of the day is not convicted of the sin of violating Christian precepts and of disregarding apostolical injunctions in the matter of unity, and that the inquiry, "What is the will of God respecting it?" is actually foreign to the spirit of the age. At the same time, there is, undeniably, a very general desire for unity, although it does not proceed from the right principle, and is not very ardent. ... If men do not see that disunion is antichristian, yet they are made to feel that it is a disturbing element, doing the work of an enemy in every parish, and gathering strength for more disastrous conflicts; and if unity could be restored, in accordance with their own views and principles, it would be thankfully accepted by all whose individual interests would not be affected, and whose narrow-minded prejudices would not be offended by its restoration.'—(Pp. 1, 2.)

It is impossible to read Mr. Aitken's volume, especially his seventh letter, on 'The Church as God's Witness for Christianity,' without feeling convinced that he has taken up and will maintain his position, whether wisely or advisedly may indeed be questioned, but in an honest temper and a resolute purpose to follow which he believes to be the guidance of the Divine

Spirit. The most devoted Churchman could not expatiate more fondly than he does upon the harmony and comprehensiveness of the system of Christian teaching which is contained in the proper services appointed in the Prayer-Book throughout the year. Advent and Christmas, Circumcision and Epiphany, Easter and Pentecost, each bring to him their fit lessons, like wholesome meat in due season. The Church is to him, as much as to any of us, the pillar and ground of the truth. 'The Church and Christianity,' he says, 'are inseparable, and cannot 'and do not exist apart from each other. Nonconformists and 'Evangelicals may in individual cases have a measure of the 'Christian spirit, and may recognise in some degree the obliga-'tions of Christian precepts, that is, they may be better than 'their systems . . . [but] the moment the light of Christianity 'breaks in upon the mind, separation from the Church becomes 'an impossibility. . . . We see it our high privilege and glory 'to be united to the body of Christ, and thus to have true fel-'lowship with Him in His sufferings.'—(Pp. 286, 287.) It will not now surprise the reader to be told that nowhere throughout England is the public service of the Sanctuary conducted with more regard to decency and order, nowhere is the full choral service more carefully rendered, than in this remote nook of Methodist Cornwall. The rough miners are proud of their district church, love the Gregorian chant, which with their neighbours is a byeword of reproach; the sacred edifice, opened each day for public prayer, is never void of private worshippers, there pouring out their supplications before God; it may be doubted whether the constant and devout communicants abounding in this one place do not exceed in number those of all other country parishes in the county put together.

It is hard, most hard, to speak of one who, by Divine permission, has done so great things where nearly every one else would have utterly failed, in any other tone than that of thankfulness and glad commendation. Yet if, with so much to praise, there be just cause for censure and rebuke, truth must not be dissembled, though it ought to be spoken in love. Much of this man's vast power over the minds of others springs no doubt from his thorough singleness of purpose, his fearless resolution, his religious earnestness, his persuasive manner, the very strength and might of his voice. With a large portion of his flock it is the greatest recommendation of all that in his system the grandeur of Catholic unity and the beauty of ritualism to which they had hitherto been strangers were mixed up, and in some sort made to combine with, what they had long learnt to regard as the sum and substance of true religion—the Wesleyan dogmas of sensible conversion and personal assurance of justification through

faith. It is the genuine, persevering, deliberate attempt to harmonize systems in general estimation so much at variance, which we believe to be the secret of his ministerial acceptance, as it renders his book a perfect marvel in its way: a curious mosaic, wherein white stones are minged with black in such a variety of intricate forms that the most experienced eye loses itself in the vain attempt to trace the designer's pattern. Mr. Aitken is trying to blend two opposite and indeed contradictory theories, each of which possesses something to attract his sympathies, and for the upholders of either and both he would fain entertain no feelings save those of charity and brotherly love. While expatiating on the admirable arrangements of the Church's services throughout the year, his style warms with his subject, as he endeavours to exhibit to his Nonconformist correspondent a glimpse of 'the glories of our Father's house.' But then the prayers and the thanksgivings, even the deep confession of sin at the opening of our daily service,—these are for the *converted;* the whole liturgy was constructed solely for them, and if others use it they use what was never designed for such as they are, and can neither profit nor edify. Yet towards the mass of Churchmen, who reject and disbelieve his peculiar views, he expresses as much sympathy and regard as his system will permit. He evidently desires to speak of them as favourably as he may.

'The piety which they have,' he writes, '(for very many unconverted men have a certain kind of piety) is of the Christian type. Legal, of course, it must be; but let it be remembered that its legality is not the only thing which distinguishes it from the piety of the Nonconformist and the Evangelical. They fast forty days because Christ fasted forty days. They regard the Cross as the symbol of Christianity. It is not to them merely the instrument of our Saviour's sufferings and death, but the emblem of self-crucifixion—of the daily cross which they must take up if they would be the followers of Jesus. They see self with singular clearness, and they understand the meaning of the precept—Deny thyself. They see holiness, and they are consequently reverential; and they are trying to attain to it' [to holiness, we presume] 'in their own way. They understand what is meant by worship, and they would not consider they had done their duty if they did not offer up a service of worship unto God. They have wrong views, it is true, of the Sacrament of Baptism' [*i. e.* they believe that in holy Baptism they became united with the very body of Christ, and 'put on Christ' (Gal. iii. 27):—'Clothed themselves in Him—in His body as a garment,' to borrow the exposition of Mr. Aitken's own Diocesan *Addresses*, p. 47], 'but their very error is in the right direction, if I may so express it. They hope to obtain the grace of justification by partaking of the Holy Communion' [we think we never heard this before, but let it pass]; 'still, somehow they imagine that they receive Christ, and that by receiving Him they are more and more justified. Their conceptions are just what we might expect unconverted men to entertain, who adhere to the letter of the Word, and whose minds are so far enlightened by the teaching of the Church. Their whole system of externalism has reference to Christ, and is a certain kind of acknowledgment that Christ is so represented by his Church; that He is

given to us through His Church, and that it is the Church's proper work and duty to manifest and uphold the truth. In short, the Church is to them *the kingdom and body of Christ*, and they account themselves the members of the body.'—Pp. 284–286.

It is hard to see why those who have realized this much of the power of Christ's *Gospel* should be set down among the unconverted, and that without any question or scruple on the part of one who is manifestly ready to speak and think of them the best he can. The very next sentence after the long passage we have quoted puts us at once in possession of the grounds of Mr. Aitken's judgment, and of the cause of his singular and involuntary mistake:—

'All this would become at once right and real if they were made spiritually alive to God by the saving reception of the doctrine of justification by faith; and it is not unreal [real ?] because it is not livingly exemplified.'

Does Mr. Aitken then suppose that 'unconverted Churchmen' look to their own works of penitence and self-discipline, of self-denial and of charity, for acceptance with God, and not to a humble trust on their Heavenly Father's mercy through Christ, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification? Strange as such a notion may seem, we can draw no other conclusion from his plain and hearty words, and our inference is strongly confirmed by a remarkable passage in his second letter on 'The Revision of the Liturgy,' in which he tells us that 'High Churchmen would like to have the Eleventh Article omitted altogether'! (P. 21.) Surely we may reply that a man best shows his faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice as the sole cause of salvation, when the conviction of that Divine truth leads him onward to cultivate the graces of a Christian character, while he walks closely in the way of God's own ordinances. Those who lay such undue stress on loud and unfruitful professions of a belief in Christ as the cause of justification, may well be reminded of the words of William Law, the author of the 'Serious Call,' 'that the head can as easily 'amuse itself with a living and justifying faith in the blood of 'Jesus as with any other notion.'

And then again, as to the second of those errors which Mr. Aitken has borrowed, whether consciously or not, from the sectarians whom he rebukes so gravely and with so much justice—the necessity of an *assurance* of our adoption of sons of God, and of the justification of our persons. Our author does not hesitate to employ, in reference to this subject, language the strongest and the most uncompromising that can be conceived:—

'The unconverted Churchman says [and we say, too], "I do not deny that some may have an evidence of pardon and acceptance, but is it necessary for all?"

What does this mean? Why, pardon and acceptance is the very first living stage in our journey to heaven. It is true that baptized infants are under a special dispensation of blessing, but that dispensation ends with infancy—that is, when the age of responsibility and the capability of exercising faith are attained. Without the exercise of living faith—which is God's gift to the repentant sinner—the state of justification cannot be attained; and the state of justification has its characteristic blessedness as well as its spiritual powers; and a sense of forgiveness and acceptance—together with the joys of the Holy Ghost and the witness of the Spirit—are actually to us the evidences of our justification. To the newly-justified—to the very "babe in Christ"—S. John says, "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you*; I write unto you, little children, because *ye know the Father*," as your reconciled Father and God. "Whosoever believeth in Him," saith S. Peter, "receiveth remission of sins;" and S. Paul says, "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things." Now, as our great Apostle saith, "we have received the Spirit of God that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God;" and S. John saith, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and our blessed Lord saith, "Every one that asketh receiveth; he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened;" and yet the unconverted Churchman says, "Is it necessary that every one should have a sense of forgiveness and acceptance?" If I am to be free from blood-guiltiness, I must answer, "It is *absolutely necessary*—necessary for salvation: necessary no less for *Christian progress*, for we have 'knowledge of salvation by the remission of our sins,' and 'the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation *to every one* that believeth.'" Oh! that never more might be heard that ignoble, that God-dishonouring question, "Is it *necessary for all?*"—*Preface*, pp. xvii–xix.

And thus we are brought to a pass. We have thankfully recognised the labours and rejoiced over the successes of this earnest and diligent minister of Christ; yet for ourselves, for all who think with us (and it is much if the Apostle of the Gentiles would not have sympathised with us in some of our doubts and struggles and spiritual sorrows—Rom. vii. 18–25; 1 Cor. ix. 27), there can be no hope of salvation unless we hold what he does, on a point upon which Holy Scripture, and the general sense of Christ's Church, have decided nothing. As regards the passages our author cites from the New Testament, we greatly wonder that so acute a mind as his should not have perceived their utter irrelevancy to the matter at issue. We cannot and we will not question the truth of God's promises to all that truly believe and repent; we may and too often must suspect our own frail and sinful hearts, their treachery, their fickleness, their love of sin and coldness to spiritual things. We dare say some such doctrine as his was insisted on by John Wesley, when his spirit was fired within him at once by his opening work and by the visible blessing that seemed to accompany it. The Methodist Apostle used widely different language to a fearful penitent when seventy-five summers had taught him more of the human heart, more of the various ways by which God's mysterious Providence condescends to work, in order to bring about the salvation of His creatures.

'You are continually inclined to write bitter things against yourself, says Wesley, in 1778, to a member of his Society. 'Hence you are easily persuaded to believe him that tells you that you are "void of every degree of saving faith." No, that is not the case, for salvation is only by faith, and you have received a degree of salvation. You are saved from many sins—from the corruption that overspreads the land as a flood. You are saved, in a degree, from inward sins—from impenitence, for you know and feel yourself a sinner. You are saved, in a degree, from pride, for you begin to know yourself poor and helpless. You are saved from seeking happiness in the world. This is not a small thing. Oh! praise God for all you have, and trust Him for all you want.'

These are wise and consoling words, though spoken by the sorest enemy who ever rose against that Church which he yet loved so well. If Mr. Aitken would but weigh them and adopt them as his own, his zeal and his usefulness need be no whit the less; his charity to those who humbly seek to serve God in humility and patience, though not after the rule of his dogmatic teaching, might become somewhat greater. If it be true that he estimates from his own experience that not more than one in ten of his converts persevere when the first warmth of their enthusiasm has subsided, he may find some cause to apprehend that incessant excitement, long extemporary prayers, outward manifestations of mental struggles, the perpetual habit of analysing mental emotions, may not after all prove the most hopeful means towards the fruition of that blessing which the prophet foreshadows when he declares, 'Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for 'us: for Thou also hast wrought all our works in us. Thou wilt 'keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: be-'cause he trusteth in Thee.'

Those who have cared to follow our melancholy description of the actual state of the Church in Cornwall may well understand the fervent desire of its clergy to obtain the direct superintendence of a Bishop of their own, who might reside among them, as no Bishop of Exeter ever has done, or indeed can do. The diocese is the largest in area, the third in number of benefices of all the overgrown dioceses of England. The very shape and situation of Cornwall render it hard of access; the people are a separate race, who must needs be handled gently though firmly; thoroughly estranged from the Church; readily susceptible of religious impressions, yet little inclined to bend to the law of Christian meekness and holiness. That the principal laymen of the county are in a great measure indifferent to securing a separate Bishop for Cornwall may be quite true; it is hard for them to estimate the value of a privilege they have never enjoyed; yet, if by God's goodness that grave and solemn office were committed to a man whose heart was in his work, they also would rally round him in course of time, and the clergy would have the comfort of lay co-operation in works of charity

and of pious duty, which they are now compelled to undertake almost single-handed. Even now it is believed that things are not so bad as they were; in the towns the improvement is manifest; in the remotest villages a generation is growing up, whose training in the national schools will have in some measure secured them from the assaults of coarse and vulgar fanaticism, and who cannot so entirely forget the fostering care and patient labours of their minister, which they witnessed in the schoolroom from day to day, as to take him much longer for a mere monster of selfishness and godless pride. The author of the 'Clerical Papers' we have so often cited is a judicious and a moderate man, with abundant means of observation, and a temperament the reverse of sanguine; yet his vigorous style rises almost to eloquence, as he contemplates the prospect he sees before him:—

'If we will scrutinize a little closely the signs of the times, we cannot but be convinced that the moral and religious influence of Dissent, rampant as it may appear to be, is even now upon the wane. The religious man is already beginning to be disgusted with its worldliness; the honest man with its duplicity; the liberal man with its intolerance; the intelligent man with its pretentious ignorance; the inquiring man with its uncertainty of sound; and the benevolent man with its bitterness of spirit. The day, then, cannot be far distant, we may rest assured, when Dissent will be weighed in a juster balance—when, no longer protected by the veil of prejudice or the mask of hypocrisy, it will be thoroughly understood, and as thoroughly despised.—*Clerical Papers*, p. 10.

God grant that these anticipations may be realized before the eyes of some of us that have witnessed the humiliation of Christ's Church in Cornwall! May her clergy be found worthy ministers of the Word and sacraments to a united people, their joy and their crown in the day of the Lord!

ART. VIII.—*Our Old Home.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Two Vols. Smith and Elder.

THE wish to know what others think of us, and say about us, brings to the individual as little satisfaction in its indulgence as any of our natural desires can possibly do. By chance and unsought-for, we may now and then hear something pleasant and gratifying to our self-love; but an honest opinion, which we lay ourselves out to hear, is perfectly certain to have some bitterness in it, some qualification, turning the sweet of even seeming commendation to sour. The praise is not the praise we care for, while the blame or disparagement is quite certain to hit some peculiarly sensitive place and to rankle in the memory. This experience is so universal, that a very moderate degree of sense, judgment, and manners, suffices to suppress displays of this curiosity in the individual, while a further moral advance really quenches it: we know that there is no happiness or even untainted amusement to be got in that direction. But the wisest amongst us still shows his sympathy with this inherent curiosity of our nature by the desire he evinces to learn what is thought of the family, the circle, the class, the nation, of which he is a member, and by the excitement which any new declaration of opinion always awakes in him. No doubt this interest in what others say and think of our country may be explained on quite other grounds than vanity or egotism; but apart from any idea of improvement, of profiting by the remarks of foreigners or strangers, he wants to know what they have said; and this, with a touch of the same motives which prompts the inexperienced individual to listen to tales of a directly personal interest. When the opinion is favourable, something in each particular unit that makes up the whole is flattered; when it is adverse or contemptuous, a sense of personal injury pervades every member of the community. The work before us has, in a very particular degree, excited this aggregate of personal feeling. We have been flattered now and then, and insulted very often, by Mr. Hawthorne's impressions of England and the English, and each time our individuality has been touched. In one sense, the particular frame of mind of the reader is a great advantage to an author; it invests what he says with more point and meaning than a perfectly disinterested, unconcerned reader might see in it, and makes epithets stick, and contract force half through the quick perception and irritable consciousness of the reader. There is, for instance, the epithet 'bulbous.' We might easily pass it over if

applied to Frenchmen or Germans, but when affixed to the ideal Englishman it makes an impression. It may be repelled and disowned, but there it is: somebody has called us bulbous, and we shall remember it, and see an appropriate rotundity in the word, whether fairly or not applied to the typical British form. As a rule, the English reader's quarrel with Mr. Hawthorne will not be with his wording. He has, in fact, a very happy vocabulary; and the pleasure in his pages is often derivable, not from agreement with his sentiments, but from the neat turn with which they are given, and that fullness and expressiveness of diction which makes him one of the most agreeable of American writers on whatever subject he chooses to dilate.

Mr. Hawthorne stigmatises the English as a one-eyed generation. He attributes our success to this quality: we never see both sides, and are, therefore, the more ready for action. Dr. Johnson was an essentially English moralist for this reason; his very sense and sagacity were but a one-eyed clear-sightedness; and we are to suppose that this defect assisted his efforts at good. For it is but one-eyed people who love to advise. When a man opens both his eyes, he generally sees about as many reasons for acting in one way as in any other, and quite as many for acting in neither. For himself and his countrymen Mr. Hawthorne claims two eyes, in opposition to the blinking Old World; and in his case, at any rate, we will not dispute it; though it is the mere truth, without a grain of spite in it, that these eyes have a knack of obliquity, and are always undoing one another's conclusion. Thus, we are constantly left to our own judgment, to decide which is his real opinion between two opposite ones, set down with an equal air of conviction, in defiance or forgetfulness of the other. For ourselves, we do not dislike this, and would rather have an observer's impressions as they arise, however absolutely conflicting, than mere conclusions of the mature judgment. Nobody can be keenly, sensitively observant amid new scenes, and always consistent, especially if his fancy is an active part of himself. The more faculties his observation represents the more unlikely it is that they should uniformly act in harmony—the more certain, in fact, that they should show themselves at odds. In the case before us, the conclusions are constantly at direct variance with immediate impressions, and we deliberately prefer the impressions, and find ourselves always more offended when Mr. Hawthorne generalizes than when he gives us the actual effect upon his mind of any particular incident, or scene, or English characteristic. When he sets himself to record what he sees, and what he thinks of what he sees at the very time of seeing it, he takes pains to be exact. He feels all the delight of per-

petuating a momentary or, at least, a temporary posture of his own mind. He aims at being fair—as seeing with his own eyes. He is upon honour with himself not to let other men's judgments obscure his own clearness of vision. In all this he is the practised writer whose business it is, whose duty and credit alike, to convey effects in the very likeness in which he receives them. But away from this immediate contact, he is the American and the patriot; and it is in these characters that he draws his conclusions. His own impressions, whether favourable or unfavourable, have a reality about them, and a personal character which the others want: they are the real thoughts of a man of talent, and as such deserve our patient and candid attention, the rather, because he is more careful to be faithful to his own idea than to seem consistent—an appearance which very often cannot be maintained but at the cost of truth. In his conclusions we seem to see a relapse into prejudice and foregone trains of thought, not only in indulgence to his own nationality, but from willingness to please and propitiate his countrymen, whose self-love may now and then have been wounded by the candour with which certain good things in England are pronounced to be good, and beyond the reach of the New Country.

In one point, the position of first impressions and conclusions has been reversed; and that point is one most certain to excite the curiosity, and stimulate—shall we call it the passions of —the English reader. We mean that question which has evoked by far the greater amount of comment from our press and universal quotation—the good looks of the English people. Mr. Hawthorne found us, on first landing, so very far short of those good looks assumed amongst ourselves as a national characteristic, that his opinion can scarcely be expressed by other terms than as the very reverse of our own. He seems to have really thought us ill-looking; unpleasant objects for the eye to rest upon. Not only bulbous, as we have already said, but otherwise misformed—long-bodied, short-legged, with faces red and mottled, and with double chins; our heavy-wittedness expressed in our stolid, earthy, material aspect and deportment; the *toute ensemble*, heavy, homely, rough, coarse-grained, and abominably ill-dressed. Ever since his ancestors, the Puritan fathers, carried off the spirit and adventure and genius of the nation, these gross qualities have had the ascendant—an ascendancy that grows with the ages—so that in course of time the Englishman will be the 'earthiest creature on the world's surface.' And as if this was not enough—which would, in fact, be endurable alone—he descends with a heavier sledge-hammer; he exercises himself in viler terms of disparagement; he insults with more

elaborate and deliberate vituperation the exterior of the English-woman. We use figuratively the expression to 'cut up' when we would describe a merciless onslaught; but this man, when he cuts up the British female, means what he says. It irks him to see her with whole skin and bones compact; he owns that he cannot contemplate, without sanguinary ideas and horrible suggestions of his fancy, the calm, weighty face and form of an English dowager. Even when he would be civil, or, at least, free from extremes, he is full of offensive phrases, expressive of unwieldiness, homeliness, and large physical endowments. The white skin has a heavy substratum of clay beneath. The English girl is comely rather than pretty, and her roses are too damask. Even if a violet in her youth, she develops too surely into a peony. The charms of the humbler class are few indeed, and the 'female Bull,' as it is elegantly put, though not ill-suited to John Bull himself, comes below him in all physical advantages. Now, when we read all this, we are at first of course indignant; but beneath all is a consciousness—an awkward consciousness—that while we would stand up for English beauty as a national quality, which we have a just right to assert, because it has hitherto been pretty invariably granted, we have perhaps taken it more on faith than we knew we had till we come to face the matter. If every man, or the majority of men, in New York or Boston are tall and well-formed, intelligent and spiritual-looking—if every young woman there is beautiful, and every middle-aged and old one retains unmistakable traces of that beauty, in an ethereal cast of features, we own we must give it up. Truth to tell, we do not very often see an absolutely beautiful woman—not many men of the Antinous type. We may walk through long streets and busy thoroughfares, and, especially if the wind be at east, be forced to admit that a cold, unexcited crowd, intent on homely cares, has, just on the surface of it, not much beauty to boast of. We are ashamed to say as much; but we have just been commending Mr. Hawthorne's honesty when he speaks of what he sees, and we would not come short of it. And yet we shall find we have seen in the human forms and faces our eyes have rested on, in the impressions they have left on us, an idea of beauty. We know from them, as a whole, what man and woman ought to look like, and how the nobler nature should show itself through feature and expression, and we firmly believe that no other country will furnish us with a higher idea—not only in its higher ranks, but taking the people through—of what beauty is in form, colour, and expression, in the perfect type. We have no desire to avenge ourselves on American writers by a retort. Strangers in America are very ready to allow beauty to American women,

though its duration, from all accounts, is even more short-lived than the Old World has always owned it to be; but we still believe that we have glimpses of a nobler beauty here from effects we catch and put together—seen in less regular features perhaps than are common in New England, but related to some grander, more expressive form of grace. And we may also claim the possession among ourselves of a higher perfection of form and absolute beauty, for—and here comes that conclusion which contradicts Mr. Hawthorne's first impressions—he himself allows it us. It was in England he saw that 'young lady in white,' of such supereminence of beauty, that he hardly thought there existed such 'outside a picture frame or the covers of a romance'—an apparition distinct and singular, but which fulfilled his ideas of the perfect woman. While, to descend from these romantic heights, on the same occasion, which occurs at the end of the second volume, he attributes to our man-kind a certain something—an air, a manner, a distinction, a sign of dominant race and noble progenitors—which he had not met with in his own country, and evidently has not much expectation of ever meeting. Let us give a few of these retractations:—

'Be that as it might, while straying hither and thither, through those crowded apartments, I saw much reason for modifying certain heterodox opinions which I had imbibed in my Transatlantic newness and rawness as regarded the delicate character and frequent occurrence of English beauty. To state the entire truth (being at this period some years old in English life), my taste, I fear, had long since begun to be deteriorated by acquaintance with other models of feminine loveliness than it was my happiness to know in America. I often found, or seemed to find, if I may dare to confess it, in the persons of such of my dear countrywomen as I now occasionally met, a certain meagreness (Heaven forbid that I should call it scrawniness!), a deficiency of physical development, a scantiness, so to speak, in the pattern of their material make, a paleness of complexion, a thinness of voice,—all which characteristics, nevertheless, only made me resolve so much the more steadily to uphold these fair creatures as angels, because I was sometimes driven to a half-acknowledgment that the English ladies, looked at from a lower point of view, were, perhaps, a little finer animals than they.'—*Our Old Home*, vol. ii. p. 280.

While of the men, who at first gave him the impression of a heavy, homely people—not, indeed, repulsive, but in whom it required more familiarity with the national character than he then possessed always to detect the good breeding of a gentleman, with whose animal bulk he complacently contrasted American paleness and leanness of flesh—he now writes:—

'I state these results of my earliest glimpses at Englishmen, not for what they are worth, but because I ultimately gave them up as worth little or nothing. In course of time, I came to the conclusion that Englishmen, of all ages, are rather good-looking people, dress in admirable taste from their own point of view, and, under a surface never silken to the touch, have a refinement of

manners too thorough and genuine to be thought of as a separate endowment; —that is to say, if the individual himself be a man of station, and has had a gentleman for his father and grandfather. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature does not refine itself short of the third generation.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 257.

Of clowns, male and female, perhaps we have not to record such a change of feeling, except where he notes a sort of 'witchery,' 'a robe of simple beauty and suitable behaviour in 'some of the younger women among the poor and low-born, a 'manner with its own proper grace, neither affected nor imi-'tative of something higher,' which he believes to be vanishing out of the earth altogether, and which he deems impossible in America, where all, from the 'upper-tendom to the kennel,' aim at the same standard.

We ought, perhaps, to apologise for giving so much space in these pages to the subject of mere personal good looks or otherwise. There are persons, perhaps, who could regard Mr. Hawthorne with precisely the same degree of favour, whether he appreciates or disparages, extols or maligns us in these immaterial particulars; but he himself is not one of this complexion. What he thinks of one outside, with his æsthetic leanings, determines everything else. When he thinks us plain, mottled, and bulbous, so are our natures and our institutions in his eyes; when his eyes take a fairer, less prejudiced survey, his judgment is simultaneously at work rectifying his mistakes. We consider that by beginning in this order we attain to the truest understanding of our mutual position; for Mr. Hawthorne is one of those lovers of the beautiful who naturally begin from the outside of things, and thence make their way to heart and kernel, if they ever make way to them. And indeed, this is the plan unavoidable to a traveller who comes to judge for himself.

Among the one-eyed men we have said that Mr. Hawthorne does not class himself, nor does he deserve to be so classed. Those qualities of the fancy and imagination which have made his reputation, and on which the interest of what he says mainly depends, are in him strangely crossed by a spirit of disbelief and mistrust. He is aware of this in a degree, and alludes complacently to the 'one little grain of hard New England sense, 'oddly enough thrown in among the flimsier composition of his 'character.' The effect of this one little grain upon his other qualities is not always felicitous. We believe it to be, as he says, the national character acting upon the individual character; and that had he been English-born he would have allowed himself more rein; as it is, he is always pulling himself up, and is never really carried away or fairly possessed by his own sentiment of enthusiasm. His plan uniformly is to express frankly and simply what he feels, as an observer, unprejudiced and open to

all natural impressions and influences, and he will finish his picture in this spirit. But then always interposes the American, the New Englander, the Northerner, to undo and defeat its effect upon the reader. We see that he has, after all, only half felt, or momentarily felt, what he has eloquently described. Perhaps education makes this tethered appreciation all that is possible; a restless analysis of every sensation may induce the same habit in all minds that indulge in it. Certain it is that Mr. Hawthorne's enthusiasm, though very expressive and not hard to evoke, and bestowed on worthy objects, stops short of effects. Thus nothing can be more satisfactory than the impression an English cathedral makes on him. We take him to our heart in cordial sympathy as he records the effect produced by that of Lichfield, the first he had seen. 'To my uninstructed vision, it seemed the object best worth looking at in the whole world,' which is clearly the impression a noble cathedral ought to make on inexperienced eyes. It ought to overpower with a weight of undistinguishing awe and admiration, and this Mr. Hawthorne very well expresses. But these effects have not their legitimate influence upon him. The whole man is not carried away; his fancy, not his heart, is warmed, and he finds a pleasure in disenchanting both himself and his reader. We find the religiousness and the use of our great churches have never got hold of him; he is too busy analyzing sensations and using both his eyes to take them in. This we mention as a characteristic, and often a provoking and disappointing one. There would be more power in his writings if his imagination took undisputed possession, though, after all, we gain by this insight into what we fully believe to be a necessary characteristic of new nations—nations we mean, whatever their race, which grow up without a material antiquity about them. There is, no doubt, in our author a great yearning after these antiquities; they affect his sensibilities so keenly, and raise such demonstration and natural excitement, that he conceitedly enough believes himself and his countrymen alone properly interested and alone worthy to look on them. While he pictures himself engrossed, given up to the subtle poetical influences of the occasion, or in the next stage, noting sensations, we use the building for the purpose for which it was designed, walk into the church, or under the arch, or past the gate, and make no sign. Thus, steaming by the Tower and Traitor's Gate, he writes:—

'Passing it many times, I never observed that anybody glanced at this shadowy and ominous trap-door save myself. It is well that America exists, if it were only that her vagrant children may be impressed and affected by the historical monuments of England, in a degree of which the native inhabitants are evidently incapable. There matters are too familiar, too real, and too hope-

lessly built in amongst and mixed up with the common objects and affairs of life, to be easily susceptible of imaginative colouring in their minds; and even their poets and romancers feel it a toil and almost a delusion to extract poetic material out of what seems embodied poetry itself to an American. An Englishman cares nothing about the Tower, which to us is a haunted castle in dreamland. That honest and excellent gentleman, the late Mr. G. P. R. James (whose mechanical ability, one might have supposed, would nourish itself by devouring every old stone of such a structure), once assured me that he had never in his life set eyes upon the Tower, though for years an historic novelist in London.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 145.

If Mr. G. P. R. James was not for once romancing in real earnest, this may pass for a trait of individual, but not of English character. The Tower is an established lion. Of course Mr. Hawthorne's observation tells nothing except that people in a crowded steamer are intent on making their way, full of the bustle and business of life. It was his business to look for objects of interest. Still, no doubt, *as* lions, strangers feel our antiquities more than we who live amongst them can do; but this does not prevent our being infinitely more really influenced by them, and loving them with a more filial regard. It would be unreal and sentimental to be always showing external impressionableness; for what so natural as that our forefathers' labours should be still about us? But any one who reads Mr. Hawthorne's book will feel that the antiquities among which we live play a great part in making us Englishmen, while the want of this sobering and yet stimulating influence has not a little to do with American character. Sometimes Mr. Hawthorne shows this very frankly, as in the following reflections on the old yew-tree in Whitnash churchyard, where he evidently has taken pains to express national sentiment:—

'I disquiet myself in vain with the effort to hit upon some characteristic feature, or assemblage of features, that shall convey to the reader the influence of hoar antiquity, lingering into the present daylight, as I so often felt it in these old English scenes. It is only an American who can feel it; and even he begins to find himself growing insensible to its effect after a long residence in England. But while you are still new to the Old Country it thrills you with strange emotion to think that this little church of Whitnash, humble as it seems, stood for ages under the Catholic faith, and has not materially changed since Wickliffe's days, and that it looked as grey as now in Bloody Mary's time, and that Cromwell's troopers broke off the stone noses of these same gargoyles that are now grinning in your face. So too with the immemorial yew-tree: you see its great roots grasping hold of the earth like gigantic claws, clinging so sturdily, that no effort of time can wrench them away; and there being life in the old tree, you feel all the more as if a contemporary witness were telling you of the things that have been. It has lived among men, and been a familiar object to them, and seen them brought to be christened and married and buried in the neighbouring church and churchyard, through so many centuries, that it knows all about the race, so far as fifty generations of the Whitnash people can supply such knowledge.

'And after all, what a weary life it must have been for the old tree! Tedious beyond imagination! Such, I think, is the final impression on the mind of an

American visitor, when his delight at finding anything permanent begins to yield to his Western love of change, and he becomes sensible of the heavy air of a spot where the forefathers and foremothers have grown up together, intermarried, and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. . . . Rather than such monotony of sluggish ages, loitering on a village green, toiling in hereditary fields, listening to the parson's drone, lengthened through centuries in the grey Norman church, let us welcome whatever change may come—change of place, social customs, political institutions, modes of worship,—trusting that if all present things shall vanish, they will but make room for better systems, and for a higher type of man to clothe his life in them, and to fling them off in turn.

'Nevertheless, while the American willingly accepts growth and change as the law of his own national and private existence, he has a singular tenderness for the stone-encrusted institutions of the mother-country. The reason may be (though I should prefer a more generous explanation) that he recognises the tendency of these hardened forms to stiffen the joints and fetter the ancles in the race and rivalry of improvement. I hated to see so much as a twig of ivy wrenched away from an old wall in England.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 91.

Thus the American only values our antiquities on his own account, while they are *novelties* to him, while they minister to his love of change; and he esteems reverence for them as a token of bondage. We need not, therefore, further dispute as to degrees of appreciation. We must not, however, take anything that Mr. Hawthorne says too literally. He often does justice to English feelings on points which bear upon this question. Thus, in a pleasant passage on English footpaths, he shows the privileges which association—tending to make vested rights inalienable—confers on a people; and as he follows the shaded, retired, but emphatically public path (of older tenure than the highway), cannot but favourably contrast our customs with those of his own country, where the farmer would certainly obliterate any such byeway with his potatoes and Indian corn, knowing nothing of the 'sacredness that springs up on English soil along the well-defined footpaths of centuries:' adding regretfully, 'Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we pull them up as weeds.' After, as we have seen, showing up American *sentiment* as disguised selfishness, he elsewhere reverses his line and represents mere blind cupidity as the working of true feeling; so that he would have us believe that the way the ignorant folks of his own country have, of laying claim to English estates on the most weak and silly pretences, is but a sign of their lingering yearning after the land of their forefathers; actually deducing from this propensity a proof of our own mismanagement in having let a people slip whose heart-strings are even now entangled with our own. Many claims of this sort came to his knowledge in his capacity of Consul at Liverpool—one

of which was made by two countrywomen, who professed to want only a vast estate in Cheshire, but whom he, upon his honour, imagined to have an ultimate eye upon the British Crown. It is noteworthy, by the way, that when his countrywomen came to plague him, Mr. Hawthorne is not more civil to their personal attractions than we find him towards our own ladies; and the women, who want him to get them English estates by virtue of great bundles of documents, are described as of 'sour aspect, 'exceedingly homely, but yet decidedly New Englandish in 'figure and manners:' while the men, bent on similar designs on his peace, were not at all more welcome to him for being embodiments of their national characteristics, tones, sentiments and behaviour, figure and cast of countenance, all chiselled in sharper angles than at home he had ever imagined Yankees to be.

In spite of Mr. Hawthorne's patriotism, there is no doubt a good deal in England that suits him better that his own land of transition and progress; and we read with pleasure and interest the impressions our scenes of highest finish, cultivation, and achievement make upon him. His is a temperament very capable of enjoyment, and he candidly admits that he finds in England very much to enjoy. It adds a touch to our own appreciation as he makes us realize how absolutely singular and literally isolated our distinctive English beauties are. And first, to speak of our weather, the skies under which these good things are to be felt and seen; he begins by the usual sneers on this subject, our winds, fogs, rain, and damp, the barometer never pointing at fair, and so on. But it is the case here as elsewhere: we can at least show the best models. And here too, as elsewhere, Mr. Hawthorne thinks he has to show us wherein we are fortunate, and to put us in the way of valuing our privileges:—

'One chief condition of my enjoyment was the weather. Italy has nothing like it, nor America. There never was such weather except in England, where, in requital of a vast amount of horrible east wind between February and June, and a brown October and black November, and a wet, chill, sunless winter, there are a few weeks of incomparable summer, scattered through July and August and the earlier portion of September, small in quantity, but exquisite enough to atone for the whole year's atmospherical delinquencies. After all, the prevalent sombreness may have brought out those sunny intervals in such high relief, that I see them in my recollection brighter than they really were: a little light makes a glory for people who live habitually in a grey gloom. The English, however, do not seem to know how enjoyable the moment ary gleams of their summer are: they call it broiling weather, and hurry to the sea-side with red, perspiring faces, in a state of combustion and deliquescence; and I have observed that even their cattle have similar susceptibilities, seeking the deepest shade, or standing mid-leg deep in pools and streams to cool themselves, at temperatures which our own cows would deem little more than barely comfortable. To myself, after the summer heats of my native land had somewhat effervesced out of my blood and memory, it was the weather of Paradise itself. It might be a little too warm; but it was that modest and inestimable

superabundance which constitutes a bounty of Providence, instead of just a niggardly enough.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 88.

Nor does he tire of the theme:—

'It was again a delightful day; and, in truth, every day of late had been so pleasant, that it seemed as if each must be the very last of such perfect weather: and yet the long succession had given us confidence in as many more to come. The climate of England has been shamefully maligned. Its sulkiness and asperities are not nearly so offensive as Englishmen tell us (their climate being the only attribute of their country which they never overvalue), and the really good summer weather is the very kindest and sweetest that the world knows.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 20.

And he enlarges on the length of these beautiful days, a feature which must, indeed, be delightful, with a new charm to those who have not before experienced this duration of what is so enjoyable:—

'For each day seemed endless, though never wearisome. As far as your actual experience is concerned, the English summer-day has positively no beginning and no end. When you awake, at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through the curtains; you live through unnumbered hours of Sabbath quietude with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and at length you become conscious that it is bed-time again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil, through which the bygone day beholds its successor; or not quite true of the latitude of London, it may be soberly affirmed of the more northern parts of the island, that To-morrow is born before its Yesterday is dead. They exist together in the golden twilight, where the decrepit old day dimly discerns the face of the ominous infant; and you, though a mere mortal, may simultaneously touch them both with one finger of recollection and another of prophecy.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 88.

Nor is he less lavish of his praise of the scenes our English summer-days revealed to him:—

'Positively, the Garden of Eden cannot have been more beautiful than this private garden of Blenheim. It contains three hundred acres; and, by the artful circumlocution of the paths, and the undulations, and the skilfully-interposed clumps of trees, is made to appear limitless. The sylvan delights of a whole country are compressed into this space, as whole fields of Persian roses go to the concoction of an ounce of precious attar. The world within that garden-fence is not the same weary, dusty world with which we outside mortals are conversant; it is a finer, lovelier, more harmonious Nature; and the Great Mother lends herself kindly to the gardener's will, knowing that he will make evident the half-obliterated traits of her pristine and ideal beauty, and allow her to take all the credit and praise to herself. I doubt whether there is ever any winter within that precinct—any clouds except the fleecy ones of summer. The sunshine that I saw there rests upon my recollection of it as if it were eternal. The lawns and glades are like the memory of places where one has wandered when first in love.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 17.

And the same charm hangs about our hereditary mansions as something perfectly distinct and unattainable elsewhere. He writes, after a visit to Nuneham Courtney:—

'As we here cross a private threshold, it is not allowable to pursue my feeble narrative of this delightful day with the same freedom as heretofore; so, perhaps, I may as well bring it to a close. I may mention, however, that I saw a library—a fine large apartment, hung around with portraits of literary men, principally of the last century, most of whom were familiar guests of the Harcourts. The house itself is about eighty years old, and is built in the classic style, as if the family had been anxious to diverge as far as possible from the Gothic picturesqueness of their old abode at Stanton Harcourt. The grounds were laid out, in fact, by Capability Brown, and seemed to me even more beautiful than those of Blenheim. Mason, the poet, a friend of the house, gave the design of a portion of the garden. Of the whole place I will not be niggardly of my rude Transatlantic praise, but be bold to say that it appeared to me as perfect as anything earthly can be, utterly and entirely finished, and as if the years and generations had done all that the hearts and minds of the successive owners could contrive for a spot they dearly loved. Such homes as Nuneham Courtney are among the splendid results of long hereditary possession; and we republicans, whose households melt away like new-fallen snow in a spring morning, must content ourselves with our many counterbalancing advantages, for this one, so apparently desirable to the far-projecting selfishness of our nature, we are certain never to attain.

'It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that Nuneham Courtney is one of the great show-places of England. It is merely a fair specimen of the better class of country seats, and has a hundred rivals, and many superiors, in the features of beauty, and expansive, manifold, redundant comfort, which most impressed me. A moderate man might be content with such a home, that is all.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 40.

Nor are the gifts and benignant influences of a long maturing civilization confined to the aristocracy. Mr. Hawthorne is willing to allow that the English people to its lowest grades have their share in them. From a villa in Blackheath, lent by an English friend, he had constant opportunities of observing the English people, and sometimes the English populace, in their own domain of Greenwich Park. We have an account of Greenwich fair, of which he witnessed the last celebration. It was, no doubt, a scene which we should not have chosen a refined and discerning traveller to witness, being as repugnant to British right feeling as to his own, or it would not have been the last. But he describes the Park under fairer aspects, and speculates on our peculiarities with a mingled cynicism and tenderness, which has, at least, the merit of bringing an observer's real state of mind before us. There are occasions when, to a thoughtful, imaginative American, our English ways may very well seem linked with the antique times, so different are we of the Old World from them of the New—so wide the separation which our association with the past must sometimes create. The allusions to Arcadia from the author of 'Transformation' are not wholly satire. He has a habit of tracing back all the gambols of unrestrained animal spirits to the primitive ages, before the weight of thought and speculation had settled on mankind.

It added a point to his reflections, and gave them a dignity, that they were made in what he calls the centre of time and space—the neighbourhood of the Observatory :—

'There are lovelier parks than this in the neighbourhood of London, richer scenes of greensward and cultivated trees; and Kensington, especially, on a summer afternoon, has seemed to me as delightful as any place can or ought to be, in a world which, some time or other, we must quit. But Greenwich, too, is beautiful—a spot where the art of man has conspired with nature, as if he and the great Mother had taken counsel together how to make a pleasant scene, and the longer liver of the two had faithfully carried out their mutual design. It has likewise an additional charm of its own; because, to all appearance, it is the people's property and playground in a much more genuine way than the aristocratic resorts in closer vicinity to the metropolis. It affords one of the instances in which the monarch's property is actually the people's, and shows how much more natural is their relation to the sovereign than to the nobility, which pretends to hold the intervening space between the two: for a nobleman makes a paradise only for himself, and fills it with his own pomp and pride; whereas the people are, sooner or later, the legitimate inheritors of whatever beauty kings and queens create—as now of Greenwich Park. On Sundays, when the sun shone, and even on those grim and sombre days when, if it do not actually rain, the English persist in calling it fine weather, it was, too, good to see how sturdily the plebeians trod under their own oaks, and what fulness of simple enjoyment they evidently found there. They were the people—not the populace—specimens of a class whose Sunday clothes are a distinct kind of garb from their week-day ones; and this in England implies wholesome habits of life, daily thrift, and a rank above the lowest. I longed to be acquainted with them, in order to investigate what manner of folks they were, what sort of households they kept, their politics, their religion, their tastes, and whether they were as narrow-minded as their betters. There can be very little doubt of it, an Englishman is English, in whatever rank of life, though no more intensely so, I should imagine, as an artisan or petty shopkeeper than as a member of parliament.

'The English character, as I conceive it, is by no means a very lofty one; they seem to have a great deal of earth and grimy dust clinging about them, as was probably the case with the stalwart and quarrelsome people who sprouted up out of the soil after Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth. And yet, though the individual Englishman is sometimes preternaturally disagreeable, an observer standing aloof has a sense of natural kindness towards them in the lump. They adhere closer to the original simplicity in which mankind was created than we ourselves do. They love, quarrel, laugh, cry, and turn their actual selves inside out, with greater freedom than any class of Americans would consider decorous. It was often so with these holiday folks in Greenwich Park; and ridiculous as it may sound, I fancy myself to have caught very satisfactory glimpses of arcadian life among the Cockneys there, hardly beyond the sound of Bow Bells, picnicking on the grass, uncouthly gambolling on the broad slopes, or straying in motley groups or by single pairs of love-making youths and maidens along the sun-streaked avenue.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 98.

We are glad to find him owning London as the capital of the Anglo-Saxon race, which we take to be admitted when he says 'the world has nothing better to show,' and that whatever we fail to find of intellectual or merely material good in London, we may as well 'content ourselves to seek that unattainable thing no farther on this earth.' What Frenchman or what Italian, or even what German, would say this?—

'I already knew London well—that is to say, I had long ago satisfied (as far as it was capable of satisfaction) that mysterious yearning—the magnetism of millions of hearts operating upon one—which impels every man's individuality to mingle itself with the immensest mass of human life within its scope Day after day, at an early period, I had trodden the thronged thoroughfares the broad, lonely squares, the lanes, the alleys, and strange labyrinthine courts; the parks, the garden and enclosures of ancient studious societies, so retired and silent amid the city uproar, the markets, the foggy streets along the river side, the bridges,—I had sought all parts of the metropolis, in short, with an unwearable and indiscriminating curiosity, until few of the native inhabitants, I fancy, had turned so many of its corners as myself. These aimless wanderings (in which my chief purpose and achievement was to lose my way, and so to find it more surely), had brought me at one time or another to the sight and actual presence of all the renowned localities that I had read about, and that had made London the dream-city of my youth. I had found it better than my dream, for there is nothing else in life comparable (in that species of enjoyment I mean) to the thick, heavy, oppressive, sombre delight which an American is sensible of, hardly knowing whether to call it a pleasure or a pain in the atmosphere of London. The result was, that I acquired a home-feeling there, as nowhere else in the world—though afterwards I came to have a somewhat similar sentiment in regard to Rome; and, as long as either of those two great cities shall exist, the cities of the Past and of the Present, a man's native soil may crumble beneath his feet without leaving him altogether homeless upon earth.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 81.

It is pleasant to follow our author in his tender appreciation of what is again a peculiarly English characteristic—the soft antique mossiness, the garment of minute greenery with which Nature clothes every scene where she may have her sway. We should send them photographs, he says, of the trunks of old trees, the tangled products of a hedge, or a square foot of old wall with its lichens, tufts of grass, little twigs of ivy, and branches of fern. Their dry climate and hot suns keep such fences bare and unsympathising to the end of time, so that this universal covering is altogether a new idea of finish and snugness. Our parasites, too, charm him. The term ought not here to imply any reproach, 'which it would be unkind to bestow on the beautiful, the affectionate relationship which exists in England between one order of plants and another.' Nature clearly manages these things differently in America—in the North leaving things bare, as it would seem; and in the Southern regions developing in the inferior plant a horrible selfishness. We find in Mr. Bates's book on the Amazons a curious confirmation of this view, where he quotes a similar testimony to the amiable character of European vegetables:—

'A German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced in him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness. He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations.

'In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie

its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch and leaf and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. "Live and let live" is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses.'—*Bates' Naturalist on the Amazons*, vol. i. p. 53.

The wildest things in England, says our author, are more than half tame: even our trees have nothing wild about them; they are never ragged, but grow with a decorous restraint, and, as it were, with a sense of behaving themselves. If American trees had fair play, he believes they would be the more picturesque of the two, standing less in awe of man. He is positively disrespectful to the British oak: looking at it with jaundiced and patriotic prejudice, he compares it to a gigantic cauliflower. Still, as a whole, our woodland scenery has its due influence, and stirs sympathies of kindred, as do all our more directly human monuments, if they are old enough to be the work of his ancestors as well as ours. Mr. Hawthorne disavows all knowledge of Gothic architecture, but he expresses extremely well the effect it produces on an excitable imagination, perhaps all the better for a freedom from technical terms:—

'A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved—so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend in one idea, and yet all so consonant, that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough.

'Not that I felt, or was worthy to feel, an unmingled enjoyment in gazing at this wonder. I could not elevate myself to its spiritual height any more than I could have climbed from the ground to the summit of one of its pinnacles. Ascending but a little way, I continually fell back and lay in a kind of despair, conscious that a flood of uncomprehended beauty was pouring down upon me, of which I could appropriate only the minutest portion. After a hundred years, incalculably as my higher sympathies might be invigorated by so divine an employment, I should still be a gazer from below and at an awful distance, as yet remotely excluded from the interior mystery. But it was something gained even to have that painful sense of my own limitations and that half-smothered yearning to soar beyond them. The cathedral showed me how earthy I was, but yet whispered deeply of immortality. After all, this was probably the best lesson that it could bestow; and taking it as thoroughly as possible home to my heart, I was fain to be content. If the truth must be told, my ill-trained enthusiasm soon flagged, and I began to lose the vision of a spiritual or ideal edifice behind the time-worn and weather-stained front of the actual structure.'—*Our Old Home*, vol. i. p. 203.

This weather-stained front at Litchfield is not really 'time-worn,' but we can very well excuse a stranger for not detecting the sham. His remarks on Lincoln Minster are in the same enthusiastic spirit, and very pleasant to read; and to Westminster Abbey he devotes a chapter which does credit to both taste and heart. He rejoices to see it in 'consummate repair, and to trace the care bestowed in its preservation;' and he accepts it—

building, monuments, history—as a whole which he would not have altered. Intelligent strangers are, indeed, certain to take a lenient view of even the worst mistakes in taste, so long as they tell a tale and add detail to a great idea. After allowing himself to smile at some perpetrations, old and new, which the warmest English patriotism will excuse, he says:—

'Nevertheless, these grotesque carvings of marble, that break out in dingy-white blotches on the old freestone of the interior walls, have come there by as natural a process as might cause mosses and ivy to cluster about the external edifice; for they are the historical and biographical record of each successive age, written with its own hand, all the truer for the inevitable mistakes, and none the less solemn for the occasional absurdity.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 165.

When Mr. Hawthorne took the notes from which these volumes are compiled, he intended to incorporate them into a romance, after the plan of 'Transformation,' which our readers probably know as an excellent guide-book to Rome, as well as an ingenious and prettily-executed piece of fancy; but, among the many good schemes put an end to by his country's civil war, he gives us to understand that this was one. He therefore put his material together in its present form, being, as he frankly says, guided in his selection by what he found best expressed and readiest to his hands. The readers of 'Transformation' will know the kind of religion to be expected from its author in this contribution to 'æsthetic literature,' as he terms it. He is a warm admirer of everything beautiful in itself, or suggestive of beautiful ideas; he is eclectic, and objects to no compound of opposing systems which embraces the attractive features of each, however heterogeneous and contradictory the pretended union; and, especially, he likes to see women moved to these combinations of different religious systems by an unreasoning faith, which appropriates every practice or observance which pleases the taste or feelings of the moment, regardless of its congruity or otherwise with what was previously and concurrently held as truth. Thus his Hilda, who represents the advanced thought and intellect of American womanhood, goes to confession, and feeds the lamp of the Virgin for many months together, with religious regularity, and remains a stout Puritan through it all: the romancer's tone seeming to vary and alternate between Why should we believe anything? and Why should not we believe everything? This eclectic and speculative posture of mind is never very exacting of practice and strict rule; and thus we see that the writer can admire a great deal without going further, because his critical tendencies step in whenever fine appreciation of the beautiful should lead to some results. We should not make these comments but that

Mr. Hawthorne is careful to let us know that, much as he admired and reverenced our cathedrals, he found it did not suit his temperament to put them to their legitimate use; or rather, that he could always put them to a better purpose than that which our services supply. We are sorry to say that he has never anything civil to say of our preachers; indeed, he considers it an act of presumption for any one to preach in Westminster Abbey, to be punished on his part by a careful and deliberate withdrawal of his attention. Nor do we gather that our services pleased him much better: and this not from any Puritan leanings, which certainly were not inspired at Salem, 'the frozen purgatory of his childhood;' for he alludes, with a shudder, to 'the severe and sunless remembrance of the Sabbaths, of childhood,' and the long sermons which he had then to listen to, or rather to sit under. People who cast off the form of the religion of their childhood are too apt to renounce all forms as binding on themselves individually. Mr. Hawthorne is never irreverent, and often talks religiously, but his tone is that of a looker-on, not of one himself personally concerned. He hovers about our sanctuaries, and feels their influence, and personates the swallow and the sparrow of sacred song, where he envies the jackdaws their airy haunts among pinnacles and buttresses; but to go to church, after the pattern of ordinary Christians, he owns to be beyond him:—

'Occasionally, I tried to take out the long-hoarded sting of these compunctious smarts, by attending divine service in the open air. On a cart outside of the Park wall (and, if I mistake not, at two or three corners and secluded spots within the Park itself) a Methodist preacher uplifts his voice, and speedily gathers a congregation, his zeal for whose welfare impels the good man to such earnest vociferation and toilsome gesture, that his perspiring face is quickly in a stew. . . . If I smile at him, be it understood it is not in scorn; he performs his sacred office more acceptably than many a prelate. . . . The miscellaneous congregation listen with every appearance of heartfelt interest; and, for my own part, I must frankly acknowledge that I never found it possible to give five minutes' attention to any other English preaching; so cold and commonplace are the homilies that pass for such under the aged roofs of churches; and as for cathedrals, the sermon is an exceedingly diminutive and unimportant part of the religious services—if, indeed, it be considered a part—among the pompous ceremonies, the intonations, the resounding and lofty strains of the choristers.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 101.

Such passages as these have their use. As for his preference for the Methodist's perspiring effusions, his commendation is probably owing to the sense of patronage and to the power of escape at any moment, that facility of getting away, and lounging off, that easy attention while standing, which at once make out-of-door preaching popular, and generally valueless to the listener. But the lesson we derive from Mr. Hawthorne's

contrast between the out-door and the authorized preacher, and the line of his preference, is, that the fastidiously refined, the professed judges and critics—those bugbears to the preacher—must never be considered or allowed to weigh one moment on the freedom of pen or tongue. At best, they are the most hopeless of a congregation; and if they are to be won at all it is by disregarding them, and forgetting their possible presence. There is a perversity in superfine people which makes them often prefer those who boldly or ignorantly act in defiance of every rule, to such as respect proprieties, without attaining to absolute elegance and finish. Our own taste, and not the supposed refinement of other people, should be the one and only arbiter of style, and by this means a greater ardour and force of manner may be sustained than is possible to one afraid, or too conscious, of his hearers, as preachers to cultivated congregations are so often tempted to be. Not that Mr. Hawthorne notes in the manner of our clergy any consciousness of the failings he sees in them; on the contrary, they manifest a self-assertion to which he is evidently not accustomed; and he speaks of their 'being assured of their position, as clergymen of the Established Church invariably are.' It must console us that Mr. Hawthorne did not find the services of the Kirk during his tour in Scotland any more congenial than our own, or more successful in receiving his attention. He thus congratulates himself on having been saved an infliction which would certainly have been severe:—

'The next forenoon my companion put me to shame by attending church, after vainly exhorting me to do the like; and it being Sacrament Sunday, and my poor friend being wedged into the further end of a closely-filled pew, he was forced to stay through the preaching of four several sermons, and came back perfectly exhausted and desperate.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 57.

We said at starting that our author was soon disenchanted. So soon as our churches and cathedrals were removed from dreamland, and applied to a definite purpose, the charm lost effect; and no doubt the shock, whenever imagination has to give way to reality, is apt to be great. We have thought it good to note these changes whether Mr. Hawthorne praises or blames us, and the sum and conclusion ought to make us satisfied with our place in the world. He, at any rate, agrees with the second Charles's decision, that England is the best country for a gentleman to live in. Even in physical comforts, he gives us the palm: he praises our beef, our ale—even our dinners, where pains are lavished upon them. America could not supply the President's table with such mutton-chops as were served up to him at Uttoxeter, in a dinner charged eighteenpence. Even our flowers have a grace and a richness of colour to

which he is not accustomed; but, perhaps, here his commendation ends; for, passing from flowers to fruit, he ridicules our sour plums and abortive pears and apples, and declares he has never eaten an English fruit raised in the open air that could compare in flavour with a Yankee turnip. And this satire we write with a certain consciousness and regret, for it sometimes seems to ourselves that our apples and pears are deteriorating, and that some of the more exquisite kinds are disappearing from our orchards.

The conclusions of travellers must depend mainly on what they lay themselves out to see. Thus, M. Esquiros, taking our fortunate geological formations as his guide, passes from one scene of industry and prosperity to another, and then from one scene of natural amusement to another, and, seeing the cream of all, draws a flattering picture, satisfying to our self-love. M. Kohl, in like manner, comes to be pleased, and is pleased accordingly. He is even struck with the grace and dignity of manners of our maid-servants, and draws favourable conclusions from them of the class to which they belong. Mr. Hawthorne, too, gives our bright side, but with a jealousy, and perhaps also an insight, which foreigners can scarcely have. For Americans are not foreigners, and have none of the easy candour of mere acquaintances. They are jealous relatives: they, perhaps, know us better from sharing family peculiarities, but they own even our good points with a cavilling grudging and half-grasping spirit, as though our good things were more theirs than ours. Thus, whatever belonged to our *joint* ancestors excites Mr. Hawthorne's sentiment and kindlier emotions: our subsequent use of these possessions, and our own growth since the separation, he regards with now and then a captious ingenuity of fault-finding. For instance, he is so determined that all Englishmen shall have suffered for the absence of their fiery element, that he decides on his own arbitrary judgment what are our present characteristics, and nobody, however purely British in descent and training, is an Englishman who detracts from his standard, which is a very simple way of proving his point. It has suited very well with the temper we indicate, that he should have penetrated to our dissights and degradations, and made his way to purlieus of vice and wretchedness, which are, no doubt, a grievous blot and reproach, but which we have little doubt may exist in equal force in New York or Boston, for anything Mr. Hawthorne knows, because he could not there take pains to ascertain their existence. We are not complaining: we do not desire discreditable secrets. Let who will know them; but we think we detect in Mr. Hawthorne's style the tone of a man unused to such

investigations. He professes no active philanthropy or readiness of resource, and when he sees dirt and squalor in absolute, undisputed ascendancy, can only propose another Deluge as a remedy. However, one reason for our supremacy in these evils we see to be just:—

'The dirt of a poverty-stricken English street is a monstrosity unknown on our side the Atlantic. It reigns supreme within its own limits, and is inconceivable everywhere beyond them. We enjoy the great advantage that the brightness and dryness of our atmosphere keep everything clean that the sun shines upon, converting the larger portion of our impurities into transitory dust, which the next wind can sweep away, in contrast with the damp, adhesive grime that incorporates itself with all surfaces (unless continually and painfully cleansed) in the chill moisture of the English air. . . It is beyond the resources of wealth to keep the smut away from its premises or its own fingers' ends; and as for Poverty, it surrenders itself to the dark influence without a struggle. Along with disastrous circumstances, pinching need, adversity so lengthened out as to constitute the rule of life, there comes a certain chill depression of the spirits, which seems especially to shudder at cold water. In view of so wretched a state of things, we accept the ancient Deluge, not merely as an insulated phenomenon, but as a periodical necessity, and acknowledge that nothing less than a general washing-day could suffice to cleanse the slovenly Old World of its moral and material dirt.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 186.

Then follow gin-shops, pawnbrokers' establishments, and the sordid unwholesome shops of the destitute, and scenes of low life in the streets, given by one to whom such scenes came as more absolutely a feature of the Old World than some of our travellers in New England would be willing to allow. Still, it is well to learn and ponder over the impression the abject life that haunts so many a locality in London and our great cities makes upon a stranger, and the sinking heart it brings. After hinting at the miserable lodging in garrets and cellars of this population, and the swarms of children that people the streets, we read:—

'It might almost make a man doubt the existence of his own soul to observe how Nature has flung these little wretches into the street, and left them there, so evidently regarding them as nothing worth, and how all mankind acquiesce in the great Mother's estimate of her offspring. For, if they are to have no immortality, what superior claim can I assert for mine? And how difficult to believe that anything so precious as a germ of immortal growth can have been buried under this dirt-heap—plunged into this cesspool of misery and vice! As often as I beheld the scene it affected me with surprise and loathsome interest much resembling, though in a far intenser degree, the feeling with which, when a boy, I used to turn over a plank or an old log that had long lain on the damp ground, and found a vivacious multitude of unclean and devilish-looking insects scampering to and fro beneath it. Without an infinite faith, there seemed as much prospect of a blessed futurity for those hideous bugs and many-footed worms as for these brethren of our humanity, and co-heirs of all our heavenly inheritance. Ah! what a mystery!'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 193.

This is an expressive passage; but the mystery is not confined to the Old World. Wherever man collects in sufficient numbers, there is room for the same sad wonder, the same trial of faith. The ready recourse to blows, the tendency to batter one

another's persons, which he sees in these dismal regions, more especially in the women, confirms Mr. Hawthorne's view of a radical difference between his country and ours in this particular. He thinks he sees in the English people an honest tendency, in case of disagreement, to use their hands—a charge which, however disgraceful in some of its results, we are not disposed to resent, as having something primitive and natural in it. We like the morale of that people better where the women (supposing it to be so) have recourse to their hands when provoked, than another where the men under similar trials stick with the bowie-knife or shoot with the pistol, though this argues a step further in, shall we say, civilization, or further from the rude simplicity of instinct. For no doubt it is civilization which teaches us to discard our natural weapons for artificial ones. Our author confirms his view by an example, which we adduce as a warning. Let the English ladies learn what they can from their enemies :—

'Whoever has seen a crowd of English ladies (for instance, at the door of the Sistine Chapel in Holy Week) will be satisfied that their belligerent propensities are kept in abeyance only by a merciless rigour on the part of society. It requires a vast deal of refinement to spiritualize their large physical endowments.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 197.

His researches in this direction lead him to go over a union workhouse, in which he does justice to the cleanliness and general management. There the children, in spite of the care bestowed on them, again painfully affect his sensibilities, as workhouse children, however physically well-cared for, are very apt to do. After surveying a hundred poor diseased little wretches, almost all foundlings, he owns that he can only have recourse to his former suggestion (being as he owns uninventive of remedies for the evils that force themselves on his perception), a new Deluge. If only every one of them could be drowned to-night, instead of being put tenderly to bed! In connexion with this desolate picture of humanity is a little scene, which we give as a specimen of our author's manner; and that no doubt would have mingled itself in the plot of the unwritten romance :—

'By and by, we came to the ward where the children were kept, and on entering which we saw, in the first place, several unlovely and unwholesome little people, lazily playing together in a courtyard. And here a singular incommodity befel one member of our party. Among the children was a wretched, pale, half-torpid little thing (about six years old, perhaps, but I know not whether boy or girl), with a humour in its eyes and face, which, the governor said, was the scurvy, and which appeared to bedim its powers of vision; so that it toddled about gropingly, as if in quest of it did not precisely know what. This child—this sickly, wretched, humour-eaten infant, the offspring of unspeakable sin and sorrow, whom it must have required several generations of guilty progenitors to

render so pitiable an object as we beheld it—immediately took an unaccountable fancy to the gentleman just hinted at. It prowled about him like a pet kitten, rubbing against his legs, following everywhere at his heels, pulling at his coat-tails, and, at last, exerting all the speed that its poor limbs were capable of, got directly before him, and held forth its arms, mutely insisting on being taken up. It said not a word, being, perhaps, under-witted and incapable of prattle. But it smiled up in his face—a sort of woeful gleam was that smile, through the sickly blotches that covered its features—and found means to express such a perfect confidence that it was going to be fondled and made much of, that there was no possibility in a human heart disappointing its expectation. It was as if God had promised the poor child this favour on behalf of that individual, and he was bound to fulfil the contract, or else no longer call himself a man among men. Nevertheless, it could be no easy thing for him to do, he being a person burdened with more than an Englishman's customary reserve—shy of actual contact with human beings, afflicted with a peculiar distaste for whatever was ugly, and, furthermore, accustomed to that habit of observation from an insulated standpoint which is said (but, I hope, erroneously) to have the tendency of putting ice into the blood.

'So I watched the struggle in his mind with a good deal of interest, and am seriously of opinion that he did an heroic act, and effected more than he dreamed of towards his final salvation when he took up the loathsome child and caressed it as tenderly as if he had been its father. To be sure, we all smiled at him at the time, but, doubtless, would have acted pretty much the same in a similar stress of circumstances. The child, at any rate, appeared to be satisfied with his behaviour; for, when he had held it a considerable time and set it down, it still favoured him with its company, keeping fast hold of his forefinger till we reached the confines of the place. And, on our return through the court-yard, after visiting another part of the establishment, here again was this little Wretchedness waiting for its victim, with a smile of joyful and yet dull recognition about its scabby mouth and its rheumy eyes. No doubt the child's mission in reference to our friend was to remind him that he was responsible in his degree for all the sufferings and misdemeanours of the world in which he lived, and was not entitled to look upon a particle of its dark calamity as if it were none of his concern: the offspring of a brother's iniquity being his own blood-relation, and the guilt likewise a burden on him, unless he expiated it by better deeds.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 224.

All this is very fairly to be made out of the incident; yet we recognise a gift not lavishly bestowed upon men, in this combined insight into all there was to see and all there was to feel.

The Americans have a reputation for smooth, fluent oratory, and Mr. Hawthorne, in his remarks, grants them, rather than claims for them, this distinction. In contrast with his countrymen's periods, he is astonished at the ragged and shapeless utterances of Englishmen, but does not seem to care much for the fluency with which he contrasts it. We can well believe that the turbid oratory to which their political institutions reduce them may be distasteful to a fastidious mind, honestly careful to express its real sentiments. With regard to his experience of our powers in this field, it is curious to contrast it with that of M. Esquiros, who attributes to debating clubs 'the gift of facile execution among the English.' We side with Mr. Hawthorne.

We have a few orators, but *most* Englishmen whose opinions are worth hearing have a touch of the roughness attributed to the nation:—

'It is inconceivable, indeed, what ragged and shapeless utterances most Englishmen are satisfied to give vent to, without attempting anything like artistic shape, but clapping a patch here and another there, and ultimately getting out what they want to say, and generally with a result of sufficiency of good sense, but in some such disorganized mass, as if they had thrown it up rather than spoken it. It seemed to me that this was almost as much by choice as necessity. An Englishman, ambitious of public favour, should not be too smooth. If an orator is glib, his countrymen distrust him. They dislike smartness. The stronger and heavier his thoughts the better, provided there be an element of common-place running through them; and any rough yet never vulgar force of expression, such as would knock an opponent down if it hit him, only it must not be too personal, is altogether to their taste; but a studied neatness of language or other such superficial graces they cannot abide. . . . On the whole, I partly agree with them, and, if I cared for any oratory whatever, should be as likely to applaud theirs as our own. When an English speaker sits down, you feel that you have been listening to a real man, and not to an actor; his sentiments have a wholesome earth-smell in them; though very likely this apparent naturalness is as much an art as what we expend in rounding a sentence or elaborating a peroration.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 268,

We are surprised at his next observation, which certainly would not answer to many a private experience:—

'It is one good effect of this inartificial style, that nobody in England seems to feel any shyness about shovelling the untrimmed and untrimmable ideas out of his mind for the benefit of an audience.'—*Idem.*

Then follows more than one amusing description of the author's own state of mind when compelled, as representative of the American nation, to respond to some health or sentiment. At the Lord Mayor's table he was called upon, in contempt, as he avers, of solemn promises to be left in peace, to acknowledge a compliment to his own literary and *commercial* attainments. The mode in which he received and responded to the summons closes the volume with startling and effective abruptness, and is safe to secure an amount of sympathy from his English readers:—

'As soon as the Lord Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks, complimentary to the Lord Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held—at least, my friend thought there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no—was held by the descendants of the Puritan fore-

fathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion.

'Seizing this handful of straw with a death-grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honourably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 298.

We have not dwelt upon some inaccuracies, and conclusions with no ground for them, because these are a matter of course in every cursory survey of a new country. In every traveller's observations, a fair proportion must be owing to the merest accident, or to the chance humour of the relater. Thus, we do not imagine that the next American sojourning at Lichfield will notice that all the old women curtsey to him, even without hope of that sixpence for which Mr. Hawthorne says the whole population of England is craving, or that he will feel himself more stared at in Uttoxeter than it had ever befallen him to be before. There is a chance of a passing impression having truth in it; and therefore it is not unfair to note it down, adding, as such ventures do, so much spirit to the narrative.

Taking our own view of Mr. Hawthorne's impressions, we can scarcely call ourselves dissatisfied. There are no doubt many unpleasant things to digest as we can; and he often talks of the English people with a positive alienation. But the more these passages evince an ineradicable prejudice, the more the admissions of our good points extracted from his candour gain in value; and there are besides many warm voluntary testimonies to English hospitality, English integrity, English friendship, and English feeling, which engage—indeed, compel—our kindly feeling towards our author. Yet we suspect he does not mean to tread again on British ground: this book is a farewell. He dare not again face the ladies; and knowing it to be human nature—man's as well as woman's—to retain satire and vituperation longer in the memory than the more ordinary language of civility and compliment, he might doubt his general reception on a second visit. But the work is, as every genuine record of impressions on important subjects and vast scenes of action must be, a useful and suggestive book. It tells us something even of ourselves, as reflected in a mind trained under influences opposite in many respects to our own, and it is a valuable lesson in habits of American thought, as expressed with much versatility and many graces of style by one of New England's model men.

ART. IX.—1. *Ernest Renan. Vie de Jésus.* Sixième Edition. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1863.

2. *Eighteen Sermons of S. Leo the Great, on the Incarnation; Translated, with Notes and with the Tome of S. Leo in the Original.* By WILLIAM BRIGHT, M.A. Fellow and Assistant Tutor of University College, Oxford.

3. *The Light of the World.* By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR. (In 'Good Words' for A.D. 1861; P. 24.)

4. *Sancti Athanasii Archiepiscopi Alexandrini Opera Dogmatica Selecta. Ex Recens. Bern. de Montfaucon.*—Præfatus est JOANNES CAROLUS THILO, Phil. et Theol. in Acad. Halensi Professor. Lipsiæ: T. O. Weigel, MDCCCLIII.

5. *Paper ascribed to Napoleon Buonaparte, and said to have been dictated by him at St. Helena.* English Translation in the 'Gospel Messenger.' Vol. V. P. 284. Burntisland, 1857. French original cited in the following.

6. *La Personne de Jésus Christ.* Par AUGUSTUS NICOLAS. (Etudes Philosoph. sur le Christianisme.) 3ième Partie. Chap II.

7. *Observations on the attempted application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel.* By W. H. MILL, D.D. Cambridge: Deighton. 1840.

8. *Paper on the Gospels.* By Prince ALBERT DE BROGLIE. English Translation in the 'Panoply,' for Nov. 1858 (Vol. II. P. 337). Burntisland. Original French at the end of Vol. I. of 'L'Eglise et L'Empire Roman au quatrième Siècle.'

9. *Examen Critique de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan.* Par M. L'ABBÉ FREPPEL, Professeur d'Eloquence sacrée à la Sorbonne. 3ième Edition. Paris: A. Bray.

10. *Observations sur la Vie de Jésus de M. Ernest Renan.* Par RAOUL LECŒUR. Rouen: Cagniard.

11. *M. Renan et son Ecole. Reflexions sur la Vie de Jésus.* Par VOLUSIEN PAGES. Paris: Dentu, 1863.

12. *L'Evangile selon Renan.* Par HENRI LASSERRE. 5ième Edition. Paris: Palmé, 1863.

MORE than eighteen hundred years have passed away since there stood before the tribunal of a Roman Governor of Judea,

One who, to all outward appearance, resembled the rest of the sons of men. The bare historical fact would be known to us even if we had no more than ordinary narratives composed by the annalists of the age; for a writer, born only some thirty years after the event, and consequently contemporary with men who might have actually witnessed it, had occasion to speak of the origin of the appellation given to the much-hated, much-enduring Christians. 'The originator 'of that name,' says Tacitus, 'was Christ, who was put to 'death in the reign of Tiberius, by the Procurator, Pontius 'Pilate.' *Auctor nominis ejus Christus qui, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*[1]

Words accepting and reiterating, in different forms, the fact thus stated by the Roman historian, are being constantly read in a myriad homes in almost every quarter of the most civilized portions of the earth, are being repeated by children of tender years, and proclaimed aloud in buildings erected for the worship of the Most High. For ever, until time itself shall be no more, the name of the judge and the judged One stand side by side. It is everywhere 'Jesus Christ . . . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate.'

But those who do not rest content with the meagre outline supplied by heathen narrators, look elsewhere for fuller information; and in the only records that supply any details whatever respecting the circumstances of that trial, they read how the victim, even in that His hour of humiliation, made announcement to those around Him of another day when He should sit on the right hand of power, and come in the clouds of heaven. 'Certainly,' says one who comments upon that declaration—'certainly it is a great demonstration of the justice of 'God, so highly to reward that Son of Man as to make Him 'Judge of all the world, who came into the world and was 'judged here; to give Him absolute power of absolution and 'condemnation, who was by us condemned to die, and died 'that He might absolve us; to cause all the sons of men 'to bow before His throne, who did not disdain for their sakes 'to stand before the tribunal and receive that sentence, *Let 'Him be crucified.*'[2] And the fulfilment of that most just and righteous award we Christians all await. Before that throne we believe that we must all of us fall down, either as conquered rebels or as pardoned sinners. And we pray, in this our day of grace, that it may be granted to us for His sake, to hear the sentence that assures forgiveness, not the awful one of condemnation.

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[1] Annal. lib. xv. cap. xxxxiv. [2] Bishop Pearson on the Creed.—Article vii.

Centuries elapse between the first advent, which is matter of history, and the second, which is the subject of prophecy; and from time to time during that long interval there have arisen, and there will arise, men who again attempt to sit in judgment upon their future Judge. All of us, alas! in so far as we are sinners, contribute by our daily offences of thought and word and deed, to crucify Christ afresh; but those to whom we now more particularly advert, take upon them to criticize the history of His life and death, in precisely the same temper as they might discuss that of any among their ordinary fellow-men; to deny His sinlessness, His Messiaship, His Divinity—nay, possibly, in some instances, to insinuate doubts respecting His very existence as man on earth.

One such critic is at this moment creating a sensation in France, and throughout the civilized world; a sensation, as we belive, ephemeral, and calculated to die out, at no distant period, from sheer innate weakness. Nevertheless, it is a duty incumbent on a Review like this, to try and point out wherein that weakness consists; and thus, so far as may be, to hasten the decline and extinction of M. Renan's line of argument. But before proceeding to any detailed criticism upon this latest 'Life of Jesus,' we shall invite the attention of our readers to a few general considerations, which will be found to have an important bearing on the problem now presented to us

If man asks any question whatever respecting the existence of something greater than himself, the answer must inevitably take one of four forms, namely Atheism, Polytheism, Pantheism, or Monotheism. And if, further, he should profess, not only to have decided upon his own reply, but to desire to become an instructor of his fellow-men in the matter of religion, we have a right to demand from him an explicit avowal of his sentiment as a primary condition of our gaining such a position as may enable us to judge the remainder of his teaching. It is easy to mention books which announce on their very front some one of these four replies. Thus, for instance, the famous poem of Lucretius, 'De Rerum Naturâ', is a proclamation of Atheism; the 'Iliad' is the production of a high priest of Polytheism; the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' of Spinoza, is the great modern repertory of the doctrines of Pantheism; the 'Koran' of Mahomet puts forth, despite all its faults and erroneous claims, a vigorous, and even, at times, an impassioned, assertion of Monotheism. And of all these works it may be said, that they do not practise any concealment, nor speak with flattering and hesitating accents. If

we accept the fundamental teaching of any one of them respecting the Divine Nature, we do it with our eyes open; we know with whom we are throwing our lot. It will be desirable before we proceed, to say a few brief words upon each of these four assertions respecting the supernatural order of things.

Our subject happily demands only a passing reference to Atheism. Whatever may have been the extravagances of individuals, such as the unhappy Epicurean poet above-named, it may be safely asserted that Atheism never has possessed, and never will possess, any enduring hold upon the human heart. If any tribe or race (as, for example, the Kaffirs) can, with propriety, be termed Atheists, we may predict, without danger, that they will prove to be among the very lowest specimens of humanity. To be 'without God in the world' is, indeed, upon even temporal grounds, a degraded and a miserable lot.

Polytheism stands on somewhat different grounds. It does, at any rate, admit the existence of that which is Divine. Not only was it the religion of the two greatest nations of antiquity, but it has at moments won a passing glance of sympathy and admiration, though hardly perhaps of serious consideration, from one or two sets of thinkers at various epochs in European history. Such was the Medicean set in Florence, at the revival of letters; such the mood, at moments, of Goethe, and even of Schiller;[1] such, perhaps, the spirit of some of the actors, especially among the Girondists, in the great and comprehensive drama of the French Revolution. But these exhibitions have been but transitory, nor does it seem probable that any nations which have accepted Monotheism are in serious danger of relapsing into Polytheism. Certainly, we hear of no such tendencies on the part of the Turks or Arabs; far less, despite the idiosyncracies of some few persons, in any portion of the realms of Christendom. Still, cases of apparent sympathy with Polytheism do meet the eye, and to one such we shall be compelled to pay attention in the course of our present criticism.

The grossness, however, of certain portions of Polytheism shocked many of the finer minds among the very heathen themselves. Thus Plato, in a well-known part of the second Book of his 'Republic,' rebukes Homer for several unworthy representations of the deities. Pindar had already preceded

[1] The heathenized tone of the Renaissance has been much dwelt upon by living writers, as, for instance, by Mr. Ruskin, Canon Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and the author of *Romola*. Goethe's Pagan tastes come out in many of his poems, more especially in the 'Bride of Corinth.' Schiller's (we may hope more momentary) lapse in his 'Gods of Greece' has been finely and poetically rebuked in Mrs. Browning's poem of 'The Dead Pan.'

Plato in the same path.[1] At a later period various allegorical explanations of the Homeric mythology were introduced. But the great resource of those, who were repelled by the coarse anthropomorphism of Polytheism, was to take refuge in the apparent spirituality of Pantheism.

Pantheism, more or less completely, identifies the Creator with the Universe which He has created. The personality of God degenerates into the impersonality of a mere *anima mundi*. Moreover this doctrine leads, as its most logical adherents grant, to the sapping of all sound foundations of morality. For if (to employ the language of the Hindoo philosophers) Siva is everything, and each man's soul only a part of Siva, just as the water in a cup may be a portion of the mighty Ganges; then, as the Deity cannot do wrong, no act of man can be essentially wrong; for it is a part of the divinity that is acting in each man. Hence it follows, as the Hindoos do not scruple to teach, that the distinction between good and evil, however necessary as a convenience for this life, must be pronounced unreal and illusory. We have never wished to shut our eyes to the palliations which may be urged on behalf of those Pantheists whom no nobler and loftier teaching may have reached. In many cases Pantheism, as has been said before in this Review, is probably a groping after two great truths: namely, that in Him who made us we all 'live, and move, and have our being,' and that man's highest bliss must consist in union with God. But however tenderly we may be disposed to feel towards the victims of this error, a grievous and miserable error it must still remain; sad when adopted because nothing better is known, sadder far when accepted by those on whom the light of a holier faith has beamed; for Pantheism is in fact the denial of a true and living God, and the denial at the same time of the immutable character of morality.

There remains, then, the faith of the Monotheist. He and he alone can be truly said to believe in God. He does not, with the Atheist, deny Him; nor with the Pantheist relegate Him to a practical nonentity; nor with the Polytheist reduce His sovereign attributes to chaos by supposing them to be distributed among 'gods many and lords many.' To him is God known 'not as a Law, but as a Person to be adored and loved.'[2]

[1] Nemean Odes (vii. 31). Strauss calls attention to these passages of Plato and Pindar.

[2] Mansel's Bampton Lectures. Lect. I. :—Prof. Mansel's opponent, Prof. Goldwin Smith, agrees herein with Mr. Mansel, saying :—'In vindicating the representation of God given in the Bible, he [Mr. Mansel] demolishes *the figment, much in vogue among exclusively scientific minds, of an insensible, inflexible, immovable,—in a word, of a scientific, as opposed to a moral, God.*'—(Postscript to Inaugural Lectures in the Study of History.) We have much pleasure in calling attention to this

How much, how very much, is implied in this doctrine we must not now pause to consider. But it is necessary to remark that, whatever else Theism involves, it includes *inter alia* a belief in the possibility of miracles. Jews, Mahommedans, Christians, and all real Theists are agreed in this. A writer who cannot, we fear, be claimed as a Christian, Mr. John Stuart Mill, has justly remarked that a belief in miracles is impossible apart from belief in a personal God. And it is only by abuse of the word God, only by making Him a sort of constitutional monarch without real authority over creation, that a disbelief in miracles can be sustained.

When, however, we cast a glance at the condition of the world at the time of the birth of Christ, the region in which the true doctrine of Monotheism was being effectively taught must be allowed by all to have been a very limited one. Only in Palestine, or in cities like Alexandria, where Judaism had been circulated by the dispersion of the race, can we feel any confidence that people were enjoying the blessing of a knowledge of the One true and living God. What marvel if, on this ground alone, men were to claim inspiration for the writings put forth by the teachers of a race thus favoured. It is not the shadow of a reply to point out here and there in classic writings of the West, or in books deemed sacred in the East, some noble and elevating exceptions, such as the hymn by the Stoic Cleanthes, or even the injunction of the love of God taught in the 'hymn of the Sikh Goroos to the God Ram:' the fact remains, that in no other literature but that of the Hebrews do we find men really speaking as those who not only enjoined on others the love of God, but exemplified that love in the very turn of their expressions, as well as in their lives.

'What,' asks a modern writer,—'what is the distinguishing 'character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad 'a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? 'Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion*, which pervades 'it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive 'principle; a mere organizing intellect removed at infinite dis-'tance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a Being 'of like passions with themselves, requiring heart for heart, 'and capable of inspiring affection, because capable of feeling 'and returning it. Awful, indeed, are the thunders of His 'utterance, and the clouds that surround His dwelling-place; 'very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that

agreement between two combatants so highly gifted. Mr. Goldwin Smith's words embody, as we hope to show, the *fundamental* difference between believers in the Gospel and rationalists, such as Strauss and Renan.

'forget Him; but to his chosen people, and especially to the 'men "after His own heart," whom he anoints from the midst 'of them, His "still, small voice," speaks in sympathy and 'loving kindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed 'with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared 'as one of the favoured race, had a yet deeper source of emo- 'tion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer 'and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the 'presence of his God; the single being to whom a great reve- 'lation had been made, and over whose head an "exceeding 'weight of glory" was suspended. His personal welfare was 'infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in 'the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of 'Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were 'parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such 'solemn pomp of ministration, was given to his own individual 'soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his 'Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from 'him. He was about his path, and about his feet, and knew all 'his thoughts long before. Yet this tremendous, enclosing 'presence, was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlast- 'ing manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human 'affection. Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self- 'interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite 'the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked 'in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, 'but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful 'tenderness, and recognised, though invisible, in every blessing 'that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the 'object of their warmest affections. Their belief in Him could 'not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that pro- 'found impression of passionate individual attachment, which, 'in the Hebrew authors, always mingles with, and vivifies their 'faith in the Invisible. All the books in the Old Testament 'are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to 'be found in that beautiful collection entitled the Psalms of 'David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the 'most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man 'has been embodied.'

Gladly, with reservation as to a single phrase,[1] do we appro- priate for the moment, these remarkable words; and still more

[1] The words, 'a Being of like passions with themselves,' as descriptive of the Hebrew idea of God, are surely liable to a dangerous sense, though capable of an innocent one. Side by side with passages which may seem, at first sight, to justify the expression, such as *e.g.* 1 Samuel xvii., must be taken such other texts as 1 Samuel xv. 29.

gladly do we proceed to cite from the same author, the following continuation of the passage, both for its own sake, and as a natural means of transition to our more immediate subject:—

'But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, "matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior." In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings. The idea of the Θεάνθρωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly temporal creature, living, acting and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of His spiritual agency the same humanity He wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of His identity; *this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination.* It is the πού στῶ which alone was wanting to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make virtue the object of passion, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart, with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love. The written word and Established Church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved "in Christ alone." The brethren were members of His mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to One, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more holy and more real than any other.'

Such were the thoughts of one whom we, in our ignorance, call prematurely snatched away. And yet surely if Arthur Hallam had left nothing else behind him than the pages on which the reader's eye has just rested, he could not be said to have lived in vain.

But, as has recently been urged in this Review, 'however much the fact embodied in the doctrine of the Incarnation may answer to a want and longing in the heart—and however much

'the thought of it may thrill our nature to its very depth, this is 'no proof of its truth.' And our fellow-reviewer proceeded to urge that we need evidence that our Lord 'lived and died, that His life was blameless and that He spake as never man spake,' before proceeding to the proof of His Divinity.[1] Happily two out of three points here named are admitted by those against whom our present argument is directed. The human existence and death of Jesus Christ, and the superiority of his teaching not only to all that has been known, but to all that ever can be known, is admitted to the very fullest extent in this latest rationalistic biography. The doctrine of the impeccability of our Lord stands upon somewhat different grounds. But, so far as we have seen, this last-named question turns entirely upon the truth of our Lord's Godhead. If His awful claim in this respect be nothing less than truth, then do we understand the force of this unanswered appeal, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' and the repeated assertion of S. Paul and of S. John that 'He knew no sin.'[2] But, with reverence be it said, we do not on any other hypothesis understand these expressions. For how can One who answered in the affirmative to the tremendous question, whether he were indeed the Christ the Son of God, be sinless, if He were saying what He was well aware was not the truth. We repeat it, then, the question of His Divine Personality is prior to any discussion concerning His sinlessness as man. Before, however, appealing to the Holy Scriptures, we shall first indulge in some of those general reflections, of which many (though not all) have been so forcibly presented in some of the books which are mentioned at the commencement of this article.

At the moment at which we write, there are certain portions of the globe which lay claim to a higher state of civilization than the rest. And although a certain kind of passive and morose civilization does undoubtedly distinguish some non-Christian nations—as for example, the Chinese—yet, on the whole, it may be fairly said, that the highest forms of civilization exist in those countries, and in those only, wherein Christ is worshipped as God. Further, though the prizes of this earth are not the special blessings of Christianity, yet so beneficent is the operation of this faith upon the lower destinies of man, that even political economists have remarked that the wealth of Christian nations is far in excess of the non-Christian. One country, indeed, there is in Europe where the doctrine of the Incarnation is not taught, but repelled as falsehood; and what is the con-

[1] *Vide* our October Number. [*Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. xlvi. pp. 257, &c.] Art. *Miracles*.

[2] S. John viii. 46.—2 Cor. v. 21.—1 S. John iii. 5.—Also Heb. iv. 15, ix. 28, and 1 S. Peter ii. 22.

dition of that country? Its moral condition is such that we cannot venture to speak openly upon the subject, but must simply refer the reader to the first chapter of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. As for the intellectual *status* of Turkey, it is simply below contempt. Lastly, in a political point of view, it is so utterly moribund, that nothing, save the jealousies of the Great Powers, can contrive to impart to it a feeble and quasi-galvanic existence. It is true (as we have shown in former years in this Review) that the Turks are by no means the finest specimens of Mohammedans: but look where we will, to Egypt, India, or Persia, the gradual decline of that creed is very palpable. The words of the poet, whether believed or not by himself, will assuredly prove correct:—

'The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazon'd as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.'[1]

And, while we are on the subject of morality, we should like to ask any of our readers who have had opportunities of examining eye-witnesses, what conclusions they have formed respecting the morality of Hindoos, Chinese, or the uncivilized insular tribes. We have been at some pains in this respect and the result of our examination is such as we should shrink from publishing. It will, we think, be found that a standard of morality, which all Christians would agree in thinking painfully low, would be regarded in non-Christianized countries as exorbitantly and unreasonably high.[2]

2. We pass to a second consideration. The history of the world is, in some reasonable degree, known to us, for a period of some thousands of years: if we say for 5,000 years M. Renan will not quarrel with us.[3]

During all that period, we have seen One Man claim for himself to be worshipped as Almighty God, and succeed in having that claim acknowledged, not by those of some one state or nation, over which He had possessed temporal sway, but by myriads of men of the most varied climes and ages. We have seen One Man accomplish this, *and One only*.

Surely, the comment once cited in these pages is just, by whomsoever uttered. 'There is no God in heaven if a mere 'man has been able to conceive and execute with full success

[1] Shelley's 'Hellas.' For the evidence of this tendency, see the concluding chapter of Döllinger's *Muhammed's Religion*. (Ratisbon, 1838.)

[2] The palmy state of physical science, of scholarship and criticism, in Christian, as distinguished from non-Christian ones, is also a phenomenon well worth consideration.

[3] Période historique... comprenant environ cinq mille ans—M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for 15 Octobre, 1863.—P. 769.

'the gigantic design of securing for himself supreme worship, by 'usurping the name of God.'[1]

3. In the various departments of human excellence it is seldom possible to point out any one of such predominance that a second name of nearly, if not quite equal merit, cannot be placed beside the first. Hannibal is a marvellous master of the art of war; but do not the claims of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Buonaparte stand at least as high? We are justly proud in England of the name of Newton; but the Danes have a perfect right to extol as equal, if not superior, that of Kepler. How difficult is it to adjust the heights of the three poetic thrones occupied by Homer, Dante and Shakspeare. The very existence of such a work as Plutarch's 'Lives' is sufficient to establish the conviction of that eminent writer respecting the parallel character of the greatness displayed by a long series of Greek and of Roman heroes. Louis IX. of France is the model of a saintly king; but is our own Alfred so very far below him? The statues of Michael Angelo have merits of their own which make them vie, to say the least, with the *chef d'œuvres* of classic art that yet remain to us. Nor, indeed, can any department in the wide range of earthly achievement be said to have had such a *coryphæus* among its votaries, as to afford any security that his superior, if he has not yet risen, may not arise some future day.

There is some foundation of truth in the well-known lines:—

'Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;
He is, or has been, or shall be.'

We say of earthly achievement; for there is a work not of the earth, but breathed upon by a Divine Spirit, which will never be forgotten or outworn, whose author will never be surpassed. This is no mere assertion made by those alone who worship Jesus as their God and Saviour. The leading rationalist of Germany, the most talked-of rationalist of France, they both employ in this respect language analogous to that of Christians. 'No one,' says Mr. Farrar of Strauss, 'can be more inimical to the dogmatic 'and historical Christianity of the Church than he; yet he 'asserts firmly that Christ and Christianity is the highest moral 'ideal to which the world can ever expect to attain.'[2] 'What-'ever,' says M. Renan, 'may be the unexpected phenomena of the 'future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His religion will for ever

[1] Paper ascribed to Napoleon.

[2] Bampton Lectures for 1862. P. 502. Note: Mr. Farrar appeals to the *Soliloquies* of Strauss (E. P. 1845; § 27-30.) Having thus made use of Mr. Farrar's work, it is only right to state our conviction of its great usefulness and value, although we may occasionally dissent from its decisions.

'grow young again. His sufferings will mollify the best hearts: 'all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there has not 'been born a greater than Jesus.' It is with rationalists that our present argument is concerned; and such admissions save us the trouble of arguing against men who would insinuate that because the work of Pythagoras and of Zoroaster has passed away, and that of Mahomet is on the wane, therefore that of Christ is destined to share a similar declension.

4. With regard to the theory that the character of our blessed Lord as pourtrayed in the Gospels may be due to the imagination of the writers, it is sufficient to cite the well-known sentiment of Rousseau, that 'the person who could invent such a character 'would be more astonishing than the actual hero of the narra-'tive.'[1]

5. Great men, though often much in advance of their contemporaries, seldom fail to bear in many respects the stamp of their age and country. Alexander manifests the tokens of his Macedonian origin and his Greek culture, and is by no means left unscathed by the evil influences of Oriental flattery. Socrates, with all his moral grandeur and noble death, is still an unmistakeable Athenian. Cicero is from first to last the *civis Romanus*. Hillel and Gamaliel display the broad phylactery of the Jewish Rabbi. Dante, even in the Paradiso, remains the exiled citizen of Florence; and Shakspeare, amidst all his almost inexhaustible variety, is still a genuine, however wondrous, product of the England of Queen Elizabeth. The same may be said of religious teachers. No one could mistake the author of the 'Bhagvat Geeta' for anything but a Hindoo; while he who penned the Koran constantly proclaims himself an Arab of the Arabs.

But does any man, do even our rationalistic adversaries, maintain that this is the case with Jesus Christ? Do they not on the contrary most fully recognise and admit that He is by no means the product of Judaism, of His age and country? Assuredly M. Renan, amongst the many admissions to which we shall have to call attention, most fully grants thus much; though his conclusions, thus far just in themselves, are not always drawn from correct premises. 'In this he is in no wise of his race; nothing 'in Judaism had given him the model of this delightful style of 'instruction [the parable]. He is its creator. The very people 'disdained by orthodox Judaism were his favourites.'[2]

6. It is worthy of observation that some of the finest ideal types of humanity do in their nobler features remind us of the Christian type. The 'Prometheus' of Æschylus seems (as

[1] *'L'inventeur en serait plus étonnant que le héros.'* (Emile liv. iv.) Cit ap. M. Nicolas, to whom we also stand greatly indebted in respect of considerations 2, 4, and 5.
[2] 'Vie de Jésus.'—Pp. 77, 167, 184-5.

Coleridge and others have remarked), to take its origin from two distinct and contrariant echoes of traditionary lore. In so far as he is a rebel, Prometheus reminds us of the fallen archangel; but in that he is the benefactor of man, and suffers for his goodness, we perceive the idea of a Redeemer. In our own century, an unbelieving poet conceived the bold plan of filling up one of the lost parts of the Æschylean trilogy and presenting us with a 'Prometheus Unbound.' It speaks highly for the greatness of Shelley's powers, that in such an attempt he should have achieved so large a measure of success as has repaid his efforts. But not, we think, from any merely pagan, still less from any infidel source, did the poet gain such a notion of heroism as is pourtrayed by him in the conclusion of his drama:—

'Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over destruction's strength.
* * * * *
These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.
To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
* * * * *
To love and bear. . . .
This like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!'

Yes; this ideal has indeed been set before us, but in reality, not in fabled story.

7. Without entering into the origin[1] of other legends sung in the mythologies of various lands, it is certain that numbers of them do find in Christ the fulfilment of the ideas which they seem to adumbrate. 'Over all the realms of heathendom lay 'dim shadows of a suffering Redeemer. Among the Greeks and 'the Egyptians were tales of one Epaphus, who should be born 'miraculously of a virgin named Io, to deliver an enchained man 'from a gnawing vulture. Or again, of a god named Orus, who 'should slay a serpent called Typhon; of a hero Hercules, who 'by killing a dragon was to give to men the golden fruits of a 'marvellous garden (or paradise), from which they were shut out. 'The Persians told of Mithra, a mediator and conqueror of 'Ahriman, the power of evil, who should come to cause and pro-'cure the deliverance of man, and "rest himself in his work," 'said they, "but not too long for a god." Among the Hindoos 'is there belief in Vishnu, a god who should become incarnate

[1] Notwithstanding our great respect for the learning and the tone of Professor Max Müller, we are quite unable to follow him in his attempt to derive the classic legends from philology (Oxford Essays for 1856), and are somewhat surprised at the degree of countenance which Mr. Farrar seems inclined to lend to this view.

'and remedy the evils wrought by a great serpent named Kaliga. 'The Mexicans have looked for a god, Gartoolt by name, who 'should bring about a blessed change and combat the adder, who 'seduced the mother of our race. A native American tribe were 'taught to expect one Puru, who was to cause a serpent which 'devoured the people to enter back again into hell. Among the 'Northmen was the famous god Thor, who should wage a mortal 'combat with the great serpent Migdard, and lose his life whilst 'he won the victory.'[1]

8. It is well known that Strauss, in his elaborate work, the "Life of Jesus," tries to lead on his readers to the following conclusion:—'where the Church places *Jesus* for the *subject*, and 'certain miraculous acts for the *predicate* of a proposition, true 'philosophy substitutes for *Jesus* the abstract term *humanity*. 'If, piercing the shell of the Gospel legends, you would arrive at 'the kernel of truth enshrined therein, say: *Humanity dies, rises 'again, and ascends up on high.* The individual Jesus is of little 'moment saving in so far as he may have contributed to bring 'out the idea.'

We have at this point only one question to put in connexion with the above theory. Strauss says, for *Jesus* read *humanity*. Now would Strauss, would any of his fellow-workers in the cause of rationalism, ever dream of suggesting this exchange in connexion with any other name that is known to the sons of men? Would the life of Confucius or Socrates, of Mahomet or Charlemagne, or of any other mortal man, ever suggest the idea of humanity at large, in such wise as that *their* acts should be taken for a *predicate* of which humanity was in reality the proper *subject?* Firmly convinced are we that this question admits but of one reply. Not even Baur nor Strauss nor Renan would ever dream of substituting humanity for an individual man in any other case than this; and we argue from it that this life is something singular, unique, different from every other that is on record. Strauss has indeed presumed in one passage to speak of some other men as persons of whom Christ need not disdain the company. He mentions Moses and Mahomet, Thales and Parmenides, Socrates and Plato, Alexander and Cæsar, Raphael and Mozart. Well, when Dr. Strauss has composed a subtle and laboured treatise to prove that the acts ascribed to any one of these persons ought in reality to be understood, not of that individual, but of humanity; then, but not till then, shall we imagine that he supposes himself to discern some degree of parallelism between cases so unutterably distinct. Most justly has the

[1] This passage on Gentile types and adumbrations of Christ has appeared before in a sermon sent by the writer to a Scotch magazine. But the summary was originally made by M. Nicolas.

Straussian hypothesis been described as 'that extraordinary 'mythical theory of Scripture, which assuredly no man would 'ever have adduced to explain away its marvels, unless in despair 'of so doing by any other means.'[1]

9. Our attitude, confronting rationalism, compels us at moments to put forward suppositions which, if meant seriously, would be blasphemous. But we share this difficulty with all apologists from the earliest times; and, like them, we see no other way of putting the case fairly. The assumption now to be made (it is remarkably well put by M. Nicolas) is this. *If* Jesus were not in reality God, the Eternal Son, and had wished to represent himself, with the aid of the Evangelists, as such, what course would he have adopted? Surely all marks of physical weakness and weariness, everything that offended and still offends an incredulous world, would have been carefully dissembled in the narrative, and the semblance of all that heathendom or Judaism imagined to be most majestic and superhuman would alone be presented to us. In such case S. Luke would have taken care not to represent the death of S. Stephen as having been calmer than that of Him to whom the proto-martyr committed his spirit. That four evangelists should have all agreed in a picture of the death of Him who is God, so contrary, in most of its leading features, to what either Greek or Hebrew intelligence would have imagined, so opposite to all earthly *à priori* expectations, is precisely one of those marks both of fidelity and of the absence of pre-conceived notions being foisted into the history, that would of itself go far to satisfy us of its truth.

10. The above considerations present a few, and a few only, of the arguments which militate against the Socinian view of the Person and Office of Christ. But we cannot too emphatically insist upon the point that it is against Rationalism, and not against Socinianism, that we are at present engaged in arguing. The entire case against Socinianism may be stated, if necessary, on some other occasion. But we greatly doubt the need. We may be mistaken; but Socinianism proper seems to us to be a heresy that is dead and buried. If any man could have saved it, it would have been Channing. That many palliations for his unfortunate errors may have existed in the state of things around him is what we can easily imagine, and are only too glad to hope and believe. But deadly errors they remain; and not all his moral

[1] 'The Testimony of Jesus.' A sermon preached before the University of Oxford by the Rev. Coker Adams, M.A. Fellow of New College. (Parker, 1861). Mr. Adams presently adds, most suggestively:—'Perhaps the mythical system itself presents but the "lean and flashy" semblance of a nature in them [the Scriptures] which is richly and profoundly mystical throughout.'

courage, the lofty purity of his ethical standard, or his sympathy with forms of goodness the most alien from his own, can redeem his creed from the charge of being as inconsistent and untenable in the eyes of genuine rationalists, as it is in those who, with all their hearts and mind, believe in the creed of Nice. Seldom as it is that we can agree with the line of argument adopted by M. Renan, we find ourselves for once thoroughly with him in the following sentences from his article on 'Unitarianism in the United States:'—'Does Channing 'avoid any better than Catholic theologians the objections of 'incredulity? Alas! no. He admits the resurrection of Jesus 'Christ and does not admit His Divinity; he admits the Bible 'and does not admit hell. He employs all the subtleties of a 'schoolman to establish against Trinitarians the sense in which 'Christ is, and the sense in which He is not the Son of God. 'Now if one grants that there has been an existence real and 'miraculous from one end to the other, why not frankly call it 'divine? The one demands no greater effort of belief than the 'other. In fact, in this course *il n'y a que le premier pas que 'coute;* one must not make compromises with the supernatural; 'faith must be complete (*va d'une seule pièce*) and, the sacrifice 'once made, it is not becoming to reclaim in detail rights of 'which one has made once for all an entire cession. Herein 'lies, in my judgment, the narrow and inconsistent side of 'Channing. *What is a rationalist who admits miracles, pro-'phecies, or Revelation?*'[1]

It is likewise worthy of observation that, while on the one hand the intellectual position of Channing is thus (we hold most justly) pronounced untenable, so on the other hand did the cold utterances of Socinian religion prove utterly insufficient for his heart; indeed, so insufficient, as to lead him to look for solace in the writings of men the very furthest removed from his own school. Channing actually sympathized in many respects with the Oxford movement of 1833, and his favourite religious author was Fenelon! In this inability to find spiritual food in the arid pastures of his own sect, he by no means stands alone among Socinians. Some few years since, the ablest of English Unitarians, Mr. James Martineau, expressed himself as follows:—

'I am constrained to say, that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions, of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations are in almost every depart-

[1] *Revue des deux Mondes.*

ment to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors most in favour with them. In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustin, Tayler, Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold.'

Again, he adds:

'I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded on reason and nature, and is already widely spread among us.'

Once more, Mr. Martineau says:—

'*Better insight into the origin and meaning of the Trinitarian scheme*, more philosophical appreciation of its leading terms—*e.g.* Substance, Personality, Nature, &c., and more sympathetic approach to the minds of living believers in it, *have greatly modified our estimates*, and disinclined many of us to make the rejection of the doctrine, any more than its acceptance, a condition of Church communion.'[1]

Such is at present the position of Unitarianism. Many of its professors are turning their glances upward; many, more especially in America, have become Trinitarians. But those who do not thus advance are in few, if any cases, standing still; only too logically they are descending into the depths of a rationalistic Pantheism.

11. There appear, then, to be five main classes of those who have attacked the Church's teaching concerning the person and office of Christ.

I. Those who pronounce Him to be an impostor. This class includes the Jews, the heathen assailants, such as Celsus, Julian, and Porphyry; and, we presume, modern infidels of the school of Voltaire.

II. Those who allow Him to be something more than human, to be the greatest of all religious teachers, the One through whom the human race has received the best and highest culture, but who in some way detract from the fulness of His Divinity or of His manhood, or who confound or separate the two natures. This class includes the great mass of heretical teachers, such as Arians, Nestorians, and the like. But it excludes Mahometans, Socinians, and perhaps Ebionites and some other Gnostics.

[1] Quoted from Mr. Martineau's letter to Mr. Macdonald, on The Unitarian Position. Price 1*d*. London: Whitfield, 1859. Re-quoted in a letter by Dr. Rowland Williams, which appeared in the *Cambrian*, a Swansea journal, for Dec. 3, 1859, and in the London *Guardian* of Dec. 7, 1859. Also in Dr. Fairbairn's careful and candid Appendix to the concluding vol. of the English translation of Dorner on the Person of Christ.

III. Those who acknowledge Him as a true prophet, miraculously conceived as the son of Mary; the worker under of God of great and holy miracles, even to the raising of the dead unto life again, and taken up into heaven. This is the teaching of Mahomet in the Koran. Its Moslem commentators go somewhat beyond this, and are probably justified in so doing, by fair inference from the language of the Koran as well from traditions accepted by the majority.

IV. Those who represent Him to be a mere man, but the greatest of all religious teachers, the author of real miracles and miraculously raised again to life. This is the teaching of Socinians, properly so called, as for example, Dr. Channing.

V. Those, who, while proclaiming (or at any rate not denying) the actual human existence of Jesus, not only teach that He is merely man, but deny all that is miraculous in His life.

It is with the fifth and last of these positions alone that we are just now especially concerned. A refutation of the teaching of Judaism or Arianism, of Mahomet or Socinus, respecting the sacred person of our Lord may be required again hereafter; though none of such tasks appear likely to be called for immediately among the civilized nations of Christendom, either in Europe or America.

Now, the considerations above suggested are of course, we fully grant, as nothing apart from the teaching of the New Testament, upon which they all mediately or immediately repose. Most true, we preach Christ Jesus as the Eternal Son, the second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, made perfect man like unto us in all things (sin alone except) some 1864 years since, combining thenceforth in His adorable Personality for ever and indivisibly, without separation or confusion, two whole and perfect natures, the Godhead and the Manhood; and as having condescended not only to be born, but to suffer and to die for us men and for our salvation.

We place upon the table the volume commonly accepted as the New Testament, and demand who are they who would unhesitatingly proclaim their conviction that the statements just made are taught therein and may be proved from it? And from amidst the vast throng of myriads who have lived and died in that faith, which answer this query in the affirmative, we may imagine some forms to stand peculiarly prominent, not as having necessarily been more sincere or ardent in their conviction, but as having been in a position to announce it to their brethren. In that band stand Polycarp and Cyprian, Athanasius and Augustine, Bernard and Aquinas, Theodosius and Alfred, Louis IX. of France and Gustavus Adolphus, Luther and Loyola, Xavier and Heber, Fenelon and Thomas Chalmers, the framers

of the Nicene Creed, of the Augsburg Confession, of the Westminster Confession, of the Tridentine Decrees and the Anglican Articles; Nikon of Russia and Vladimir, Bishop Andrewes and Hugh Miller, Cowper and Dante, Haydn and Handel, Vitringa and Estius, Alexander Vinet and Arthur Hallam. We pause, lest our list become too long; yet, even as it stands, it is surely neither unvaried nor insignificant. Differing in much else, the persons just named were thoroughly agreed in this. Apart from that belief their life would have been unmeaning; for it was faith in that truth that gave vigour and animation to the whole.

Thus much as to the impression made by the New Testament on the overwhelming majority of Christians, whose very differences upon other doctrines must, by every law of evidence, be considered rather to strengthen than to diminish the weight and importance of their agreement here. With other forms of discussion we are not, as we have said, concerned. We proceed to ask, what is the impression made by this same volume on the mind of rationalists, such as Strauss, or Baur of Tubingen?

There cannot, we think, be any doubt but that Strauss most fully admits, that if you allow the possibility of the miraculous—if you admit as conceivable the idea of two natures subsisting in one person,—then that 'the Christology of the orthodox system' is (to say the very least) in no wise contrary to the teaching of the sacred volume. 'Its fundamental principles are found,' he says, 'in the New Testament;' and after a proof so elaborate as to show that this is an under-statement, he adds, 'How richly 'fraught with blessing and elevation, with encouragement and 'consolation, were the thoughts which the early Church derived 'from this view of Christ!'[1] This reflection is followed by two pages of eloquent disquisition, by way of exhibiting in the detail the correctness of this general assertion. The reconciliation between heaven and earth, effected by this marvellous Life and Death; the guarantee of God's love to man and the revelation of the brightest hopes for the believer; the brotherhood and co-heirship of men with the Son of God; the redemption from the curse of the law; the overthrow of the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile; the justifying nature of faith, that living loving faith, which creates even in this life a spiritual resurrection, and will lead hereafter to a resurrection of the mortal body, through Christ; the pledge of this ultimate triumph afforded to the believer, by the victory of the Saviour over death, and Hades and the dread powers of Satan; the con-

[1] Strauss, 'Life of Jesus.' Concluding Dissertation (Vol. iii. pp. 400-1, in the English translation).

solation of having meanwhile an Intercessor on high who knows our weakness, for that He himself, though sinless, was subjected to temptation;—all this, and more than this, is described at length by Strauss, and shown to rest upon an array of well-chosen and convincing texts. Oh deplorable spectacle of one who can see and understand and pourtray these blessed truths, and then turn away from the living, breathing form to the cold idol of a baseless theory, whose foundation is dust and ashes, and its atmosphere the blast of death!

And yet in turning aside for a time from the volumes of Strauss we cannot too earnestly beg of any doubting mind that it would ponder well upon the dilemma placed before us in this extraordinary work. That dilemma, as conceived by Strauss, may, we believe, be stated with perfect fairness as follows:—'Either my mythical theory is true, or else the orthodox 'Christology is true. There is no middle course. The early 'Church was perfectly justified, both by the baptismal formula 'and by many texts in the Epistles,[1] in forming a creed. She 'was justified in rejecting Ebionites and Docetæ, and in 'condemning the more subtle divergences of Arius and of 'Appollinaris, of Eutyches and the Monothelites. Nor have 'modern attempts to stop short of the mythical theory, and yet 'hold less than the early Church, proved at all more successful 'than those of the early heretics. Socinians, or rationalists, like 'Henke, who remove the person and work of Jesus from the 'essence of religion; Schleiermacher with his eclectic Christ-'tology; Kant and De Wette with their symbolical interpreta-'tions; Schelling with his speculative doctrine of an incarnation, 'meaning the human consciousness as distinguished from the 'infinite;—these theories are each in turn brought forward, 'tried and rejected.' And when we think over the final and solemn dilemma just stated, then, blasphemously irreverent as it must sound to Christian ears, we dare not say that there is no grain of truth whatever in the concluding sentence of the Latin preface prefixed by Strauss to the English translation, in which he applies to his work that which was originally spoken of its Subject. 'And as heretofore in Germany, so presently in 'Britain, let this book lie *for the fall and rising again of many, 'and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts 'of many hearts may be revealed.*'

But the work of Strauss, says a French rationalist, M. Reville, 'is now generally considered as a failure (*une tentative manquée.*)'[2] It allured while the Hegelian philosophy was at its zenith of popularity; but began to fall, directly the prestige

[1] Strauss quotes especially Romans i. 3, viii. 34, and 1 Tim. iii. 16.
[2] *Revue des deux Mondes* for 1 Mai, 1863.—P. 113.

of that system began to wax faint. But having spoken of the impression made by the New Testament upon other schools, we turn for a moment to ask what is the account given by the new school of Tubingen, and its recently deceased leader, Dr. Baur. Enough for our present purpose to observe that Baur strikes out from the Canon the Gospel of S. John, and would adjudge away from S. Paul the authorship of the Epistles to the Ephesians, to the Colossians, to Timothy and Titus. We agree with Mr. Farrar,[1] that the four Pauline Epistles left unchallenged by the most extreme doubters of this school (namely those addressed to the Romans, to the Galatians, and the two to the Corinthians) would still be sufficient to establish the main articles of the creeds. But when we consider, in reference to the Divinity of our Lord, the teaching of the fourth Gospel, from first to last, and the language of the first chapter of Colossians with the parallel passages in those other Epistles which the Tubingen school refuses to accept, it is difficult to believe that these clear manifestations of doctrine are not the main ground of opposition. If calm inquirers should arrive at the same conclusion, then must not Baur and his associates be regarded as additional witnesses to the confession, that the New Testament, as commonly received, *does* proclaim the mystery of the Holy Incarnation?

We trust that the very form of the title prefixed to this paper will have partially prepared the reader for some general remarks, before arriving at any detailed criticism on the new 'Vie de Jésus' by M. Renan. But these prefatory observations have been extended much further than we had originally anticipated, and we must sincerely apologize for their great and, we fear, wearisome length. It may, perhaps, prove some excuse for the delay thus occasioned, that we shall hope to render more brief, and at the same time more clear, the objections which we have to urge against the work in question.

And first, on hearing of a fresh sceptical book upon this solemn theme, it may occur to some thinkers to ask, why should not a writer, who is bent upon doubting, simply avow a persistent and complete scepticism with respect, firstly to the whole range of natural, and then subsequently to the entire cycle of supernatural knowledge. The reply is, *firstly*, that such a course is barely possible for any one single mind, however peculiarly constituted or trained; and, *secondly*, that even if such a condition could be attained, the teacher would inevitably fail in founding any enduring scheme of secular philosophy or of religion. Sir

[1] Bampton Lectures for 1862, Lect. viii.

William Hamilton is surely not guilty of an over-statement when, after urging the propriety and need of doubt within certain limits, he adds: 'Philosophical doubt is not an end but a 'mean. We doubt in order that we may believe; we begin, 'that we may not end, with doubt. . . . Indeed, were the effect 'of philosophy the establishment of doubt, the remedy would be 'worse than the disease. Doubt, *as a permanent state of mind*, 'would be, in fact, little better than an intellectual death. The 'mind lives as it believes—it lives in the affirmation of itself, 'of nature, and of God; a doubt upon any one of these would 'be a diminution of its life—a doubt upon the three, were it 'possible, would be tantamount to a mental annihilation.'[1] Pyrrho has so far succeeded in this line of teaching, as to give rise to the name of Pyrrhonists for sceptics. But how really uninfluential does he appear, when named beside Plato or Aristotle; or even beside less eminent teachers, such as Seneca or Epictetus. Who ever appeals to the name of Pyrrho as an authority for anything? And yet even he placed some limits to his doubts; for he seems to have held firmly to the foundation of morals, however much he may have doubted, or fancied that he doubted, the evidence of his senses.

But, turning from philosophical to religious scepticism, we may now state what appears to us to be the rock upon which, sooner or later, all attacks upon the truth of the 'Life of Jesus,' as read and accepted by the holders of the orthodox Christology, must inevitably founder.

The author of any sceptical biography of Christ must be prepared either to admit nothing, or to admit something. If he admits nothing, he has no starting-point from which to commence operations, and the world simply refuses to give him a hearing. But if he admits something, that something involves a second admission, and that again another; and so adamantine are the links that bind together the Gospel history, that the assailant is ever in doubt where he had best attempt to sever them, and is constantly compelled to change his method of attack. In the case of Strauss, we question whether any single edition of his book has appeared without most important modifications, insertions and withdrawals of entire sets of paragraphs. In the case of M. Renan, so hesitating and uncertain is his tone, that it is utterly impossible at moments to comprehend what he really does hold and teach.

In commencing to discuss the problems at issue between us and M. Renan, two questions strike us as important at the very outset. They are these:—*Firstly*, does M. Renan believe in

[1] Lectures on Metaphysics. (Lect. v. Vol. i. pp. 91-2.)

Monotheism? *Secondly*, what admissions is he willing to make respecting the events of the Life of our Lord Jesus?

We have, we trust, explained what *we* mean by belief in Monotheism; not the belief in 'the figment, much in vogue 'among exclusively scientific minds, of an insensible, inflexible, 'immovable, in a word, of a scientific, as opposed to a moral 'God;'[1] but faith in a true and living Creator and Governor of the universe. These opposite views have often been set in contrast, but seldom, we think, with more clearness than in the following statement from the pen of Strauss:—

'In the ancient world (that is, in the East) the religious tendency was so preponderating, and the knowledge of nature so limited, that the law of connexion between earthly, finite beings was very loosely regarded. At every link there was a disposition to spring into the infinite, and to see God as the immediate cause of every change in nature or the human mind. In this mental condition the Biblical history was written. Not that God is here represented as doing all and everything Himself—a notion which, from the manifold evidence of the fundamental connexion between finite things, would be impossible to any reasonable mind—but there prevails in the Biblical writers a ready disposition to derive all things, down to the minutest details, as soon as they appear particularly important, immediately from God. *He it is who gives the rain and the sunshine; He sends the east wind and the storm; He dispenses war, famine, and pestilence; He hardens hearts and softens them, suggests thoughts and resolutions.* And this is particularly the case with regard to His chosen instruments and beloved people. In the history of the Israelites we find traces of His immediate agency at every step. Through Moses, Elias, Jesus, *He performs things which never would have happened in the ordinary course of nature.*

'Our modern world, on the contrary, after many centuries of tedious research, has attained a conviction, that all things are linked together by a chain of causes and effects which suffers no interruption. It is true that single facts and groups of facts, with their condition and processes of change, are not so circumscribed as to be unsusceptible of external influence; for the action of one existence or kingdom in nature intrenches on that of another; human freedom controls natural development, and material laws react on human freedom. Nevertheless, the totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought with the modern world, that, in actual life, the belief in a supernatural manifestation, and immediate Divine agency, is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. It has been carried to the extreme in that modern explanation, which, *in a spirit exactly opposed to that of the Bible*, has either totally removed the Divine causation, or has so far restricted it, that it is immediate in the act of creation alone, but mediate from that point onwards—*i.e.* God operates on the world only in so far as He gave to it this fixed direction at the creation. From this point of view, at which nature and history appear as a compact tissue of finite causes and effects, it was impossible to regard the narratives of the Bible, in which this tissue is broken by innumerable instances of Divine interference, as historical.

'*It must be confessed, on nearer investigation, that this modern explanation, although it does not exactly deny the existence of God, yet puts aside the idea of*

[1] Professor Goldwin Smith. Cited before.

Him, as the ancient view did the idea of the world; for this is, as it has been often and well remarked, *no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite artist*, who acts immediately upon His work only during its first production, and then leaves it to itself—who becomes excluded, with this full energy, from one particular sphere of existence.'[1]

The admission here is evident. Strauss does not believe in the God revealed by the *Old* Testament, how is it then possible that he can believe in the Mediator revealed in the *New* Testament? He who does not worship the Eternal Father, the Creator, how can we expect him to fall down before the Eternal Son as the Redeemer? In all this Strauss is more honest or more clear-sighted than many who in heart are with him. *Three-fourths of the present disbelief in Christ arises from an under-current of disbelief in a true and living God.* Once adopt the conception of God, which is so frankly admitted by Strauss to be anti-Biblical, and unbelief in miracles, unbelief in the holy angels, unbelief in evil spirits, unbelief in the Incarnation, all follow logically as a matter of course. It is, then, all important, thus at the outset, to put this question to M. Renan. Do you, or do you not, believe in the God of the Old Testament?[2] Strauss has given us a plain reply. Let us now hear yours.

What M. Renan's sentiments on this vital question really are there is, we imagine, little reason to doubt. He seems to us to be more decidedly Pantheistic than Strauss himself, but he is far less bold and explicit in his avowal. We do not deny that a stray admission of a slightly counter-tendency may be once found in one of his earlier articles, but his latest contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* more than confirms the impression made upon his French opponents by the 'Vie de Jésus;' namely, that M. Renan is a decided Pantheist.

This unhappy form of error has an intimate connexion with our second inquiry. Not only does Pantheism lead, by necessary consequence, to a rejection of the central dogma of the Christian faith, but it deserves to be sincerely considered whether this vague and dreamy creed be not incompatible with the true historic sense. One thing is certain (and it is admitted as fully by M. Renan as by our great English theologian, Dr. Mill), that in India, the classic land of that form of belief, Pantheism has all but wholly extinguished history and crushed it out of being.

We now proceed, by way of answer to our second question, to select some specimens of the admissions of M. Ernest Renan. This is, however, a task by no means free from difficulty.

[1] Strauss' 'Life of Christ.' Introduction, § 14 (vol. i. pp. 70—72, in English translation).

[2] We say here 'The *Old* Testament' to avoid ambiguity. If we said 'The Bible,' an opponent might urge that we were including the doctrine of the Trinity as well as the unity of the Godhead.

We earnestly desire to be fair, and in the case of a large proportion of books that come under our notice, we do not experience any great difficulty in ascertaining the position of the author. French writers more especially, from their admirable power of arrangement, are usually in this respect much more easily handled than German, or even than English authors. But with M. Renan's book all seem perplexed. In homely, but expressive phrase, there is no knowing where to have him. Apparently, frank admissions are made, and then seem to be repented of, modified, and perhaps explained away. All that we can at present assert is, that the following statements do really occur in his work, and that we have tried to avoid making anything like garbled extracts:—

Admissions of M. Renan.

'In short (*en somme*), I admit, as authentic, the four canonical Gospels.[1] . . . It will be observed that I have not made any use of the apocryphal Gospels. *These compositions ought not to be in any wise placed on the same level with the canonical Gospels.* They are weak (*plates*) and puerile amplifications, having the canonical Gospels for their basis, and adding to them nothing that is of any value.[2] . . . I have travelled in all directions over the Gospel country. I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria. Scarcely any locality of importance in the history of Jesus has escaped my notice. All this history, which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of a world without reality, thus gained a body, a solidity, which astonished me. *The striking agreement between the texts and the places*, the marvellous harmony between the evangelic ideal and the scenery which served as a frame for it, were for me a complete revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible; and thenceforth, through the narratives of Matthew and of Mark, instead of an abstract Being, whom one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move.[3] . . . Many will no doubt regret the biographical form which my work has thus taken. When I first conceived a history of the sources of Christianity, what I wished to produce was certainly in fact a history of doctrines, wherein men would have had scarcely any part. Jesus would hardly have been named. One would have taken especial pains to show how the ideas which have been produced under His name germinated and covered the world. But I have since learnt to see that history is no mere game of abstractions, and that men are of more account in it than doctrines. . . . To write the history of Jesus, of S. Paul, of S. John, is to write the history of the sources (*des origines*) of Christianity.[4] . . . He who was beheaded by Herodias opened the era of the Christian martyrs. He was the first witness of the new conscience. The worldlings, who recognised in him their real enemy, could not suffer him to live. His mutilated corpse, cast upon the threshold of Christianity, traced the blood-stained path wherein so many others were destined to follow him. . . . In morals, truth gains no worth if it does not pass into the state of sentiment, and it does not attain its full value except when it is realized in the world as an actual fact. Men of a mediocre morality have written extremely good maxims. Very virtuous men, on the other hand, have done nothing to continue in the world the tradition of virtue. *The palm rests with him who has been*

[1] P. 37. [2] P. 43. [3] P. 53. [4] Pp. 54-55.

powerful in words and in works—who has felt what is good, and has made it triumph at the price of his blood. Jesus, in this double point of view, is without peer. His glory remains complete, and will ever be renewed.[1] . . . Each one of us owes to Jesus all that is best in him. (*Chacun de nous lui doit ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui.*)[2] . . . It is not possible to doubt that He Himself chose, among His disciples, those whom they called *par excellence* the 'Apostles,' or 'the twelve,' because, immediately after His death (*au lendemain de sa mort*),[3] we find them filling up by election the vacancies produced in their body. . . . *At this point of time* (the day before Christ's death) *every minute becomes solemn, and has reckoned more than entire centuries in the history of humanity.*[4] . . . The total absence of religious and philosophic proselytism among the Romans of this epoch made them regard devotion to truth as a chimera.[5] . . . A thousand times more loved than during the days of Thy sojourn here, Thou wilt become so thoroughly the corner-stone of humanity, that to tear Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its very foundations.[6] . . . *Christianity* has thus become almost synonymous with *religion. All that shall be transacted outside of this great and good Christian tradition will prove barren.*[7] . . . *This sublime Person, who still presides perpetually over the destiny of the world.*[8] . . . In the midst of this uniform common-place level, there are pillars which rise to the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the loftiest of those pillars, which show man whence he comes and whither he ought to tend. *In Him was concentrated all that is good and elevated in our nature.*'[9]

Such, reader, are a few of the admissions made by M. Renan. We might, in many parts of his work (as, for example, in the history of Christ's trial and death), have extracted entire pages of all but unimpeachable correctness. But to confine ourselves, for the present, to what has just been cited. Let any defenders of M. Renan do what they can, if they are so minded, to explain those sentences away. We can only repeat that we have tried to quote and translate them with perfect fairness, and will gladly listen to any objections that can be made on this score. But, at this point, we would fain pause a moment and meditate.

Here is the latest and newest specimen of infidelity published in the year of grace 1863, in the capital city of a great nation, perhaps inferior to none in civilization and in intellectual energy. This, we say, is unbelief. And yet how much—how very much—does even this latest sample of scepticism leave untouched. The real existence and humanity of Jesus, and the time of His birth and death, are admitted as unquestionable. Even doubt itself has learned to say: 'I believe in 'Jesus . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate, 'was crucified, dead, and buried.' O that it may only advance,

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[1] Pp. 92-3. [2] P. 283.

[3] P. 290. We pass over, for the moment, the exceeding inaccuracy of this expression. It will be seen presently that the stern requirements of M. Renan's theory almost necessitate, in this case as in many others, incorrectness of detail.

[4] P. 383. [5] P. 404. [6] P. 426. [7] Pp. 445-6.

[8] P. 457. We here pause at a comma, as the sentence proceeds to deny His true divinity. [9] P. 360.

be it day by day, and step by step, until it fill up all the Articles of the Creed!

To other admissions we shall have to call attention, as we proceed. But we must first linger for a moment more over those already cited. We have seen in the above extracts some of the leading points which, according to M. Renan, we are at liberty to believe. We reflect upon them with much wonderment, marvelling whether there has been any other Man, since the world began, concerning Whom such sentences could be penned, without the most manifest hyperbole and absurdity. Who else is there to Whom each of us owes all that is best in us: in the closing scenes of Whose Life each minute outweighs in value ordinary centuries: Whose teaching is almost identical with religion: Who still presides always and each day over the world's destiny? The rumour that some Parisian unbelievers have been led from a state of carelessness to one of interest and inquiry, and so to belief, by this 'Life of Jesus,' is certainly by no means destitute of probability.

But it is time to turn to the more painful side of the question. What is there that M. Renan does *not* think tenable by those who would desire to hold the truth? Alas! for the present, it assuredly outweighs both in bulk and importance the amount of the *credenda* in his system. We are *not* to believe that Jesus is the Son of God, Very God of Very God. We are *not* to believe that He was miraculously conceived—miraculously born of a pure Virgin: we are *not* to believe that He was, according to the flesh, of the seed of David—*not* to believe that He wrought any miracle—*not* to believe that He rose again from the dead. It is, however, to be admitted that in at least one case, that of Lazarus, 'there did happen at Bethany something that was regarded as a resurrection;' and it seems that we are to infer that although Jesus in reality wrought no miracles, yet that He suffered his friends and disciples to believe that He had wrought them, and to proclaim their belief to the world.

And now, having before us certain *data*, both positive and negative, from the work of M. Renan, let us proceed, as calmly as we can, to draw the legitimate conclusions, and see to what kind of creed they would conduct us.

We are called upon to believe that a man born into the world like all the rest of us, one of most humble parentage, with no claims to royal descent, with no power of working miracles, with no more knowledge than his own genius and the education of his age and country could supply; one who was not strictly

honest and truthful, but who (indirectly, if not directly) put forth claims which he knew to be perfectly untrue; who was put to death as a malefactor, and was never afterwards seen again, has yet succeeded in the most extraordinary enterprise that ever mortal undertook. For, without the aid of a miracle, he has achieved what far surpasses any miracle recorded in the Gospels. He has won for Himself the adoring love of mankind for ages; He is worshipped by the wisest and most cultivated nations as their God; in His name are sacraments administered; in Him the benefactors of their race, who are the salt of the earth, place their trust; on His merits do myriads rely for the pardon of their sins, and their future bliss; and yet this exalted Being was, after all, we are now taught, a mere dead man, grossly ignorant and by no means honest. A greater demand upon our credulity it is not easy to imagine. The lines of Dante (perhaps suggested by S. Augustin) form a natural comment upon such a theory:—

> 'That all the world, said I, should have been turn'd
> To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,
> Would in itself be such a miracle,
> The rest were not an hundredth part so great.'[1]

That M. Renan's theory is momentarily adapted to a particular state of the public mind; that it is presented in an artistic form; that the writer's style displays much grace and beauty; that he has abstained from some particular forms of slander of a gross and repulsive character; and that he has won, in mere point of sale, an immense and extraordinary success, is certainly undeniable. But that such an extravagant hypothesis can endure for more than a few years we cannot conceive. At the close of that time, the book will probably share the fate of the sensation novels of the period; and the replies to it will be equally unheeded, because the views put forth in it will hardly have been deemed worthy of any serious or elaborate refutation.

The call to decide between these two positions, either that Jesus is what the Church Universal teaches, or else an impostor and the greatest teacher of idolatry the world has ever known, is thus once again presented to the mind of Christendom. For this is the question, and nothing less. It is idle for M.

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[1] Cary, whose note on the passage is worth reading. The original lines are—

> Se 'l mondo si rivolse al Christianesmo,
> Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno
> E tal, che gli altri non sono 'l centesmo.
>
> *Paradiso*, Canto xxiv. pp. 106-8.

Renan and his supporters to say: 'You misunderstand us; we 'do not intend to charge Him with anything so grave as impos- 'ture; the East has measures of sincerity differing from ours,' and the like. Such excuses are of no avail. He who permits others to believe and teach that He has wrought a marvel which He knows that He has not wrought, *is* an impostor. The only possible apology is to attribute such an one's conduct to mental hallucination, and in the case before us this apology is quite out of the question, and, indeed, is not alleged by our author.

Although the mere statement of the chief point at issue must, with the great majority of readers, seem to necessitate but one reply, it may be well to look a little more closely into the following topics, which all bear upon the question of M. Renan's fitness for the solemn task which he has undertaken. 1. The author's views upon Polytheism and upon the influence of race. 2. Upon the supernatural. 3. His degree of sympathy with the Evangelists. 4. The accuracy of his citations and inferences from Holy Scripture. 5. The relation of his work to that of Strauss, of Ewald, and to the mind of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively.

1. M. Renan's views of Polytheism. On this, as on other subjects on which we are at issue with our author, it seems advisable to state briefly what we presume to be the Christian view of Polytheism, in order that we may display the contrast. The God whom the Christian worships, is pre-eminently a Being of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. It is clear at a glance that no one of 'the gods many and lords many' in the Pantheon of the Polytheist can possibly combine in himself these primary attributes. Consequently, the Polytheist fails to form a right idea of the very meaning of the word God. It is true that at moments the notion of a sovereignty of Jupiter over the other inhabitants of Olympus seems to gleam forth; or, in other words, Polytheism is for the time thrust aside as untenable. But this is only momentary. If, in one celebrated passage of the 'Iliad,' Jupiter announces that his might is superior to that of all the rest combined, yet in others he is compelled to make the most humiliating confessions of the limitations placed upon his designs, either by Fate or by a brother god, such as Neptune.[1] As for the other gods, they must, by the very nature of the case, interfere with each other's claims to Omnipotence. Thus, for example, in the tenth book of the 'Iliad' the protection of Pallas avails to guide her favoured knights, Ulysses and

[1] *Vide e. g.* Iliad xiii. ll. 347—357. The whole subject is well and thoroughly discussed in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's 'Homer and the Homeric Age.'

Diomed, so far that they succeed in slaying Rhesus by night and carrying off his snow-white steeds; but when they want to make a prize of the chariot also, Apollo interferes, and, in much wrath, wakes up a cousin of the slain monarch to prevent further damage. Thus, in the first book of the 'Æneid,' Æolus is recognised as lord of the winds, but is thwarted and reproved by Neptune for sending forth those winds to create a tempest at sea. Thus, when the Spaniards announced to the Mexicans the doctrine of the One God, they were met by some such reply as this. 'Your doctrine may be very well suited to your own 'needs. You may perhaps live in a country which one God 'is competent to manage. But this is not the case here. We 'want one God to look after the rivers, another to take charge 'of the earthquakes, another to see to the crops,' and so forth. Is it not obvious that, in such cases, the unfortunate idolaters have failed to grasp the very primary elements of thought implied in the word 'God?'

Thus much as regards the defects of Polytheism when confronted with the ideas of perfect wisdom and perfect power.[1] But its intellectual inconsistency and feebleness looks like an evil of comparatively small dimensions when placed by the side of the apparent inconsistency of practical Polytheism with the idea of perfect goodness. Of its close and intimate connexion with profanity, licentiousness, and apparent leagues with the fallen angels, we must not now pause to speak. But it is important to remind the reader of this phase of the Gentile worship, that we may comprehend the question now at issue.

We assert, then, that of this wide and impassable gulf between Polytheism and Monotheism, M. Renan seems to have but a very faint conception. He appears to think the difference slight: he has no horror at the mental association of impure rites with the memory of those dear to him; he looks upon the belief in many gods or in the One True God as being chiefly a matter of race.

For in one passage of the work before us, M. Renan speaks of Monotheists never appreciating Polytheism. Truly a strange thing it were, if those who hold a blessed and beneficent truth could under any circumstances be said to *appreciate* a pernicious and deadly error. Then again, sad to relate, in that singular mixture of affection and sentimentality, which forms the dedication of the volume to his departed sister, Henrietta, he says: 'Thou now sleepest in the land of Adonis, near the

[1] 'Polytheism, putting the different parts of Nature under the arbitrary dominion of separate gods, conflicts with, and has been overthrown by, Science, which proves that one set of laws, the work of one God, traverses the whole.'—Prof. Goldwin Smith, *ubi supra* p. 21.

'*holy* Byblos and the *consecrated* waters, where the women of 'the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears.' Well may the Abbé Freppel demand whether M. Renan 'is ignorant of 'the infamies to which he was making allusion, and refer him to 'what has been written by another French rationalist, M. 'Alfred Maury, respecting the *fêtes* of the most obscene divinity 'of paganism.' 'It is painful to us,' continues M. Freppel, 'to 'see that fraternal piety itself knows not how to preserve our 'modern pagans from such extraordinary aberrations; and that 'in wishing to honour the memory of a sister who bore a 'Christian name, who had received the baptism of the faith, 'they find nothing on their lips and in their heart save the 'names of Adonis, of the holy Byblos, and of the impure mys-'teries of idolatry.'[1]

And further, Polytheism is regarded as a form of thought proper to the Aryan (or Indo-Germanic) race, while Monotheism is preferred by the Semitic family. It is true that in this matter, as in others, our author makes some considerable admissions. It may be worth while to reflect whether the following statements might not be found to cohere perfectly well with the Christian views of Judaism.

M. Renan on the Hebrew Mind.

'If we review, as a whole, the development of the Hebrew mind, we are struck by that high character of perfection which gives its works a right to be regarded as classic, in the same sense as are the productions of Greece, Rome, and of the Latin races. Alone, among all the Orientals, Israel has had the privilege of writing for the whole world. The other literatures of the East can only be read and appreciated by the learned. Hebrew literature is the Bible—*the* book *par excellence*—the universal study. Millions of men scattered throughout the world know no other poetry. We must, of course, in this marvellous destiny take into consideration the religious revolutions, which (above all, since the sixteenth century) have caused men to regard the Hebrew books as the source of all revelation; but we may affirm that, if these books had not contained something profoundly universal, they would never have attained this condition. Israel had, like Greece, the power of perfectly extricating (*dégager*) its idea—of expressing it in a complete and finished form. Proportion, rhythm, taste, were, in the East, the exclusive privilege of the Hebrew people, and it is from this cause that it succeeded in giving to poetry and sentiment a form universal and acceptable to the entire human race.'[2]

Now on the question of race, as on a multitude of other questions, two very extreme views are just now in fashion. A

[1] P. 52. Up to this point we have not made use of M. Freppel's learned and masterly pamphlet; and a chance coincidence of thought leads us to mention that our first three pages were written before it reached us. We shall frequently cite it in what follows as 'M. Freppel,' with the page.

[2] M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for November, 1855; and again, as cited by M. Littré, in the same Review for 1 Juillet, 1857.—(Vols. xii. p. 147, and x. of second series, p. 119.)

late unbelieving writer, Mr. Buckle, declared that the element of race seemed to him of the smallest possible consequence, if not absolutely null, in the formation of an estimate of historical affairs. The incorrectness of the *ultra* view of the matter has been admirably exposed by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his 'Popular Lectures on Physiology.' But it ought to be considered whether some writers of our age are not inclined to press out of its due place and proportion this really important topic; whether they are not in danger (if so undignified a phrase may be permitted) of making it a hobby and then riding it to death. That we are not insensible to its importance may, we trust, be shown before we conclude: but we are disposed to think that a tendency in this direction is exhibited by M. Augustin Thierry, by Dean Milman, and perhaps by Mr. Disraeli.[1]

But M. Renan far outruns the writers whom we have just named, and, indeed, all other writers with whom we are acquainted. We are compelled, therefore, to bring his theory to the test of fact; and demand whether it is historically true, or false, that the Semitic race was so essentially monotheistic that one of its families deserves no very special mention for its tenacious grasp of the doctrine proclaimed to it of old: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'

Here, as on several other points, we may adduce, in opposition to the theory of the rationalist M. Renan, the criticism of the rationalist M. Littré. We are not compelled to follow M. Littré in the theory which he would fain substitute for that of M. Renan, but we fully appreciate the value of the following remarks:—

M. Littré on M. Renan's theory of Monotheism.

'M. Renan attributes primitive Monotheism to an innate disposition of the race—to a manner of thinking and feeling which belonged to the Semitic family, and which led it directly to the idea of one only God, Creator and Lord of earth and heaven. The scarcity of documents concerning a history so long past prevents our perceiving the process by which ideas and things were produced in the development of nations, and reduces us to difficult and uncertain inductions. M. Renan's hypothesis has the historical fact on its side, that from remote antiquity we observe Israel, which is not distinguished over its neighbours of Tyre, Sidon, or Babylon

[1] For M. Aug. Thierry, see his 'Norman Conquest of England,' wherein everything—even the contest between Becket and Henry II.—is regarded as a matter of race—a struggle between Saxon and Norman. With reference to Dean Milman's '*Latin* Christianity,' there seems force uttered in the hint by a *Saturday Reviewer* some few years since, to the effect that Teutonic Austria had remained Roman Catholic, rejecting what Dr. Milman terms 'Teutonic Christianity.' He might have added that the German part of that Empire was the most Roman, while Protestantism finds its strength in Hungary and Bohemia. For Mr. Disraeli (who is, however, probably less extreme) it may be sufficient to refer the reader to 'Tancred,' and the 'Life of Lord G. Bentinck.'

by any supremacy of science or civilization, stand out strongly against all that pagan world by their belief in Jehovah, by their hatred of polytheism, by their religious tenacity, and by their prophetic hope of one day seeing all nations come to monotheism. *But grave difficulties seem to me to stand in the way of this interpretation of the historic fact.*

'The gravest is, *the paganism of several Semitic branches. The Sidonians, the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the Palmyrenians, the Arabians, the Ethiopians, were all pagan.* Naturally, M. Renan has not overlooked this objection, and he replies to it so far as the Phœnicians are concerned by saying, that if they fell into paganism it was in consequence of migrations and foreign influences, which led them into the profane ways of civilization, commerce, and trade; and with respect to the Arabs, by saying that it would be a mistake to look upon Mahomet as having founded monotheism amongst them, for that the worship of the supreme Allah had always been the basis of Arabian religion. Nevertheless, these *dicta* do not carry conviction to my mind. Where is the historical evidence that the Tyrians (to confine ourselves to them) were ever monotheists? What is the proof that migrations, or foreign influences, changed their primitive religion and substituted that of many gods? Language is certainly the best test of the purity of a race. Now, in this point of view, the Phœnician language (at least, all that we know of it) presents no sign of those admixtures, of those alterations which, by proving an influence exercised by foreign populations, prove a change, for good or for evil, to have taken place in ideas and belief. Nor does the answer touching the Arabs remove all difficulties. I believe readily, with M. Renan, that the notion of a supreme Allah was, with the Arabs, a fundamental one; but that does not suffice to enable us to conclude from it that they were monotheists any more than we should have a right to declare of the Greeks, because they had a notion of a supreme *Zeus*, father of gods and men; or of the Latins, because they believed in a Jupiter very great and very good—*Jupiter optimus maximus*—that they ought to be excluded from the number of polytheistic nations. The conclusion does not seem to me to be better applicable to the Arabs, for, if by the side of that supreme Allah they had not had, like the undoubted pagans, other and numerous gods, what did Mahomet's mission signify, which had no other object but to withdraw his people from paganism? *M. Renan, in declaring his hypothesis, has left a mist over his conception, usually so clear and precise.* "The desert," he says, "is monotheist." *If* it was the desert which inspired the Semitic race with the idea of one only God; *they do not owe it to this race.*'[1]

It is possible that the language of M. Littré respecting the Arabs may be slightly overstrained; but the main fact remains unimpeachable, that whatever grasp of monotheism they may have possessed at one period of their career, they did not, like the Israelites, preserve it. And the same might be said of the Tyrians, if a monotheistic worship among them be susceptible of historic proof.

We are by no means insensible to the amount of curious information contained in M. Renan's paper on the pagan religions of antiquity. But on the entire case the impression left on our

[1] *Revue des deux Mondes*, vol. x. 1857, pp. 127-8. We are obliged to pause abruptly, in the middle of a sentence, for M. Littré, after dealing this forcible blow to his *confrère*, proceeds to suggest a theory of his own, quite as hollow and not one whit more reverent.

minds is this: Here is a writer who has no belief in objective truth; who regards polytheistic or monotheistic doctrines as opinions, not perhaps quite equally good, but as resting upon similar bases—namely, the tendency of certain races—who has never caught a glimpse of what was so justly said by the poet (whether he believed or not the force of his own words) :—

'Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,
* * * *
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, *for killing Truth had glared on them.*'[1]

He is 'insensible to the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins 'which turned the heart of the Israelite sick in the worship of 'Baal, Astarte, and Moloch.'[2] And therefore, severe as they may sound, we cannot think that the words of M. Freppel are too severe, when he follows up the remarks already cited by saying to M. Renan: 'This is painful to reflect on, I admit; and it is 'not without sadness that I have just written these lines. Yes, 'we can understand, that the Gospel has become for you a letter 'that is sealed, an enigma past deciphering; there the *fêtes* of 'Adonis are not found, and the women of the ancient mysteries 'play no part therein.'

II. The next point for consideration is our author's view of the supernatural. And here we may willingly admit the presence of a national element as one of the constituent parts of M. Renan's form of unbelief. Just as Luther is a German Reformer, and Calvin a French Reformer; as Möhler is a German member, and Fenelon a French member, of the Church of Rome; even so too will it appear that the rationalism of Strauss and the rationalism of Renan do respectively bear indubitable marks of having arisen, the one on the eastern, and the other on the western side of the river Rhine. Each, alas! may have his disciples, but of one thing we may feel tolerably certain; and that is, that no man can possibly be at the same time a believer in 'the Leben Jesu' of Strauss and also a believer in M. Renan's 'Vie de Jésus.'

With Strauss the idea is everything; the existence of the man Christ Jesus is of the smallest possible importance; and the composition of the Gospels appears[3] to be relegated to the close of

[1] Shelley's 'Hellas.'

[2] Dean Stanley on the Jewish Church, Lect. IX. p. 209. The words quoted form the predicate of a proposition to which 'the Gentile accounts of Phœnicia' are the subject.

[3] We say, 'appears,' for on this, as on several other points, Strauss is continually shifting his ground, and some large admission made in one edition of the 'Leben Jesu' is found to be withdrawn in the next.

the second century, in order to allow time for the formation of the supposed myths of the miraculous conception, the temptation in the wilderness, the miracles, the resurrection, and the ascension. The wide divergence of M. Renan's theory from this account of the matter may be partially inferred from the passages already cited from his work, and will become more clear as we proceed.

Some of the leading positions held by the great mass of Christians respecting miracles may probably be stated as follows. There are occasions when it has pleased the Creator of the universe, for His own wise purposes, to effect something transcending the ordinary course of events. Whether this is brought about by special interposition, or by the manifestation of some law unknown to us, is usually regarded as a fairly open question.[1] But although in particular cases we may not always be able to perceive what by us, in our ignorance, would be thought sufficient reason for such a display of Divine power, still, in the great majority of instances recorded in Holy Writ, enough is told us to afford at least *some* insight into the cause. Thus we can well understand how an extraordinary teacher would need the warrant of extraordinary acts to substantiate his claims. If indeed, like Abraham, he were the chief of a tribe and founder of a nation, if like David he combined in his own person the royalty with the gift of prophecy, then such subsidiary aid might not be needed. But a Moses leading Israel out of Egypt and inaugurating a new polity, an Elias recalling the ten tribes from the worship of Baal, —such spiritual guides, being engaged in an extraordinary task for which they were not otherwise marked out, received a proportionately extraordinary means of attesting the reality of their claims to a divine mission. Much more on a greater occasion do we suppose that miracles would be vouchsafed by Almighty God. 'As the sensible things around and above us 'are so constituted by Him as to represent to the intellectual 'nature things invisible and spiritual, the words which denote the 'former being the very instruments for shaping forth and appre-'hending the latter,—there may be a congruity in the deep reason 'of things, in the attachment to certain great movements in the 'moral world of corresponding portentous appearances in the 'natural.' 'No wonder,' says another writer, 'if the great 'framework of nature tremble like a reed when some great

[1] We may again refer to the article on 'Miracles,' contained in our last number. Mr. Mansel appears to incline to the view of special interposition. The opposite view is hinted at by Bp. Butler as possible, and ably supported by Mr. Chretien in his 'Dialogues on Divine Providence.' M. Nicolas (who is with us in regarding the question as an open one) observes that our Lord's words in S. John ix. 3, seem rather to countenance the last-named view.

'moral change is passing over the world. No wonder that that 'last great cry rent the rocks as well as the veil of the temple. 'No wonder, to take another aspect of the subject, that the sea 'was calmed by the voice of its Maker, the loaves were multiplied 'before Him who feeds all flesh, and the dead arose at the pre-'sence of Him whose life was the light of men.'[1]

Now we have seen that Strauss frankly acknowledges that he does not accept the Biblical idea of God. His notion is that of a Being who is no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite Artist! Consequently he is consistent enough in rejecting the miraculous as impossible. And hence arises what must be to most readers, excepting thorough partisans of his school, the oppressive wearisomeness of Strauss's volumes. Of what use is it to examine whether the account of a particular miracle is mythical, when it has been first assumed as an axiom that *all* accounts of miracles are mythical? What interest could be felt in the trial of prisoners for a given crime, say that of forgery, if the court before which they were summoned had previously decided that persons accused of this particular crime were always, without exception, guilty? What unbiassed reader would care to peruse a treatise which should pronounce that this and that and the other war had been immoral and unchristian, if the introduction laid it down as an *à priori* unimpeachable proposition, that all war of whatever kind was opposed to the very first principles of sound ethical and Christian doctrine? No wonder that Christian critics of the Straussian hypothesis—we may instance Mr. Henry Rogers and Prince Albert de Broglie—reclaim against this conjunction of a universal major premiss with a number of successive minors; because, however true those minor premises may be, and however logical the conclusion, the major, 'that all miracles are impossible,' still remains a bare assumption, alike unproved and incapable of proof.[2]

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[1] These two striking passages are from writers very independent of each other; namely, Dr. Mill (last tract against Strauss, p. 363 in first edit.), and Mr. Chretien ('Dialogues on Divine Providence,' pp. 43, 44). We may venture to compare with them the remarks of one of our own contributors in pages 272—274 (inclusive) of the paper on 'Miracles' in our last number (Oct. 1863).

[2] 'Having laid it down as an axiom that a miracle is impossible, Christianity, of course must be false; and the only wonder is, that anybody who believes this should enter into criticism at all to refute its historic claims, or to prove that what was impossible *per se* was not very probable in any other way.'—Mr. Rogers' *Defence of Eclipse of Faith*, p. 184.

'The Gospel, it must be allowed, is but one tissue of supernatural events. The Gospel is the supernatural itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin's son. The Gospel is the resurrection of one dead. It begins and ends in miracle.

'If, therefore, all facts are false, from the simple fact that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false; that is a thing decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to prove that, or to verify dates, or collate manuscripts.'—M. de Broglie, in the paper named at the head of this article.

We turn to M. Renan. And once more we must calmly, but deliberately, accuse him of uttering the same stammering and uncertain sound on this question, as on the previous one, concerning the nature of the Godhead. Strauss is on both these topics clear and comparatively consistent. Avowedly rejecting the God of the Bible, he of course rejects the miracles recorded in the Bible. And so, at the first glance, M. Renan appears to have adopted a similar principle. Witness the following statements:—

M. Renan on the Supernatural.

'That the Gospels are in part legendary is quite evident, *because* they are full of miracles and of the supernatural.'[1]

'The essence of criticism is the negation of the supernatural. . . . Whoever speaks of *above nature*, or *outside nature*, in the order of facts, utters a contradiction.'[2]

'The notion of the supernatural being impossible (*la notion du surnaturel avec ses impossibilites*) only appeared on that day when the experimental science of nature arose.'[3]

So far, neither Spinoza nor Strauss could speak in a more trenchant style. But in an intervening passage our author adopts a very different line of argument:—

'It is not, then, in the name of this or that system of philosophy; it is in the name of a constant experience that we banish miracles from history. *We do not say* "miracles are impossible;" we say, "There has not hitherto been a miracle that is proved."'[4]

In a word, M. Renan asserts at page li of the Introduction to his 'Vie de Jésus,' that he does *not* say what he *has* said most emphatically in his 'Etudes d'histoire religieuse;' what he has said at page xv of this same Introduction; what he has said again at page 41 of the actual work.

How is it possible to follow the vagaries of a writer who first deliberately lays down a certain proposition, then unsays it, and presently repeats it again? A witness in a trial may be cross-examined, and asked to declare by which of two contradictory statements he intends to abide. If we could imagine ourselves possessed of such a power in the present instance, our interrogatories would run somewhat as follows:—'Do you, M. Ernest 'Renan, accept the confessedly anti-biblical idea of God taught 'by Strauss? If so, then you *do* say, once for all, by implica-'cation, *miracles are impossible;* and it is idle to pretend that 'you do *not* say it. But if you reject the Straussian pantheistic 'notions concerning the Almighty, tell us so plainly, and we 'can then recommence our argument.'

We have said, and we repeat it, that we believe M. Renan in

[1] Introduction to 'Vie de Jésus,' p. xv.
[2] 'Etudes d'histoire religieuse,' pp. 139, 207; cit. ap. M. Freppel, p. 40.
[3] 'Vie de Jésus,' p. 41. [4] Introduct. p. li.

his heart to adopt the former of these alternatives. If so, then indeed the question is at end. But if, in some better moment, he throws Spinoza and his followers on one side, he must be prepared, together with his change of views respecting the Godhead, to reconsider likewise his judgment respecting miracles.

The words of Rousseau upon this subject have often been cited. 'Is God able to work miracles—that is to say, Is He able 'to modify the laws (*déroger aux lois*) which He has established? 'A serious treatment of this question would be impious, if it 'were not absurd; it would be doing too much honour to him, 'who should resolve it in the negative, to punish him; it would 'be sufficient to shut him up. But then what man has ever 'denied that God is able to work miracles?'[1]

Now, in quitting the *à priori* region and coming to history, in abandoning the Germanic atmosphere for that which is more commonly breathed in France, M. Renan must, of course, allow us also to turn to historic, rather than to metaphysical, reasoning. Rousseau, accepting the monotheism taught alike by Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, is quite consistent in regarding him who would limit the power of the Omnipotent as a lunatic rather than a criminal. And M. Renan himself makes an admission on this head, which is hardly less remarkable. For he grants that he who believes in the effect of prayer—he who believes that God may send different weather, or arrest the progress of sickness at the voice of man's intreaty—can have no difficulty in accepting miracles. In a word, all who pray must, to be consequent, admit without hesitation the possibility of miracles. How large a portion of the human race is thus involved in the acceptance of miracles may be suggested by the consideration of the following remarks, made not by a professed theologian, but by the historian and statesman, M. Guizot:—

'Alone, of all living beings here below, man prays. There is not, amongst all his moral instincts, a more natural, a more universal, a more invincible one than that of prayer. The child betakes himself to it with ready docility; the aged man returns to it as a refuge amid decay and isolation. Prayer arises spontaneously alike on young lips that scarce can lisp the name of God, and on expiring ones that have scarce strength enough left to pronounce it. Among every people, celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarian, acts and formulæ of invocation meet us at every step. Everywhere where there are living men, under certain circumstances, at certain hours, under certain impressions of the soul, eyes are raised, hands are clasped, and knees are bent, to implore, or to thank, to adore, or to appease. With joy or with terror, publicly or in the secresy of his own heart, it is to prayer that man turns, as a last resource, to fill the void places of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his life. It is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails him, a support for his weakness, comfort in his sorrows, and hope for his virtue. . .

[1] 'Lettres de la Montagne.'

'The natural and universal act of prayer witnesses to a natural and universal faith in *the abiding and ever free action* of God upon man and his destiny.'[1]

And if, besides the warrant arising from this vast *concensus*, we wish to have the authority of One whom even rationalists admit to be, in some sense, the Head of our race, we need not go beyond the pages of M. Renan's book. For after admitting with M. Guizot, that this view of prayer presupposes 'that the 'entire course of things is the result of the free-will of the 'Godhead,' he adds, '*this intellectual view was always that of Jesus.*'

Now, we Christians believe, as has been intimated, that God works miracles when *He* pleases, with a view to His own glory and for the good of the souls which He has created. It is curious to contrast with this belief the kind of demand made by M. Renan, when for the moment he lays aside the theory of the impossibility of all miracles, until such time as it seems to him desirable to reassume it.

M. Renan's demands are as follows:—*First* of all, due notice of the intended miracle is to be given. We must suppose, with one of His French critics, that the Almighty, being about to work a miracle by the hand of some favoured servant, ought first to announce this intention in the Paris *Moniteur*, the *London Gazette*, and similar official papers. *Secondly*, a commission is to be appointed; 'a commission,' to quote M. Renan's *own* words, 'composed of physiologists, naturalists, chemists, and persons practised in historical criticism.' *Thirdly*, this commission is to choose the corpse (*choisirait le cadavre*)! So that the Creator is not to restore to life the being whom *He* wills, but the one whom our commission of *savans* shall select! *Fourthly*, having settled that it is a *bonâ fide* corpse (*que la mort est bien réelle*), the commission is to 'select the hall where the 'question shall be tried, and arrange the whole system of pre-'cautions necessary to shut out all doubt.'

'If, under such circumstances,' continues M. Renan, 'the resurrection were accomplished, a probability *almost equal* to certainty would be gained. As, however, an experience ought always to *admit of repetition* (!), so that one ought to be able to do again what one has done once; and that in the region of the miraculous there can be no question of ease or difficulty; the *thaumaturge* would be invited to repeat his marvellous act, under different circumstances, on other corpses, in another place. If the miracle succeeded every time, two things would be proved—*firstly*, that super-

[1] 'L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne, pp. 22, 24. Our study of M. Guizot's book, for another purpose, introduced us to the knowledge of this striking passage. But we have to thank the Bampton Lecturer for 1862 for reminding us of it (Note 8, p. 59). We have much pleasure in citing one out of many parallel passages from Mr. Farrar's own text:—'Prayer not only has a reflex value on 'ourselves, purifying our hearts, dispersing our prejudices, hushing our troubled 'spirits into peace; *but it acts really, though mysteriously, on God.*'—*Bamp. Lect.* p. 532.

natural facts do take place in the world; *secondly*, that the power of producing them belongs, or is delegated, to certain persons.'

And now, then, we are fully acquainted with the entire case. More often than not, M. Renan holds miracles to be impossible; but when he does not go so far, the above is the evidence that will satisfy him. He is to dictate to his Maker time, place, and circumstances. In all solemnity and reverence be it said, we have never read but of one person who even approximated to this kind of request for a resurrection, and even he did not make it, as M. Renan appears to do, for the mere satisfaction of curiosity. 'Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that 'thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five 'brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come 'into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They 'have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he 'said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from 'the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, *If they 'hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, 'though one rose from the dead.*'

M. Renan writes, indeed, like one who doubts the truth of those last well-known and awful words. He seems to imagine that the sight of a miracle, or at any rate of two or three miracles, would, of necessity, be convincing. There cannot be a greater mistake. No miracle had any lasting effect upon the heart of Pharaoh. Even Rousseau can perceive thus much. 'However striking,' are his words—'however striking a spectacle 'of this kind [a resurrection] might possibly seem to me, I 'would not for anything on earth choose to be a witness of it; 'for how do I know what might be the result? *Instead of 'making me a believer, I should be much afraid lest it should 'only drive me mad.*'[1] The effect of miracles on the minds of particular persons must ever, to a large extent, depend upon their previous preparation of heart. The Jews of our Lord's time witnessed abundance of miracles. What was the effect of the most wondrous one upon their teachers? 'The chief priests 'consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because 'that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and 'believed on Jesus.'[2] Here we have one and the same event; making believers of some, and driving others into the very madness of despair. Many a one of that time saw numberless marvels and remained untouched; Nathanael found himself discerned under the thick shade of a fig-tree's foliage, and at once exclaimed, 'Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel.'[3]

[1] 'Lettres de la Montagne,' cit. [2] S. John xii. 10, 11.
[3] S. John i. 48, 49, ap. M. Nicolas, 'Etudes Philos.' part iii. chap. v.

M. Renan writes as if he really believed, and expected us to believe, that the miracles wrought by Christ were always performed in the presence of none but sympathising witnesses, who were all desirous of accepting their reality. Strange theory for one who can relate so vividly the closing scene of that august existence! Were those who opposed every act of His ministry, and who ultimately put Him to death, persons who wished to acknowledge the genuineness of His wondrous works? We claim the same right of quoting the Gospels, of which M. Renan has so freely availed himself, and without which his book could have no existence; and in S. Luke vi. 7, we read of the Scribes and Pharisees watching Jesus 'whether He would heal on 'the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against 'Him.' Were *these* friendly critics? Or turn to the ninth chapter of S. John. Was *that* examination of the man who had been born blind carried on before favouring judges? Surely M. Renan must know—at any rate, he ought to know—that not one of the early opponents of Christianity ever attempted to deny the reality of Christ's miracles. They invariably admitted the facts, and then attributed it to magic. Thus Celsus, with that perverse ingenuity of which he is so great a master, attributes them to the knowledge acquired by Christ through his residence in Egypt, the very home of such arts and learning. Thus, about B.C. 300, under Diocletian, a Roman proconsul of Bithynia, Hierocles, tried to confront the Gospels, by placing on the same level the marvels related of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus—an attempt renewed by the English freethinkers, Blount and Lord Herbert of Cherbury.[1] Thus Julian the Apostate, in his scornful way, demands: 'And this Christ, what 'great thing did He do? He healed some blind and impotent 'men; He exorcised some possessed persons in the villages of 'Bethsaida and Bethany.'[2]

A word, in passing, may be said upon that authority of men of science to which M. Renan, with many of his school, is so fond of referring as to an ultimate court of appeal. Fully admitting that the entire question of evidence is a very profound one, which cannot be settled in a few paragraphs, we should yet like to call attention to a short tract by Mr. Robert Chambers,

[1] For the calumny of Celsus, see 'Origen cont. Cels.' lib. i. § 38. Cf. also § 68, where Origen justly asks, What Egyptian magician ever used his illusions to lead the spectators to virtue? For Apollonius, see articles 'Apollonius,' 'Hierocles,' 'Philostratus,' in Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.' Whether Philostratus wrote with a design of attacking Christianity is questioned. Ritter, followed by Professor Jowett, thinks not. John Henry Newman, some thirty or thirty-five years since, discussed this question in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, but we forget his conclusion. Baur has also treated it.

[2] Cit. ap. M. Nicolas, *ubi supra*.

entitled 'Testimony: its Posture in the Scientific World.' Mr. Chambers certainly supplies us with valid reasons for doubting the infallibility of proficients in physical science as judges of the worth of evidence. 'A committee of the French Academy 'of Sciences, including the celebrated Lavoisier, *unanimously* 'rejected an account of three nearly contemporary descents of 'meteorolites, which reached them on the strongest evidence. 'After two thousand years of incredulity, the truth in this 'matter was forced upon the scientific world about the beginning 'of the present century.[1] The Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London displayed the most contemptuous incredulity respecting the case of a patient in the Wellon Hospital, Nottinghamshire, who, being thrown into a mesmeric sleep, underwent the amputation of his leg without feeling pain. Mr. Hallam, the historian, and his friend the poet Rogers (both, be it remembered, men more likely to err on the side of incredulity than credulity), were so insolently and rudely treated when they related phenomena of animal magnetism, which they had seen and carefully tested in Paris, that they felt obliged to hold their tongues. Then, 'as fact after fact came out, one after another 'became convinced; *till at last even physicians grew grave and* '*silent.*'[1] These instances of scientific incredulity at least prepare us for listening all the more attentively to the following observations of M. Freppel:—

'And further, Are the learned alone able to judge of the miraculous character of the fact? It would be absurd to wish to maintain this. That there are certain phenomena concerning which science has the right to decide whether they ought to be attributed to natural causes or not, is what no one doubts; but there are also others for which a consultation of this kind would be, to say the least of it, useless. I don't require that a commission of scientific men should come to inform me that, with five loaves and two fishes, it is absolutely impossible to satisfy five thousand men. On this point a mistress of a household knows as much as the Academy of Sciences. It is simple common sense which says that it is not in the power of any man to cure one born blind with a little wet mud —to heal a paralytic with this word, "Rise, and walk!"—to raise a man who had been dead four days, on whom decomposition had actually begun. On such a matter as this the opinion of all the scientific men in the world could add nothing to the general conviction. We may even go further without injury to true science or real scientific men. On questions concerning such facts it is not exactly men of *parti pris* and of a preconceived system who will be the best judges or the safest witnesses. If the Evangelists had each had a medical theory, or peculiar ideas on the substance or nature of bodies, I should be much more on my guard against their witness. In fact, we might fear that these scientific hypotheses might have affected the recital itself. On the contrary, the absence of all theories of this kind in these simple and upright souls is one of the reasons which, joined to so many others, does not allow us to suspect the fidelity of their narration.

[1] Chambers, in Tract above named, pp. 10, 11.

'M. Renan appears to believe that the Gospel miracles were admitted blindly, without the least difficulty, and apart from all serious examination. But the reverse of this is the truth. If our opponent had wished to enlighten his readers by a learned discussion, he might have found an excellent occasion for the exercise of his criticism. He need only have looked over the ninth chapter of S. John, which is entirely occupied with the healing of the man born blind. There is the inquiry upon the part of the enemies of Christ, the deposition of the witnesses, the declaration of the fact of the blindness, by the parents themselves, of the blind man, fresh interrogation of the son, reiterated attempts to deny the cure or to explain it naturally, failure to diminish the truth of the miracle—nothing is wanting. It is a formal trial, whose inquiry is carried into the smallest detail. How is it that the author of the "Life of Jesus," who devotes to the analysing of miracles a whole chapter of his book, contrives to say not one single word of a narration which occupies so large a place in the evangelic history? Apparently this was a difficulty to his theory which he has made for himself about the public credulity in the time of Jesus Christ. He no doubt preferred to be silent concerning what would have awakened the suspicions of the most confiding reader. Is that sincerity?'

But although M. Renan does not examine this particular miracle, he does now and then say a word concerning *some* of the beneficent and marvellous works recorded in the Gospels. It is high time to turn to them, for in all the rationalistic biographies of Jesus the treatment of particular events of a supernatural character throws a great light upon the general theory of the writer. In one common principle they must, all of them, Paulus, Strauss, Ewald, Renan, and their several disciples, be agreed. They must all deny the reality of each and every miracle recorded in Holy Writ; for to admit that one miracle may have actually taken place is to open the door for the reception of all. But they differ much as to the degree of silence and the method of evasion that is desirable.

We leave it to Strauss to answer, as he does with irresistible force, such naturalistic theories of Paulus and his school as would represent S. Peter as selling the fish for a piece of money, instead of finding the coin inside it, which makes the star of the wise men into a lantern, &c. &c. Strange to say, however, as the credit of Strauss declines, similar theories of no greater wisdom begin to reappear. Thus, for example, Ewald, in his 'History of Christ and His Time,' asks us to believe that it was the joyous influence of Christ's spirit that made the guests at Cana of Galilee drink water and suppose it wine! What line has M. Renan taken when his narrative brings him across these events?

His usual plan is to observe an absolute silence. A long list of miracles might be made out which are wholly passed over by our author. At other times he dismisses them with a single line. And, in truth, the same difficulty besets our rationalistic biographers on this topic of miracles, as on their main subject,

the life of Christ on earth. To make no admission whatever is the simplest course. But this proceeding has its own inconveniences. It may look like inability to face the question. Consequently, some miracles must be selected from the Gospels and experimented on; with what success in the instance before us we shall presently be enabled to judge.

The miracle of feeding the five thousand 'is narrated to us,' we here use the words of Strauss, 'with singular unanimity by all the Evangelists.' To this and to the cognate feeding of the four thousand, Strauss devotes a long section of some twenty pages.[1] M. Renan dismisses it in three lines. '*Thanks to an* '*extreme frugality*, the holy company lived in the desert; men 'naturally supposed that they saw in that circumstance a miracle.' This is the way in which five loaves and two small fishes more than sufficed for a meal to the five thousand! And who is the authority for the frugality? Not the Evangelists: for they expressly assure us that our blessed Lord did not pursue the ascetic regimen of S. John the Baptist, and was reproached for not doing so. Not Celsus, nor Porphyry, nor Julian; for they, as we have already remarked, do not deny the reality of our Lord's miracles. The only authority (if we may so misuse the term) for the frugality theory is Paulus with his school: and Paulus (and consequently by anticipation M. Renan) has already been answered by Strauss. Here, as elsewhere, Strauss practically arrives at this conclusion, that if men do not accept his mythical theory, there is no other course open to them but to fall back upon the supernatural. 'Here the natural expositor 'is put to the most extravagant contrivances in order to evade 'the miracle.' Agreeing as we do with Strauss in acceptance of the premises of his dilemma, we are forced to the conclusion that the 'frugality' of M. Renan is one of those 'extravagant contrivances' which have precisely the same value as the more elaborate ones of Paulus.

We turn to a still greater marvel, the resurrection of Lazarus. Ewald is here concise and simple enough. According to him, the strong assurance produced by the presence of Christ, that all his friends would rise again at the last day, was turned into a narrative of the actual resurrection of a particular person. Strauss, criticizing in a single but long and elaborate section three cases, of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son at Naïn, and this of Lazarus, of course rejects all three. But he is most dogmatic, as might be expected, on that which is most wonderful, and declares that the whole eleventh chapter, 'in connexion with those previously examined,' is 'an indication of the

[1] 'Life of Jesus,' Part II. chap. ix. § 102.

unauthenticity of the fourth Gospel.[1] It affords some clue to the bitter hostility against his *confrère* in rationalism which has been expressed by Strauss, when we read the language employed by Ewald concerning this Gospel, which Strauss pronounces 'unauthentic,' and would relegate to at least two centuries after Christ. 'Simple and clear for every upright spirit, the Gospel 'of S. John was certainly composed by the intimate disciple of 'Christ. . . . That is incontestable. . . . No one but a mad-'man can have any doubt about it . . . The fourth Gospel is 'its own complete defence. . . . One may declare that *there* '*does not exist in the whole of antiquity a work of which the* '*authenticity is so certain.*'[2] We do not feel called upon to judge which of these writers is the more unreasonable, he who would fain adjudge away from the loved disciple a work 'of which only a madman can doubt,' or he who thus emphatically asserting its genuine and authentic character, would idealize and waft into the merest cloud of abstraction its most important contribution to the facts of the Gospel history. We thank God that we are not constrained to throw our lot with either. 'O my 'soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, 'mine honour, be not thou united!'

But what course does M. Renan adopt? Of his treatment of the fourth Gospel, as a whole, we hope to say a few words presently. But so far as such things admit of degree, we must aver that his line of argument in the presence of this great and crucial test seems to us more decidedly shocking and repulsive than that of either Strauss or Ewald. It is with more of awe and repugnance than we have felt during any portion of our painful task that we translate as a matter of duty the following passage:—

M. Renan on the Resurrection of Lazarus.

'Weary of the bad reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus longed for a great miracle which should vividly strike the unbelief of Jerusalem. The resurrection of a man known at Jerusalem would naturally seem the most convincing proof possible. We must here call to mind that the essential condition of true criticism is to comprehend the diversity of times, *and to divest ourselves of the instinctive repugnance which is the result of a purely reasonable education* (!!). We must remember also, that in this impure and oppressive town of Jerusalem *Jesus was no longer Himself.*' [We have read elsewhere, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'[3]] 'His conscience, by the fault of men and not by His own, had lost something of its original clearness.

[1] 'Life of Jesus,' Part, II. chap ix. § 100.

[2] The references are given in the admirable pamphlet of M. Raoul Lecœur. Ewald's grounds for this conviction have been set forth in a recent number of our contemporary, the *National Review*. If we have space, we propose to cite part of it in an appendix.

[3] Hebrews xiii. 8.

Despairing, driven to the last extremity, He was no longer His own master (*il ne s'appartenait plus*). His mission imposed a task upon Him, and He yielded to the current. As always happens in great Divine careers, He underwent the miracles which opinion exacted of Him far more than He wrought them. At this distance of time, and in the presence of only a single authority, displaying evident marks of artifices of composition, *it is impossible to decide* whether, in the instance before us, the whole is fiction, or whether a real fact served as a basis for the rumours spread abroad. We must, however, allow that the turn of [S.] John's narrative has something profoundly different from the accounts of miracles produced by the popular imagination, which fill the synoptical Gospels. Let us add that John is the only evangelist who has a precise knowledge of the relations of Jesus with the family of Bethany, and *that one cannot comprehend that a popular creation should come and take its place in a framework of recollections so personal.* It is *probable*, then, that the marvel in question was *not one of those miracles that are entirely legendary* (!), *and for which no one is responsible.* In other words, we *think* that there did happen at Bethany *something which was looked upon as a resurrection.*'[1]

The possibilities of the details of this 'something' like a resurrection are then set forth. We say the possibilities, for never, perhaps, was there published a book so full of the phrases 'it seems,' 'perhaps,' 'I dare not be certain,' 'it is possible that,' 'one is tempted to believe,'—and the like; all of these phrases, it has been justly observed, betraying the perplexity and uncertainty of the writer. 'The family at Bethany was '*perhaps* led on' . . . 'It *seems* that Lazarus was sick.' . . . 'Joy 'at the arrival of Jesus *may* have restored (*put ramener*) Lazarus 'to health.' '*Perhaps* the ardent desire' of supporting the divine character of Christ's mission led these impassioned friends of his 'beyond all bounds.' '*Perhaps* Lazarus, still pale from 'his illness, *had had himself surrounded with bandages as a dead 'man, and shut up in his family tomb' ! !* . . . Jesus (*always 'on the hypothesis above enounced*) desired to see once again 'him whom he had loved, and the stone having been removed, 'Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head sur-'rounded by a napkin. This apparition was naturally likely 'to be looked upon by everybody as a resurrection!'

We agree with Massillon, that the Socinian hypothesis makes our blessed Lord the greatest teacher of idolatry that ever lived on earth. For He, who, being merely Man, induces myriads to worship Him as God, is assuredly a promulgator of the worst idolatry. M. Renan invites us to go a step further. He asks to believe that One 'who will never be surpassed,' One 'to whom each of us owes all that is best in him,' lent Himself to a wretched trickery of this sort, and that the weak and foolish creatures who took part in it went forth to win an unbelieving world to faith and righteousness and love!

It has been often said, that we are all of us two persons.

[1] 'Vie de Jésus,' pp. 359, 360.

The very heathen were deeply conscious of this duality of human nature. Xenophon can put into the mouth of one his characters the declaration that he has two souls, one that loves things good and one that loves things evil: and Plato can describe the harnessed steeds, one white, of fair and beauteous form, obedient to the mere voice of the charioteer; and one black, misshapen, headstrong, that barely yields to the united influence of goads and thong. Yes, we all know those two principles, those ill-matched horses struggling for the mastery; but seldom indeed do we see such an exhibition of the contest in another mind as appears to be revealed by the writings of the unhappy author of this so-called 'Life of Jesus.' He prints sentences full of deadly unbelief; then withdraws or greatly modifies them; and then re-asserts them again in some new form, less gross it may be, but not less substantially erroneous, and, perhaps, more insinuatingly mischievous. Thus in an article on 'Liberty of Thought,' he wrote as follows: 'God, 'Providence, soul, so many good old words slightly heavy and 'material (*un peu lourds et matériels*), but which it will never 'advantageously replace.' In the reprint of his papers which forms the volume entitled 'Studies of Religious History' he has slightly softened down the blasphemy. In his most recent contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* he has, for all practical purposes, again denied the existence of a true living personal God. And yet this same man, who can write so pantheistically, and in fact atheistically, can at other moments employ such language as to make one of his ablest Christian opponents not unnaturally demand 'Why does not M. Renan belong to us?' In the case of almost any other author (unless we except that pair, of dubious sanity, Rousseau and Shelley), it would be almost inconceivable, that one and the same person could have written the passage lately cited concerning Lazarus, and that which we are about to quote. Nevertheless, we are assured that the following really does proceed from the pen of Ernest Renan; and though we have not had an opportunity of verifying the extract, we feel little doubt of its entire accuracy:—

M. Renan's counter-view respecting Miracles.

'When I feel my faith in miracle vacillating, I perceive the image of my God also growing weak in my sight. He is ceasing, by little and little, to be for me the free God, the personal God, the living God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a master and a friend. And this holy dialogue once interrupted, what remains for us? How sad and disenchanted does life appear! . . . *In ceasing to believe in miracles, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of its Divine life.* It is henceforth gliding down towards the abyss. A fall of ever-increasing rapidity hurries it far from God and the holy angels. It loses, one after another, piety, uprightness, genius. Soon it lies upon the earth, yes, and sometimes in the mud.'

III. We pass on to our third topic proposed for consideration, namely, the degree of sympathy with the Evangelists displayed by M. Renan. And we begin with one or two general propositions, in which we fairly assume that there is no serious amount of difference between ourselves and the object of our criticism.

There has not appeared in the history of literature any biography, or collection of biographies, that has made the slightest impression upon the world which did not fulfil one condition; namely, that the writer should have a keen sympathy with the character and pursuits of him whose life he is portraying. Take up the 'Life of Agricola' by Tacitus, or the biographies of Plutarch, Joinville's 'Vie de S. Louis,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' this feature is common to them all. Nor is the case materially altered if, for the life of an individual man, we substitute that of a state or nation. The perusal of Livy's celebrated preface suffices to show how deeply he felt the greatness of the nation whose annals he was about to write. Sismondi was penetrated with a proud consciousness of the services wrought for humanity by those 'Italian Republics,' in one of which was the cradle of the ancient race that died with him.

But this primary condition once satisfied, it must be frankly owned that the reader has to be on his guard against the excesses into which such sympathy may run. Lord Macaulay is fond of warning the readers of his 'Essays' on this score, and points, with only too good reason, to an extreme case in Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.' But less flagrant instances will serve our purpose. Perhaps hardly one of the above-named books can be read without some slight deduction on the score of the author's partiality for his hero or his cause. Livy is not tolerant towards the Samnites and their gallant general C. Pontius; nor would the mediæval Emperors of Germany, could they revive, allow that their side of the struggle received its full consideration from Sismondi.

Hence arises a second principle, on which M. Renan would evidently set great store. It is possible that some counter-principle may come in to counteract the one-sided tendency produced by hearty fellow-feeling. Thus, Joinville's own experience of the injury wrought to France by the crusade which he accompanied will not allow him to approve of Louis IX.'s second expedition. Thus, in a recent instance, the biography of a literary man, who was an ardent Tory, has been written by a daughter who married a gentleman of Whig politics, and has consequently enjoyed opportunities of hearing how the contests in which her father was engaged appeared to the

opposite party. And it must be owned, we think, that the most impartial history yet known, that of the Peloponnesian war by Thucydides, owes part of its merit to the circumstance that the author, though an Athenian, yet naturally felt his ardour for the cause of his countrymen somewhat cooled by the severity (we should say, *pace* Mr. Grote, the injustice) with which a single military error had been treated.

Thus far we find ourselves somewhat more in accordance with M. Renan than are some of his French opponents. But at this point other considerations come into play, and it will be necessary, before we proceed, to make another extract from the work before us:—

'If the love of a subject can avail to give insight into it, men will also recognise, I trust, my possession of this condition (*que cette condition ne m'a pas manqué*). In order to write the history of a religion, it is necessary, in the first place, to have believed it (without that one cannot be able to understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, no longer to believe in it in an absolute manner, because absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history.'[1]

Now, the admissions which we have already made may seem, at first sight, to involve an acceptance of the position here laid down. But a little consideration will disclose very important points of difference between the two sets of *data*. To begin with, we grant that some check upon a writer's natural partiality may be a real gain to him and to his readers; but we by no means grant that the ideal historian must be a renegade. On the contrary, the world, as a rule, distrusts renegade historians, and we think that herein the world is right. Thucydides was an exile from Athens; but he never became a partisan of Sparta. Xenophon, though an Athenian by birth, really did come to prefer Spartan institutions. Does any man on that account pretend that his 'Hellenica' is to be named, in respect of fairness, with the work of his great predecessor? On the contrary, is not Dr. Arnold quite justified in speaking of the 'superficial party prejudices of Xenophon'?

Religious prepossessions are in no wise less violent than political ones. Can any standard work of reference in ecclesiastical history be named which has been written by a deserter from the camp which he describes? If there be such a work, we must avow ignorance of its existence. If there be not, it would be strange if M. Renan's were the first.

Yes, it would, indeed, be passing strange. For we have been engaged, by way of illustration, in adducing instances from the range of ordinary humanity. Even here the greatest suspicion is felt concerning those who have changed. 'A

[1] Introduction, p. lx.

History of the First French Empire,' by Moreau; 'An Account of Religion in England,' by Dr. Manning; 'An Account of Religion in Spain,' by Blanco White: all would need to be read with the most jealous circumspection. But an account of the One pure and sinless Man from the pen of him who having once worshipped Him as God, and even taken some part in His ministry, now denies his Godhead, and accuses His Sacred Humanity of the most grave and serious faults and the most miserable illusions! How is it in anywise possible that such a narrative could display real insight into the nature of the solemn themes which it presumed to handle?

There are figures standing round the central object of the Holy Gospels, separated from it, indeed, by that vast gulf which severs the Creator from the creature, yet lit up in a very special manner by the rays of glory which beam from the Incarnate Lord. One of these is S. John the Evangelist. We are justified in so styling him, even in the presence of men who admit no authority save that of a rationalist, for we have seen that even Ewald is thus far completely on our side. The diversity, without contradiction, of the teaching of the fourth Gospel, in comparison with the three preceding ones, was fully admitted by Strauss, in *one* of his editions; as also a very tolerably fair list of the supplementary facts put forth by the same writer. One very conspicuous feature in the writings of S. John is the exceeding reticence concerning himself; just as the very personal character of S. Paul's Epistles is a very prominent mark of nearly all of them. In the first twelve chapters of S. John's Gospel, the Evangelist is not once named, and only once referred to. In the 13th chapter, as elsewhere, we hear of him as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'; and we are told of his lying on his Lord's breast at the Last Supper. We further learn from him that he stood at the foot of the Cross with the Virgin Mother (where the twain became adopted mother and son, by the express injunction of the dying Saviour), that he outran S. Peter to the sepulchre, and that a question asked by S. Peter concerning S. John was answered (and misunderstood by some) at the latest earthly manifestation of Jesus at the Sea of Tiberias. These are positively the only facts definitely reported by the Evangelist concerning himself, out of the number that he must have been able to supply; though we may infer that he is certainly referred to in one passage, and probably in another.[1] He *never* actually mentions his own name in his Gospel. If any of the twelve be prominent, it is, as Strauss

[1] Certainly in chap. xviii. 15; most probably also in chap. . 37—40.

justly points out, S. Peter; as in the narrative of the feet-washing and in the closing chapter. In one of these scenes S. John is not alluded to; in the other, only in a very subordinate manner. And though the fourth Evangelist recounts very fully the fall of his brother Apostle, yet he, and he alone, recounts the important circumstance that the desire of S. Peter to follow his divine Master was, from the first, accepted, though postponed until the speaker had learnt his own weakness, and risen on the wings of repentance to a truer self-knowledge and a deeper reliance on a strength beyond his own. 'Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, whither goest 'Thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not 'follow Me now, *but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.*'[1]

How does M. Renan treat the authority of the fourth Evangelist? The hesitations and uncertainties, the visible embarrassments, which strew his path in treating of the resurrection of Lazarus, are all seen previously in his criticism of the Gospel that contains it. We have not time to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of his criticism both of the internal and the external evidence—a task which has been well performed by MM. Freppel and Lecœur, and which might be left to Ewald, if, indeed, he should think it worth the trouble. But the following passage must be cited :—

M. Renan on the Tone of S. John's Gospel.

'*At every page* is betrayed the intention of fortifying his own authority, of showing that he was the one preferred by Jesus [M. Renan cites three verses, which, in his arithmetic, is perfectly equivalent to *every page*]; that on all solemn occasions (at the Supper, at Calvary, at the tomb) he held the first place. The relations—fraternal in the main, although not excluding a certain rivalry—of the author with Peter, his hatred, on the contrary, against Judas—a hatred, perhaps, anterior to the treason, *seem*, here and there, to pierce through. *One is tempted to believe* that John, in his old age, having read the evangelical narratives in circulation, remarked there, on the one hand, divers inexactnesses; on the other hand, *was annoyed at seeing that they did not allow him a sufficiently important position;* that he then began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, *with the intention of showing that, in several instances where there was only mention of Peter, he had figured with and before him.*'[2]

On such a representation of the sentiments of the Evangelist S. John we need hardly pause to comment. Those who can really accept such portraiture as true are far beyond the reach of any argument from us, or perhaps from mortal man. To others there needs no argument. The miserable statement carries with it its own condemnation. S. John jealous of S. Peter—S. John, the victim of the most mean

[1] S. John xiii. 36.
[2] 'Vie de Jésus,' Introd. pp. xxvii, xxviii.

and petty vanity! And this from a writer who claims to be listened to on the ground of love for the subject he has undertaken. M. Renan has yet to learn the very alphabet of apostolic and evangelic lore.

And he who thus deems of the disciple, how shall he understand the Master? What marvel if he stumbles, as he does stumble, at every point of the divine character he has ventured to explain. When he calls our Lord 'a charming rabbi'; when he calls the Gospel history 'a delicious pastoral' (strange pastoral, it has been well replied, which begins with the preaching of repentance and ends with the Cross!); when he finds the sublime discourses of Christ recorded by S. John to be 'pretentious tirades, badly written, heavy, confusedly metaphysical, &c.'; when he suggests that in his closing awful sorrows, those 'unknown woes,' as an ancient Litany pathetically terms them, Jesus may have regretted the damsels who might have loved him:—all this, and abundance more of the same sort, is of a piece with our author's lower self—follows naturally from his estimate of S. John. It may suit, for a season, the trifling sentimentality of 'young Paris,' but it does not bear the slightest possible resemblance to the real aspect of the Gospel history.

IV. M. Renan belongs, or at least wishes to belong, to that class of narrators which, for want of a better name, we may venture to term '*the constructive school of historic insight*.' Now, we wish to ask those among our readers who have paid attention to the subject, whether, even in secular history, this school is at present occupying a very distinguished position? We may be prejudiced, but we certainly think that it is not by any means leading the van. Some eight years have passed since we expressed in this Review our sense of the heavy blows which had been dealt by Sir G. C. Lewis to the authority of Niebuhr.[1] Since that time, the views adopted by us seems to have gained ground on the whole, though not without a struggle, both in England and in Germany. If high-minded conceptions, couched in vigorous and dignified language, could have saved a book from neglect, Dr. 'Arnold's History of Rome' would not be laid aside as it now is. But not content with following Niebuhr in his really successful *dis*proof of much that had passed for history, Arnold accepted nearly the whole of what his master claimed to have built up by divination and instinctive sense. The result may now be seen. It is hardly too much to say that Grote, Cornewall Lewis, and Mommsen, are in vogue; that Niebuhr and Arnold are, so far as regards this part of their labours, all but neglected by the students of ancient history.

[1] 'Canons of Historic Credibility.' *Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1856.

But even supposing that, for argument's sake, we were to allow the success of the Niebuhrian plan of investigation in things secular, this would by no means involve the admission that it was suited to the criticism of the Holy Gospels. On this head it may suffice to quote the well-known words of Niebuhr himself. 'In my opinion, he is not a Protestant Christian who does 'not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life, *in their 'literal acceptation, with all their miracles,* as equally authentic 'with any event recorded in history, and whose belief in them 'is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter. . . . 'Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern phi-'losophers and pantheists, without a personal God, without 'immortality, without human individuality, without historical 'faith, is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be a very 'intellectual, very ingenious faith-philosophy. I have often said 'that I do not know what to do with a metaphysical God, and 'that I will have none with the God of the Bible, who is heart to 'heart with us.'[1]

If these words contain, as has been said, a review of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu' by anticipation, no less truly may it be asserted that they condemn beforehand the theories of M. Ernest Renan :—

'In such an effort to revive the lofty souls of the past, some amount of divination and conjecture ought to be permitted.'

For abundant proofs of the licence of the divination here claimed by M. Renan, we must refer the reader to M. Freppel's admirable exposure. Two or three examples, partly suggested by him, must here suffice.

After that wonderful explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus, which converts the whole matter into a *ruse,* M. Renan informs us that 'the enemies of Jesus were much irritated at all 'this disturbance. They attempted, *it is said,* to kill Lazarus. '*What is certain* is, that thereupon a council was assembled by 'the chief priests, and in that council the question was clearly 'put: Can Jesus and Judaism both live?' Now, the only authority for the assembling of the council is the Gospel of S. John. But the same Gospel tells also, not only of the miracle, but also of the attempt to kill Lazarus. Why is the one assertion a case of *it is said,* and the other a certain fact? Because M. Renan so divines it. He who some years declared that there was not half a page of real history in the Gospels, now writes a book of 450 pages, which is all but entirely based upon the Gospels. Only we must submit to learn at his hands exactly what is fact, what is false, what is probable. The claim seems to us, as we feel sure that it would have done to Niebuhr, the very climax of insufferable arrogance.

[1] Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters,' vol. ii. p. 123.

Again, S. Luke did not understand Hebrew, though S. Matthew did. The proof? S. Matthew, in giving the name of the Saviour 'Jesus,' explains its meaning; S. Luke does not. *Ergo*, S. Luke could not have done it. Perhaps we may just venture to remind the reader that the Church owes her three glorious Canticles, the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis—solely, under God, to S. Luke; and that all three are evidently translations from the Hebrew.

We are weary of our task, or we might fill pages with samples of the weak trifling of this nature in which our author has indulged himself, and displayed his powers of 'divination'! There is scarcely a single doctrine of the Gospel which he has not travestied; and he has assigned to S. Paul a teaching about marriage which is precisely opposite to the Apostle's actual precepts.

V. We regret that we are unable to carry out our intention of comparing M. Renan's hypotheses with other forms of infidelity.[1]

Thus much, however, may be said. It was the remark of a pious English clergyman (we rather think Mr. Cecil), some half century since, that perhaps the next device of Satan would be to put forward the difficulties of belief in a perfectly calm, and seemingly candid manner, without abuse, without any violence of expression. That supposition is, we imagine, in process of being realized.

Now, both M. Renan and Strauss do abstain from certain forms of insult common in Jewish lips since the close of the second century, repeated by Gabler and others, and quite recently renewed in a lecture delivered at Wurtemberg.[2] If, as is really possible, some lingering spark of reverence has withheld them from uttering that outrage against Christ and against her whom 'all generations shall call blessed,' then may He who will not quench the smoking flax arouse that dying flame till it consume the miserable hay and stubble they have heaped up. But in all sorrow we do fear the possibility of a less favourable interpretation. The prediction just quoted haunts us. Alas! for them, if their reticence spring more from a conviction that Judaic calumnies and Voltairian sneers are a mistake, and that a smoother, more polished, more sentimental unbelief is the only one that seems likely to have a chance of prevailing. These forms will, it is true, all perish in their turn, until, it may be, the Antichrist, 'the last foe of the fold,' shall come. But mean-

[1] The Review of M. Renan in the *Guardian* (the only English *critique* we have had the opportunity of consulting) justly indicates some leading points of difference between the Voltairian and general eighteenth-century infidelity as compared with that of the school of M. Renan.

[2] See 'Christian Work throughout the World,' for May, 1860.

while it is a problem beyond our feeble powers of discernment, whether it is so great a gain as it may at first sight seem, that Christ should be patronizingly spoken of as 'a charming rabbi,' than that He should be denounced as 'the wretch.' There are those who would be repelled by the one who may not be equally shocked by the other. But those who believe in Christ as their God and future Judge must feel that the desecration is in either case not very dissimilar. Even to call our Creator, the Eternal Word, 'a great Man' is a blasphemy, though the degree of guilt is so different in different cases that man cannot presume to measure it.

It is a duty, which we owe to our readers before we close, to say a few words upon our intentions in drawing up the list of books at the head of this article. Our object in mentioning certain works, both ancient and modern, which had appeared before the publication of M. Renan's book, was to suggest what we conceive to be the *kind* of reading with which it would be wise to brace the spirit before plunging into the erratic and inconsistent medley of false reasoning and false sentiment which its author presumes to call a 'Life of Jesus.' The sermons of S. Leo, excellently translated and annotated by Mr. Bright; the selections from S. Athanasius, with the pleasing preface of their pious Lutheran editor, the lamented Professor Thilo; the high-toned and profoundly learned volume of Dr. Mill; the paper by an English clergyman, Mr. Saphir, a truly noble and dignified composition; the sketch ascribed to Napoleon, and the disquisitions of MM. Nicolas and De Broglie; such writings form an antidote which tends to neutralise the poison of modern forms of scepticism respecting the central verity of the Christian Faith. There are other writings which might be combined with these, or even employed to some extent in their stead. Mr. Young's 'Christ of History,' and other books referred to in a useful and well-arranged little work on Evidences by Mr. Drew, may be named; and we presume Archbishop Thomson's paper on our Lord in the new 'Dictionary of the Bible.'[1] To him who would dive still more deeply into historic and philosophic questions respecting the mystery of the Incarnation, may be specially recommended Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, the volumes of Petavius *de Dogmatibus Theologicis* which specially treat of the subject, and Dorner's work on the 'Person of Christ,' which, in the English translation, is supplemented with a thoughtful and useful appendix by Dr. Fairbairn.

[1] We have not had this volume at hand while writing, and the two new volumes of the same work have not yet reached the writer, or he would gladly have consulted Bishop Fitzgerald's paper on 'Miracles.'

It is right, however, to remind the student that both of the latter works, though they agree in fundamentals, contain some questionable propositions; and that it is possible that on one question even the conclusions of Bull may be open to some degree of modification. But on the capital point at issue between the great mass of Christians, and the Arians, Socinians, or rationalists, these three are all perfectly agreed.[1]

A more painful duty still remains to be performed. It is impossible for any one to have criticised M. Renan's volume, without the expression of some opinion on the merit or demerit of its author, for having put forth such a work. Although many hints of our judgment on this part of the question may have occurred incidentally in the course of our criticism, we think it right, in closing our remarks, to speak once for all, in a manner more distinct and summary.

We have heard it said by one as far removed as ourselves from any sympathy with M. Renan's views, that the 'Vie de Jésus' must be regarded rather as a result of the age, than the production of an individual mind. Such a view of the case embodies a large amount of unquestionable truth, and conveys with it a certain measure of apology for the author. Germany, England, and France, all three are obnoxious to the charge of cherishing this spirit of scepticism; and these three countries lead the thought of the old-world regions. Nor is America far behindhand. Germany has been justly described as that 'country of Europe which most unites the mental attributes of 'the East and West,—which combines, in an uncommon degree, 'the Oriental imaginativeness and aptitude for abstract specula-'tion with the power of patient critical research which is the boast 'of Christian Europe.'[2]

And Germany is the parent of nineteenth century infidelity, though oftentimes, like the spear of Achilles, she helps to heal the grievous wounds which she has made. England supports

[1] That the doctrine of the Incarnation, as taught by the Nicene Creed, and more fully expressed in the Athanasian Creed, or in the second Article of the English Church, is God's own truth, is a ground common to Bull, Petau, and Dorner. With very sincere diffidence, and every willingness to be convinced if he is mistaken, the writer would venture to suggest the following *private* opinions of his own, as probable. 1. That Bishop Bull may possibly, in some cases, have been inclined to minimize the differences between this or that Father, and the decisions of Nicæa. 2. That Petau is unduly extreme in the opposite direction, when he accuses Bishop Alexander of exaggeration for calling the doctrine of Arius new and unheard-of. 3. That Dorner, with the older Lutherans, goes *beyond* the Council of Chalcedon, to say the very least, in teaching a περιχώρησις or sort of interchange between the divine and human natures of the Saviour. On points 1 and 2, the Presbyterian Dr. Fairbairn seems admirably just. On point 3, *see* Dr. Mill on Strauss, *sub init.*

[2] Dr. Mill, on Strauss, *sub init.*

both the *Westminster* and the *National Review;* and though both (but especially the latter), appear to us replete with papers which it is impossible to reconcile with each other, both tend to impart a tone of doubt and hesitation which is largely imparted to many of the monthly and weekly serials. And for France herself, if her leading periodical can be taken as an index, we must confess with regret that the *Revue des deux Mondes* seems to us, during the last twelve years, to have traversed a downward rather than an upward course; to display less of that Christian writing which proceeds from the pens of such contributors as MM. de Carné, Guizot, or de Broglie, and more of the rationalism of other members of its staff, as MM. Taine, Reville, Berthellot, and George Sand. Meanwhile, the United States have reared authors of a somewhat similar stamp. Theodore Parker, Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and we fear we must add, Professor Holmes, are all as far from being worshippers of Christ as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill among ourselves. Yet, however lamentable the state of England, America, and Germany, we doubt whether the following description could at present be written with truth concerning any country but France:—

'Besides having read M. Bodin, my companion was an *esprit fort*, and believed in nothing. He thought indeed there was a God, but as to Christ, and the angels and devils, they were all devices of the clergy and the governing powers—moral bugbears set up to frighten people and prevent the commission of crime; *and it was good policy.* As to their reality being proved by the Bible—who made the Bible? *Men.* I asked him if he had never heard of spirits whose return from the dead proved the truth of the Scripture and the reality of an invisible world.

'"Bah!" he said, "*Contes.* Man was an animal, and died as other animals died—living no more."

'"A sad creed," said I, "for the poor and the suffering. Would you not be happier if you believed there was a recompense hereafter for those who had suffered and striven to do right on earth?"

'"*Mais puis qu'il n'y a pas de Ciel?*" was his reply; and we argued all the way we went, and I could not shed a gleam of hope into his soul. One day he will *know better.*

'Let me say that *a sad infidelity appears to me the prevalent tone of feeling among the French of all ranks.* In the railway-carriages, from officers, merchants, labourers, travellers of all ranks and degrees, when no priest or nun was present, I have heard nothing but sneers at the weakness of those who believed in *la mythologie* of Christianity. The Revolution has left its traces, and a vast proportion of the people are atheists still. The French seem divided into two classes—those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. Even on earth the first are the happiest, for in their sorrows, however dark and rough their path, the sunshine of God shines above the mountain peaks, while the unhappy doubter sees nothing but the bleak rocks and precipices around him. The fulness of all sorrow is to cease to believe.'[1]

[1] *Once a Week*, No. 223, for October 3, 1863.—Paper on *Saumur*, &c. by Mary Eyre, p. 416.

The existence of this *miasma* in the atmosphere must be taken into account when we would judge the case of any individual Frenchman. There is another circumstance that adds to the difficulty in the instance before us. M. Ernest Renan is, as we have seen, to an extraordinary extent, a twofold being. Which is his truer self? It is not wonderful that the two ablest French replies that have reached us (that of the Abbé Freppel and that of M. Raoul Lecœur) should display, amidst a very substantial agreement in all that concerns doctrine and line of argument, a certain measure of divergency in the line of their personal references to the author; the latter being more hopeful, the former the more condemnatory.

It is true that an earthly verdict is, in all cases, that of sinners upon their fellow-sinners. It may often happen that, in a criminal court, the judge himself is as guilty in God's sight as the felon whom he condemns: and so too the author who is charged with heresy or unbelief, may be free from many a soil wherewith the soul of him who condemns is bestained. It is well that we should be reminded of these solemn truths: and it reads like the reminiscence of an actual scene when a great living master of fiction describes a batch of criminals receiving the dread sentence of death. 'The sun was striking in at the great 'windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain 'upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the 'two-and-thirty and the judge; banding both together, and 'perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were 'passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater judgment that 'knoweth all things and that cannot err.' [1]

Nevertheless, such considerations cannot stay, and ought not to stay, the course of justice upon earth. Society cannot wait for the condemnation of the burglar, the homicide, or the traitor, until such time as those who sit in the judgment-seat are themselves immaculately pure. The ruler of men may be sin-defiled above many of those whom he governs, yet 'he beareth not the 'sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to 'execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.'

> 'Vengeance is God's:
> But he doth oftentimes dispense it here
> By human ministration.'

'Ad nullum enim pertinet vindictam facere, nisi ad illum qui 'Dominus est omnium: *nam cùm terrenæ potestates hoc rectè* '*faciunt, ipse facit Deus, à quo ad hoc ipsum sunt ordinatæ.*' [2]

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[1] 'Great Expectations,' *sub fin.*

[2] S. Anselm, *Cur Deus Homo*, lib. i. cap. 12. The lines immediately preceding are from Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde.'

The day is gone—and we trust, with M. de Montalembert, gone for ever—when heresy was included among those faults which the State was called upon to punish with fire and sword. And just because we rejoice at the existence of that comparative secular impunity, the more needful do we esteem it to be, that organs of opinion should speak their sentiments plainly and fearlessly, at the risk of all those hard words (bigotry, intolerance, and the like) which are showered so lavishly by the so-called 'votaries of free thought' upon all who display *their* freedom, by venturing to dissent from those conclusions of scepticism which are most in fashion for the hour.

Not forgetting then, we trust, that we are fellow-sinners; not wishing to thrust aside as nothing such palliation as may arise from the mental condition of Europe, and especially of France; not ignoring the virtues of M. Renan and his capacity for sympathy with much that is good—a capacity which may even yet, by Divine mercy, be permitted to guide homeward that wandering heart and will—we yet feel compelled to say what we think, and commit it to the Judgment that is above all. 'If 'we are to excuse all the moral evil that we can account for, and 'abstain from judging all of which we can suppose that there is 'some adequate explanation, where are we to stop in our 'absolutions?'[1]

Be it avowed, then, that we know not how the author of such a publication as this 'Vie de Jésus' can be acquitted of having wrought a crime against God and man. A crime against the Father, the denial of whose first attribute of Almightiness is the key-note of the entire strain of the work, its first and last falsehood and fallacy; a crime against the Son, whom it again, as has well been said, betrays with a kiss; in that professing to honour Him and to say 'Hail, Master,' it in reality represents Him as a sinner and as a deceiver of the fallen race He came to save; a crime against the Spirit, in that it treats as legends replete with falsities, the ever-blessed fourfold record which He inspired to be the everlasting Gospel of our salvation. And surely, too, a crime against man. Humanity, even among the very heathen, has been wont to hold, that not *all* of man's saddening tale of crime and woe had its source in the depths of our own nature, perverted, corrupted though it be; but that evil angels from without had conspired with man's passions and worldliness to produce these miserable results. M. Renan, without one line that *attempts* to disprove the existence of the rebellious spirits whom Satan leads, or their influence upon the human mind, simply denies that influence, denies their very

[1] Hy. Taylor. 'Notes on Life,' pp. 46, 47.

being, and thus tears away from man an excuse which, in so far as it affects the case—and it is revealed that it *does* affect it—is certain of acceptance at the mercy-seat of Him who 'was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.' And further, Christendom, amidst all its differences, has been wont, with singular unanimity, to teach that the human race has one great glory, one sole hope of salvation; that glory and that hope consisting in the fact that the Eternal Son has condescended to become partaker of flesh and blood; to die for the sons of men, to win for them gifts of the Spirit, and to plead their cause in heaven. To the denial of the Incarnation and Atonement, M. Renan has dedicated those powers of heart and head with which his Maker has endowed him. Assuredly those who join with us in the decision which we have—we earnestly trust not lightly nor uncharitably—formed upon his book, must also feel it to be a duty to breathe one devout and heartfelt prayer that 'the thought of his heart may be forgiven him.'

While the world lasts, some form of unbelief or misbelief will be rife, and have its day. Pharaoh and Jezebel, Antiochus and Herod, Julian and Porphyry, Arius and Spinoza, Socinus and Strauss; each has his hour and passes on. And the servants of Christ, they too go their way and commit His enemies to the All-merciful Judge, 'who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' who knows all the temptations and excuses of each, and the unceasing malice of the Evil One. Even those who believe in Him and try to obey His righteous laws, have broken them so often, that their first and last cry must be for mercy. And yet they know that where He bestows pardon, that great gift cannot stand alone; no, not even in this life, far, far less in the world to come.

Even the least serious of heathen lyrists could feel the propriety of asking from an object of his misdirected worship, on the dedication of a temple, something better than Sardinian corn and Calabrian wine, than gold and ivory, or fertile lands; and some of the nobler-minded among the pagans have risen to a far loftier standard of desire and prayer. But Christians supplicate their Lord and Master for something higher than the heathen's most exalted aspirations ever soared to in their fondest dreams. With a daring, only not presumptuous because warranted by His own gracious promises, they press forward to a prize transcending all the choicest glories of the very courts of heaven; they look beyond the gifts for the Giver; the reward which they hope by His mercy to attain—it is no merely created thing, it is *Himself*.

Note to CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, vol. xlvi. p. 395.

[We have received the following communication, which refers to the Article on Bishop Blomfield, in our last Volume, p. 395.]

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

CRAYKE, NEAR EASINGWOLD,
October 5, 1863.

SIR,

In the number of the *Christian Remembrancer* published this month, you quote, at p. 395, a passage from the 'Memoir of Bishop Blomfield, by his Son,' which professes to copy some words of mine, but which are not mine. The writer of the 'Memoir of Bishop Blomfield' has introduced some words of mine in that passage, but not exactly as they appear in the Review. There is no error in his quotation of my words, however they are associated with uncongenial matter.

In the Review I am represented as having ascribed the following words to a justly venerated friend of mine, the late Rev. H. H. Norris, speaking of the English clergy as they were forty years ago: 'They were eager politicians, or amateur 'farmers, deep in the antiquities of signs of inns, speculations 'of [as to] what becomes of swallows in the winter, and whether 'hedgehogs or other urchins are most justly accused of sucking 'milch-cows dry at night.'

On this supposed quotation from my 'Memoir of Joshua Watson' you make your own comments, on which I make no remark. What I complain of is, that by the prefix of the two first clauses, 'They were eager politicians, or amateur farmers,' the whole passage is made to bear a different meaning from anything which I ever wrote or thought, or which Mr. Norris uttered. You are not altogether unconcerned in this; for the passage relates to the reasons given by Mr. Norris for starting the *Christian Remembrancer*. He expressed his regret, as he well might previously to 1818, that the clergy had scarcely any journal of sacred literature; consequently they most of them confined their literary correspondence to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which there was more of antiquarian lore and questions relating to natural history, than of theology or Church polity. It was no more in his mind, than it was in my intention, to accuse the clergy of that period of laxity or a low standard of acquirements. Far less would he have backed by his sanction

the mawkish charge, seldom made but by people who have no decided principles of their own, that the clergy of his time were 'eager politicians.' How is it possible he should have sanctioned it, when all who knew him know that his political opinions were sufficiently pronounced whenever they were called for, and that, next to theology, he thought, as most wise men do, the science of good government most worthy of his earnest thoughts?

Again, I never heard him speak with contempt or dislike of any clergyman, who might employ his rural leisure in agriculture or horticulture. He was himself a good landlord, and was not likely to have been ignorant how Bishop Wilson was a benefactor to his islanders in Man in this as in other ways, by teaching them to plant their hill-sides, and to marl their sandy soil, as his kinsman did in Cheshire.

You can easily satisfy yourself, by a reference to the 'Memoir of Joshua Watson,' last edition, page 156, how entirely different a purport is given to the words, by the prefix of these two clauses, and the association in which they are placed. But I think you will understand that I am not so much concerned for anything else, as to vindicate the memory of the father of the *Christian Remembrancer*. The candour of H. H. Norris would be wronged by any one who should attribute to him an opinion derogatory to the character of his brethren in the sacred ministry.

I am, SIR,
Yours very faithfully,
EDWARD CHURTON.

NOTICES.

THE completion of 'Smith's Dictionary of the Bible' (Murray) may be mentioned as an era in our theological acquisitions: not that the work is—or rather it was not intended to be—theological, its avowed aim being only to give exegetical and practical information. We may reasonably congratulate the publisher and editor on having produced a manual of information and a body of recorded facts of immense value. With so large a staff of contributors a certain amount of compromise and reticence was necessary, both in the conception and execution of the plan. There is little to offend, though much to suggest to, the various schools of thought among us. Occasionally, as was of course unavoidable, the limits which separate theological discussion from historical inquiry have been passed over; but either this must have happened, or such subjects as the Church, Miracles, &c. must have been imperfectly treated. But the various contributors have known both how to give and how to take; and we must make up our minds to a tone of occasional indecision and uncertainty in so large a miscellany. As the work at present stands it has a fragmentary look. Its progress involved an Appendix, and some very important articles are not to be found in the first alphabetical arrangement. A second edition, which must soon be called for, will remedy the technical deficiencies of the Dictionary, and it will then stand a creditable monument of the scholarship and learning of the Church of England.

The Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have, it is well known, been engaged for many years in the publication of a series of works, of various degrees of excellence, which have done much to mould the mind of the Church. Few will be insensible of the value of the works of Hengstenberg, Stier, and Olshausen; and without endorsing all their opinions, and with a protest against their verbosity, it is impossible not to gain something both from their spirit and their literature. A large and exhaustive work by Mr. George Steward, a Presbyterian mininister, on the 'Mediatorial Sovereignty,' has just been issued by these enterprising publishers, and it affords a good specimen of the old and somewhat dry style of theological writing, but with great fulness of argument. In the discussions on the Church, it is not to be expected that teaching from the other side the Tweed will be in all respects acceptable to ourselves; but the work, in plan and execution, is such as to command our respect. In the concluding chapter, on the Eternal Sabbath, we thought we caught an echo of some Oriental speculations appertaining to the doctrine of absorption.

Mr. T. W. Marshall has reprinted his 'Christian Missions' (Longman). The title is a misnomer. It is a satirical and cynical account of all the failures, real and imaginary, of the Non-Romanist Missions. We are by no means prepared to say that there is not truth in too many of the insulting pictures which Mr. Marshall draws of 'Protestant' shortcomings and

'Protestant' inconsistencies, weaknesses, and sins. A third volume is wanted, and it might be easily written on the wickednesses and weaknesses of the 'Holy Catholic Roman and Apostolic Church' in modern times: and even the whole series would be one of which the Accuser of the Brethren would have no reason to be ashamed. Mr. Marshall may be congratulated on having anticipated both the spirit and method of such a manual.

A very different work, conceived in a very different spirit, and with its facts and information derived not from newspaper paragraphs, and fugitive reports of societies, and mere gossip, like Mr. Marshall's one-sided and illiberal work, but from solid literature, is Mr. Maclear's 'History of Christian Missions in the Middle Ages' (Macmillan). It is one of the series of Cambridge Manuals, of which the well-known publications of Archdeacon Hardwick and Mr. Westcott form portions; and the present volume is worthy of its predecessors.

Dr. Murphy's 'Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Genesis' (T. and T. Clark), has probably been called for by recent speculations on the authenticity and authority of the Pentateuch. The present work gives a new translation, and is replete with sound and useful annotation. Occasionally some sentimental language is slightly out of place, for one hardly wants reflection in a critical commentary; but the volume is one very useful for the present times.

Mr. Prescott's 'Every Day Scripture Difficulties' (Longman) contains less than its title seems to indicate. It is a careful *resumé* of the usual answers to the usual objections taken against the harmony and consistency of the four Gospels; and it will be found to be a portable reply to such writers as De Wette and Schleiermacher, and their timid followers among ourselves.

Although Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary' may be thought to supersede any other work on the same subject, we must not decline to give the honour of priority to Kitto's very useful 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' of which a new edition, we believe the third, is now issuing, under the editorship of Dr. Alexander, and is published by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. It has advanced as far as the letter E. The original work was based on the old work of Calmet, brought down to the acquirements of modern knowledge, but it has, like Sir John Cutler's stockings, lost its identity under successive editors and successive improvements. Somewhat more eclectic in tone than Dr. Smith's publication, and less distinctly reflecting the Church of England, there is room for it by the side of its friendly rival.

Two instructive works on Italy and the state of Italian religion have lately been published, and both reflect the same cast of mind. In Mr. Sewell's 'Impressions of Rome and Florence' (Longman) we have the lettered and tasteful traveller, who for once seems to have surrendered the controversialist in the amiable living *dilettante*. But Mr. Sewell's book was originally written in private letters, which give a favourable specimen of his familiar style, in which he is perhaps more successful than when more ambitious. —Dr. Wordsworth writes in a higher key; he postpones even antiquities, in

which he is well skilled, to earnest reflections on the religious present and future of the Italian Church; and in his 'Tour in Italy' (Rivingtons), he shows what impressions its condition makes on one who, perhaps more faithfully than any in our generation, reflects the true temper of the traditional English churchman.

The current volumes of Clark's series consist of Ehrard's 'Gospel History,' which may be referred to, and very usefully, as an anticipatory answer to Renan's work, as well as to some portions of the 'Essays and Reviews.'—The continuation, in the shape of the second volume, of Lange's 'Commentary on the Gospels,' which has now reached as far as the second volume on S. Luke. The Commentary is diffuse, and split up into various heads; but a mind possessed with some powers of discrimination and an acute sense of the duty of rejection, may get a good deal out of this collection, which has as much selected as original matter.—And the third volume of the second part—our Teutonic brethren do run to a sad prolixity—of Dorner's 'Doctrine of the Person of Christ.' This is an historical work, and contains a voluminous and exhaustive account of what is called Christology; that is, the literature which has been dedicated to the life and personal nature of the Redeemer. This work, again, has its special value in connexion with the works of Renan and Nicholas. —Kurtz, on the 'Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament,' is, what in German language is styled a monograph, on the various forms of sacrifice incorporated into the Levitical Law.

Fasti Eboracenses. 'Lives of the Archbishops of York,' Vol. I. This is a work of which the original materials were collected by Canon Dixon on a solid substratum of concrete laid by James Torre, an antiquary whose fame is less than his great deserts. But the Secretary of the Surtees Society, the accomplished and learned Mr. Raine, is the real author of the present volume. It is more than it assumes to be, for it is, in point of fact, a history of the English Church, ranging from Paulinus to the middle of the fourteenth century. Not only is it rich and accurate in materials, and not only does it present a living picture of mediæval manners and letters, not only does it give a discriminating view of the political relations of Church and State, but it is written in a religious and temperate spirit, free alike from idle hero-worship and careless and presumptuous disparagement of the past.

We owe more than one curious bibliographical publication to the skill and research of M. Berjeau. This gentleman has prepared, and Mr. Stewart of the Strand has published, the celebrated book, 'The History of the Cross,' from Veldener's edition of 1483. This book was itself a reproduction of a block book now entirely lost, and of the present work only three copies are extant, the facsimile now published being taken from the Althorpe copy. It is probable though the types in Veldener's work are movable, that the wood blocks are those of the older block book; the woodcuts are of the rudest, but not without that vain grotesque spirit which enabled the early artists in xylography, when they had anything to say, to represent it with very unpromising materials. But the literary

interest of this work is at least equal to the antiquarian. The 'Legend of the Cross' is a wild and grotesque story, detailing the history of the Sacred Wood from Adam to the Empress Helena, and it here appears in a Dutch translation from the original Latin. It has been often told, and may be found in the 'Golden Legend.' Mr. Berjeau tells us that the work has some relation to those mysterious communistic societies of the Middle Ages, which at one time took a religious shape under the Brethren of the Common Life and *Fratricelli*, and at another assumed a semi-philosophical guise as Cabbalists and Rosicrucians. The cuts of the present work are also said to give some representations of the craft and mystery of Masonry. M. Berjeau we see proposes to follow up the present publication by a reprint of the famous 'Speculum Humanæ Salvationis'—a true Block Book.

The 'Literary Characteristics and Achievements of the Bible' (A. and C. Black), by Dr. Traill, is a sentimental book, and exhibits, we think, a polite and patronizing tone towards the Holy Scriptures, which is, to our mind, offensive.

Mr. Thomas Arnold's 'Manual of English Literature' (Longman) is a scholarlike if not very profound manual. It is the substance of lectures delivered by the writer, an Oxford man, turned Romanist, before the pupils of 'the Catholic University of Ireland.' To do Mr. Arnold justice, there is little or nothing of sectarianism in his criticisms, and we know few books more likely to inspire or to educate a literary taste.

We are indebted to a layman, Mr. Boyle, of Lincoln's-inn—and he is not the first layman of the name of Boyle who has come forward as the champion of revealed religion—for an able and scholarly work on the 'Inspiration of the Book of Daniel' (Rivingtons). It nearly exhausts the subject, and the essays on the testimony from chronology strike us as better than the arguments derived from the internal evidence of the prophecy.

The 'Memoir of Mr. Stafford Brown, Vicar of Westbury' (Rivingtons) is a remarkable biography of a clergyman thoroughly expanding, by mere force of the Church's work, from a speculative and Puritanical form of religion into a large and healthy specimen of the English Churchman.

'The Church's Work in our large Towns' (Church Press Company) is a complete manual on what has been done, what is doing, and what ought to be done in the way of Church extension—taking the phrase in its largest sense, material, moral, social, personal Church extension. The author is Mr. George Huntington, an active Manchester clergyman, who has in his little volume shown that he can write vigorously as well as speak faithfully on present and passing duties, and it does him credit both in his literary and his ministerial character.

'The Testimony of the Heathen to the Truths of Holy Writ' (Seeley) is really a very curious book. It consists of a vast collection of parallel passages, more or less parallel it must be acknowledged, and often less than more, to the various books and texts of Scripture. These passages must have cost the compiler, Mr. Thomas Millington, Incumbent of Woodhouse-

Eaves, a vast amount of labour to collect, arrange, and translate. As a mere monument of vast reading, turned to a curious if not very important use, the volume deserves more notice than we fear it will obtain.

A very elaborate and careful 'Commentary on St. John's Gospel' (Rivingtons), by Mr. G. J. Brown, an Oxfordshire Curate, shows much sound learning, not inconsistent with practical reflection. The cast of the volumes—there are two of them—is homiletic, and though the tone is serious, the style is not dull.

'The solicitations of some kind friends, and a wish to realize a few pounds for a charitable purpose, have induced' Lady Dunbar to publish a 'Family Tour round the Coasts of Spain and Portugal' (Blackwood). The friends were anything but kind in their solicitations; and if the authoress gets a few pounds she will get it for what is not worth a few pence.

It is a legitimate question whether, in the present state of knowledge, the republication of Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History' is a substantial gain to literature. There can, however, be no doubt that if our shelves are to be furnished with the ordinary and classical works, the so-called standard histories, it is better to have a good edition than a bad one. At various times and with various successes Murdoch and Soames have corrected the misstatements and added to the substance of the old Göttingen professor; and now we have the accomplished Mr. Stubbs, the Lambeth librarian, giving us what is called a trade edition, that is, the accredited and legitimate edition (Longman; Simpkin, &c. &c.), in three compact and handsome volumes. In a supplementary chapter, of two hundred pages, Mr. Stubbs, on the basis of Gieseler, Ritter, and Döllinger, has carried on the history of the Church through the seventeenth century, not without connecting the facts and improving the colouring of a picture, which, after all, must be a mere sketch, and a sketch drawn by Rationalist and Romanist pencils. That the present edition will supersede its predecessors is to say but little; but Mr. Stubbs, in this as in other publications, has shown us that the old and erudite school of literary antiquaries is well and worthily represented among us.

Dr. Vaughan's 'Lectures on the Apocalypse' (Macmillan) displays a favourable contrast to the wild school of prophetical interpretation. Between Dr. Cumming and Dr. Vaughan yawns the gulf which separates impudence and ignorance from sobriety and reverence. The commentary, which is of a practical cast, generally follows, though not slavishly, Hengstenberg.

Mr. Henry Craik's 'Principia Hebraica' (Bagster) is a brief and compendious introduction to Hebrew literature; too brief to be more than the opening of the door. It is printed in folio—a form which hardly adds to its usefulness.

Messrs. Longman have just out an edition of the 'Book of Common Prayer,' which will take rank as an *edition de luxe*. It is of a handsome size, but not too cumbrous for use, and it appears with the advantage of the Chiswick typography. It is decorated with wood-cut borders, taken

from an old French Prayer-Book of the early part of the sixteenth century, executed by Geofroy Tory, an ornamental typographer of great fame. This edition, and it is a very handsome one, is eminently suited for a Christmas gift-book.—Report, by the way, speaks very highly of a sumptuous edition of the New Testament about to issue from the same publishers, on which all the resources of art, typography, and capital have been for many years expended by the house of Longman The engravings on wood are taken mostly from the old masters, and the edition is to be a very small one.

'The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching' (Mozley) is by the Editor of 'The Monthly Packet.' 'The Monthly Packet' is too well known and too highly valued to require our renewed approval; but we must say a word for 'The Monthly Paper.' It is, in point of fact, a *vade mecum* for Sunday-school teachers and for catechists generally. It may be quite true that every one who pretends to teach religion ought to have all the facts of the Bible and all the principles of religious knowledge and all sorts of illustrations at his fingers' ends. But the equally certain fact is that this is not the case; and those who have tried the work of teaching, even for years, will be the first to recognise the value of some manual which may be taken up for a quarter of an hour before the teacher takes a class. The present manual will harmonize and arrange vague thoughts, and will suggest new ones.

'Thoughts on the Church Catechism' (Mozley). This is, in point of fact, a regular manual of religious teaching, though it only takes the modest form of 'Letters to my God-children.' It will serve very sufficiently as a guide to confirmation, as well as a book of meditation and reflection in after-life.

'Holy Joy and Sacred Sorrow' (Mozley) are by the author of the 'Thoughts on the Catechism.' They are—something in the form of a tract—a set of reflections on the Marriage and Burial Offices of the Church.

'A Grave suggestion to Young Christians' (Mozley) is also a tract. Its object is to suggest that which must be at the bottom of all religion—the necessity of seriousness; and, which is not an easy thing, some few pages suggest hints as to the formation of habits.

Mr. Grueber has published a very sensible 'Letter on the Proposed Alteration in the Burial Service' (Masters). This is not the first of the author's outspoken utterances on a subject of pressing importance.

'Lyra Eucharistica' (Longman). This is a manual which we owe to the taste and research of Mr. Orby Shipley. It consists of hymns, poems, and verses, proses and sequences, all connected with the great Christian mystery, and these are collected from all sources, ancient and modern, Roman Catholic, Anglican, and dissenting. Most, if not all, have been already published in various manuals, and, as we understand, they have not been tampered with. Both as a book of devotion and in a merely literary point of view this is a very important little work. It is printed

with a font of type which, with many beauties, combines some aggravating affectations in the long "f."

'The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge' (Deighton), is a joint composition of several college tutors, and contains not only a brief account of the endowments and prizes, but a guide to a reading man and a warning to non-reading men, and will be found useful alike to parents and to freshmen. The articles on the various branches of study are furnished by distinguished men, such as Messrs. Latham, Campion, Mayor, and Harold Browne.

We are quite at one with Mr. Denton in thinking that the condition of 'The Christians in Turkey' (Bell and Daldy) is one well worthy of the earnest attention of all Christian States, and especially of all Christian Churches. No doubt the Ottoman rule is an abomination, and the Ottoman tyranny is as disastrous to the social and economical condition of the Eastern Christians as the supremacy of the Crescent over the Cross is humiliating to the Western Christians. And Mr. Denton deserves credit for having tried to see things with his own eyes, at least in that particular country, Servia, which he has visited. But when we come to practical remedies we are at sea. As Europe stands, does the term 'Christian States' mean anything? If it does, does it in a political sense involve such a protectorate as was claimed by France and Russia respectively before the Crimean War? or are we bound, by our Christian responsibilities, to do as they did in old times, and preach and practise a Crusade? and even when we have driven the Turks across the Bosphorus are we to stop there, and are not the Asiatic Christians as much committed to our political guardianship as the Greek and Servian people? and if our interference in the one case justifies our interference in the other, what in the long run are we to do with Mohammedans? Is it, as logically it seems necessary, to come to extermination? These are serious questions, which are not answered, by proving the mere fact that the Christians in Turkey are miserably oppressed.

Dean Trench has given to the Church, as his parting gift before assuming that high station which he is about to dignify, a second volume of his 'New Testament Synonyms' (Macmillan).

Dr. Goulburn's 'Lectures on the Communion Service' (Rivingtons) are a series of Parish Sermons; and we do not therefore expect any great depth of theological learning, which would be entirely out of place in such expositions. But they are able and devout; and in a very sensible preface the preacher discusses the Prayer-Book revision question with great ability and fairness.

'The Messianic Prophecies of Israel' is the Donellan Lecture for 1862, and is one of those able productions with which the learning of Dublin occasionally enriches theological literature. The work is by Dr. De Burgh, whose accomplishments in Hebrew are well known.

'The Ordinances of Spiritual Worship' (Longman), by the late Chancellor Phillipps, contain some thoughts on some future office of the

mediating Saviour, which, as speculations, have their value, but must only be regarded as speculations.

'How should we Treat our Servants' (Mozley) is an anonymous tract on an important subject, carefully treated.

'The Poachers' (J. H. and J. Parker) affects only to be a tract; but it is a tale, written with some power, by Mr. Maclachlan.

The author, or authoress? of 'Aggesden Vicarage' has acquired considerable popularity; and the last tale, published under the title of 'Lucy and Christian Wainwright' (Masters), by this writer, will sustain or even add to a growing reputation in works of fiction.

'The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection' (Edinburgh: Edmonston), by Dr. Hanna, invites, if it does not provoke, comparison with a valuable work by Dr. Moberly on the same subject. The subject is treated by the Presbyterian divine in a manner very different from that adopted by the Head-Master of Winchester. Instead of seeing in the mysterious revelation on the things belonging to the kingdom of God an outline of the constitution of the Christian Church, its laws, its ministry and constitution, Dr. Hanna finds only an opportunity for indulging in rhapsodical and sentimental writing. The Scotch style of theological literature is a curious phenomenon.

Mr. Dickinson, an Irish clergyman, has penned some 'Lectures on the Book of Common-Prayer' (Parker, Son, and Bourne), which reach the usual level, but scarcely exceed it.

In addition to Mr. Boyle's 'Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Book of Daniel,' we have received Mr. Walter's 'Genuineness of the Book of Daniel' (Longman), which goes over the same ground. This book, it is well known, has been considered the weakest place in the defences of canonical Scripture; and it is satisfactory to find so many writers, and each so ably, vindicating the authority of this cardinal book. Mr. Walter, as a clergyman, takes ground different from the legal argument urged by Mr. Boyle. But the two would fit together admirably.

Mr. Scrivener's 'Collection of the Codex Sinaiticus' (Deighton, Bell, and Co.) is one of the ablest contributions to Biblical literature which has issued from the British press. The writer's exhaustive conclusion on the genuineness of Tischendorf's text is admirable.

'The Life and Correspondence of Calixtus' (J. H. and J. Parker), is by Mr. Dowding. Students in ecclesiastical history—a small band, perhaps—will remember Calixtus as the author of one of the most promising schemes of Christian union which was ever put forth; and the present writer has collected from original sources much new and useful information on a curious chapter in Church history—information now especially valuable when so much of what is crude and superficial is talked about Christian union.

Mr. Crosthwaite's 'Lectures on the Book of Daniel' (Rivingtons) constitute yet another contribution to the arguments for the authenticity of this great book of prophecy. The Lectures were parochial, and the

writer's plan allows him to take that practical form of exhortation, which the more controversial method of Messrs. Boyle and Walter precluded them from adopting.

'The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety' (Masters), is the second edition of a work, which on its first appearance we gladly recognised as the very best of these many contributions to practical religion which R. B. has given to the Church. On the whole, we know of no manual for real working purposes which contains so much and which is executed in so full and practical a spirit.

'Footprints of the Holy Dead' (Macintosh) is a collection of poetical pieces, translated from the German, probably by Miss Wentworth, and is a valuable contribution to that literature of which the 'Lyra Germanica' is the type.

Professor Goldwin Smith's Lecture, 'Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?' (J. H. and J. Parker) must be read with the caution that a fallacy may lurk in the word 'sanction.' The lecturer is right enough in saying that the Bible recognises progress; and it is not to be denied that the principles of the Gospel are against slavery. But the practical question is, when the time has arrived for those principles to have their full force. It is undeniable that in apostolic times the duty of putting down the institution of slavery was reserved; what we have now to ask is, whether, in the case of the Southern States, the possibility or duty of doing what has never been done has arrived?

'The Science of the Soul' (Richardson). This is a curious work, and it seems to emanate from a school of mystical writers which is not yet extinct among us. The writer is a Roman Catholic, and we do not pretend to understand his work. It is addressed to adepts.

'What is Truth? A Life Problem' (Grant), announces itself to be written by a clergyman of the Church of England. The question is sufficiently important: the answer is sufficiently obscure. We do not claim to have apprehended it.

Mr. T. T. Carter, of Clewer, in his 'Passion and Temptation of our Lord' (Masters), prints a deep and practical series of Lent Lectures, preached last Lent, at All Saints, Margaret Street.

Mr. Popoff has translated from the Russian a brief treatise on the 'Origin and Composition of the Roman Catholic Liturgy:' and this little work gives a curious view of the Latin Liturgy from an Oriental point. It is introduced by J. M. N., and adds to the liturgical stores which this writer has so much enriched.

A sermon on 'The Claims of the Roman Catholic Church' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Pye, of Clifton Campden, though short, is a useful vindication of the historical position of our own Church.

'Life and Work in Newfoundland' (Rivingtons), is a plain and practical record of missionary life. The writer, Mr. Julian Moreton, is an able and hard-working man; and every page of his narrative bears the impress of

truth. Were Mr. T. W. Marshall morally capable of receiving truth, we should recommend this little work to his consideration.

'Queen Elizabeth's "Primer"' (Masters) has been published *in extenso*, as a manual of family prayer; and it certainly has higher authority than any other manual.

'Chapters on Plants' (Masters) is a pretty little collection of slight botanical essays on some of our common denizens of hedge and field.

In 'Charity at Home' (Masters) school teachers will find a little story, suited well enough to read, by way of didactic relaxation, to an elder class.

Mr. S. C. Malan has, in modern language, developed a specialty. He thinks, and not without reason, that unless we avail ourselves of the great treasures of Eastern liturgy and devotion, we cut ourselves off from much of the practical notice of the communion of saints. He has lately printed 'Preparation for the Holy Communion, translated from Armenian sources' (Masters); also, 'Meditations on our Lord's Passion' (Masters), from an Armenian original; and, in a very small tract, 'A Manual of Daily Prayers' (Masters). Although edification is the translator's aim, we find in these works an important refutation of the fiction of the deadness and formality of the Oriental communions.

On the Colenso controversy we have to acknowledge so many works, that our own labours in the same field must plead our apology if, in simply recording their titles, we seem to be insensible of their value in various ways. 1. 'Moses, or the Zulu' (Wertheim), by Mr. Weekes, with a preface, and not a wise one, by Mr. J. C. Ryle:—2. 'The Historic Character of the Pentateuch' (Skeffington), by a Layman: sound and sensible:—3. 'The Pretensions of Bishop Colenso' (Rivingtons), by Mr. James R. Page: vigorous and uncompromising:—4. 'The Mosaic Records' (J. H. and J. Parker), by Mr. Rogers, a layman:—5. 'Anti-Colenso' (Hamilton), by 'Joannes Lacius':—6. 'The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Moon:—7. 'The Harmony of Revelation and Science' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Dingle:—8. 'Claims of the Bible and of Science' (Macmillan), by Mr. Maurice:—9. 'Examination of Bishop Colenso's Difficulties' (Rivingtons), by Dr. M'Caul, his last contribution to the service of the Church:—10. 'Science and Scripture' (Lockwood), by Professor Young, of Belfast:—11. 'The Gospel of the Pentateuch' by Professor Kingsley, with a preface addressed to Professor Stanley.

Among Sermons, we have to specify:—1. An able volume by Mr. Cook, preached at Lincoln's Inn (Murray):—2. 'Village Sermons,' by a Northamptonshire Rector (Macmillan):—3. Sermons preached at S. Columba's, by Mr. Rice (J. H. and J. Parker):—4. 'Sermons in Plain Language,' by Mr. Ridley, of Hambleden (Mozley):—5. 'Hands, Head, and Heart,' an ugly title, by Dean Goodwin:—6. 'The Redeemer: a series on the Person of our Lord,' by Mr. Clark, of Taunton (Bell and Daldy).

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1864.

ART. I.—*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.* Vol. VII. No. 5. 1863.

2. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Murray. 1857.

3. *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.* By HENRY BARTH, LL.D. D.C.L. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

4. *Wanderings among the Falashas in Abyssinia.* By the Rev. HENRY STERN. London: Wertheim. 1862.

5. *The Great Sahara.* By H. B. TRISTRAM, M.A. London: Murray. 1860.

6. *The Basutos.* By the Rev. E. CASALIS. London: Nisbet. 1861.

7. *Colonial Church Chronicle.*

WHAT Africa is, what it has been, and what it is to be, are questions, perhaps, equally difficult to answer. It contains traces of the earliest civilization which the world has known; but of all the great continents at the present day, it is the most barbarous and uncivilized. If we except that wonderful people whose records stand along the banks of the Lower Nile, and if we blot out the short brilliant career of Alexandrian learning and science—from the days of pre-historic Egypt and the days of the Greek Ptolemies, the whole continent of Africa has not forwarded in any one direction the progress of the human race. It has sent forth from its ten thousand miles of coast none to conquer, none to colonise, none to hasten, none to retard, none even to take a place in the ranks of, the onward march of mankind. Its few great names which have found a place in the world's history are for the most part of foreign,

not aboriginal extraction. The old Carthaginian generals, Hannibal and Hasdrubal, and the Christian Carthaginian doctors, Cyprian and Tertullian, were not of native blood. It was the last of the Roman provinces to receive Christianity, and the first to lose it. The Gospel increased and multiplied when it was introduced, like the sudden growth of tropical vegetation: it was welcomed on the burning sands of Libya, and among the vineyards of Tripolis, and the palm-groves of Numidia, and the valleys of the Atlas range, with a fervour to which the colder and more cautious temperament of the Northern tribes was strange. But it proved to have no vitality, no permanence. No part of the Empire offered a feebler resistance to the incursions of the barbarians; and no part of the Church wandered eventually into wilder extravagances, was more hopelessly distracted by schism, or more fatally submerged in heresy. Other provinces shook themselves free from the deadly effects of the Arianism which their barbarian conquerors cast over them; others healed the early factions into which at one time or another they were split; but the great Donatist schism and the fierce Vandal heresy were fatal to Africa. She never recovered from them, and when in the seventh century the missionary warriors of Mahomet swept along the coast, she fell a complete and helpless prey. And the African Church, which in her day had furnished more than her share of martyrs in times of persecution—which had never failed to produce some champions in behalf of the orthodox faith—which had given to the world the greatest Father of the Western creed—which in the brief period of her glory was immediately under sacerdotal government, and in which the religion professed was the religion actually working in the hearts of the people—Africa, as some say, the birth-place of Latin Christianity, the brightest jewel in the crown of the West, was snatched away, to be held, up to the present date, in the tenacious grasp of the Arabian Prophet. The Abyssinian Church, the offspring of the Great Athanasius, still maintains a degraded Christianity, while the glorious city of its founder's see is yet under the yoke of the Turks; and her Coptic sister yet lingers with a faint and bare existence, among the cities of Egypt, having long outlived its Eastern metropolis. But with that exception, the whole Mediterranean shore, from the river of Egypt to the Atlantic, from the desert to the coast, from Cairo to Morocco, lies prostrated under the dominion of Mahometanism.

The geographical formation of the African continent was unknown till recent times, and may be said to be known only conjecturally now. It is doubtful whether even its shape was understood by the ancients. The Roman colonies and depen-

dencies which fringed its northern coast found themselves bounded in their utmost limit towards the south by vast inhospitable tracts of sand; and they conceived them as stretching to the torrid zone, and becoming more and more arid, and inhabited by a few wild-beasts and strange monstrous beings. As the power of Rome declined, the boundaries of civilization became closer and closer encroached upon by the wilderness, until the only notion that Africa presented to the mediæval imagination, was that of a narrow strip of country skirting the Mediterranean, occupied by fierce, swarthy, piratical Moors, and beyond them the interminable desert, and beyond that, whatever fancy suggested.

The enterprise of commerce, and the awakening activity of European nations when the dark ages began to clear away, soon disclosed the real shape of the continent, and the general nature of the tribes inhabiting its shores. But the notion long lingered in men's minds that the interior was an enormous trackless waste of sand, without water and without vegetation. It is within the present century that this idea began to be dispelled; and it is only within the present generation that a true one has begun to occupy its place.

Our own is remarkably an exploring age; and the English in their way are an adventurous people. The range of things into which they seek to penetrate is a wide one. The unknown, the mysterious, the inaccessible, the impracticable, which in a more primitive age of mankind excited a sort of awe, now produce only impatience. The desire to discover, the longing to open out what has hitherto been concealed, is but one development, and perhaps the fairest, of the inquiring tendencies of the times in which we live. A national eagerness for exploring new countries is an attribute of a commercial people. Pure evangelical zeal, the love of adventure, or the advancement of science, will drive out into unknown lands individual travellers, but the nations from whence they come are actuated as such by more material motives. The Phœnicians, the pioneers of the Old World, and the Portuguese, the Dutch, and ourselves, the explorers of the New, are essentially commercial races. To the more devout mind of the early Greek, the inaccessible sources of the mighty Nile were enveloped in a sort of mystery; and the traveller who attempted to unfold it would have expected to encounter the indignant river-god waiting to rebuke the audacious mortal who had dared to penetrate into his sanctuary. But the practical modern admits no mystery in the natural world—and as few as possible beyond it. No one can withhold admiration from the energy, the daring, the resolution, the constancy, the untiring perseverance, the self-contained and com-

manding courage which have led great discoverers by a sort of instinctive assurance to the end of their journeys; yet on the whole it may be questioned whether the love of discovery is a noble trait to be planted in the heart of a nation. The quality which is admirable in the individual is not necessarily so in the nation. It may be questioned whether the restless, meddlesome, domineering disposition which it engenders in the political body is compensated for by the glory which accompanies it. The material advantage to a great commercial and naval Power of finding harbours, markets, and friendly tribes, is another matter altogether. It is the moral rather than the practical view of the subject at which we are looking.

To explore the interior of Africa has been the goal towards which the ambition of the adventurous spirits of the present century has directed itself. The feat requires no ordinary heroism. Hostile natives, enormous distances, difficulties of locomotion, uncertainty of food, and, above all, long stretches of pestiferous country, are obstacles sufficient to repel any but the most enduring and ardent. Gradually, however, the huge continent, like one of its own unwieldy elephants sinking under the cloud of spears which pierce it in front and in rear and in flank, is yielding to the assaults of its resolute assailants, and seems now, at last, to have received a vital thrust.

From the time when Bruce penetrated into Eastern Abyssinia in 1769-72, down to the last triumphant expedition to the Nyanza Lake, there have been some thirty-five explorations of the continent. It is not our purpose to discuss the degree of success or the progress of ethnological or geographical knowledge attending upon them. They have been undertaken by different nations, although a great majority by English, and upon different plans and with different intentions: some have been public authorized expeditions, some private adventures; some for missionary purposes, some for scientific, some for commercial; some for the sake of sport, some even in pursuit of health; but all have aided in laying open the scenes of their several exploits. From the South, from the North, from the West, and now at last from the East, they have advanced upon their foe, and there remains but a small portion of the map which is not scored by their tracks. The travels of Dr. Livingstone, starting from the Cape, extended to within 9° of the Equator; and there is nothing now to be added to our knowledge of the general formation and nature of the whole Southern extremity. Dr. Barth, entering from Tripoli, and penetrating down to Bornû and to 10° north of the Equatorial line, and thence making West, and striking in his route upon the tracks of other travellers who had started from the Western Coast, has,

with them, unfolded the conformation of the land and rivers, and the character of the inhabitants, of the North-Western Centre. Captains Speke and Grant have followed the Nile to, what they believe to be, its source, 3° south of the Equator, and discovered the true watershed between Northern and Southern Africa, having thus succeeded in solving the most puzzling geographical problem which has ever arisen. There remains only the Western and Central Equatorial regions—that is, the comparatively limited country between the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the ocean, and from Congo on the Western Coast to the mouth of the Niger. Of course there are very large spaces within these outlines into which the details have to be filled ; as, for instance, the great shoulder which stretches out into the Indian Ocean to the South of Arabia, inhabited for the most part by the intractable Galla tribes ; or, again, the Western Coast from Cape Verd to Morocco ; or the country lying along the left bank of the Nile. But the whole continent is rapidly acquiring a consistent and definite and reliable character in the eyes of scientific geographers ; and explorers will soon have to retreat before the knowlege they themselves have brought into existence, and will have to find a field for their energies in the interior of Australia.

Our interest, for the present occasion, in the progress of these discoveries, is directed more to their missionary than to their scientific objects. What immediate hope there may be of planting the Gospel among the tribes which are settled upon, or rove over, the banks which for 2,000 miles hold the Queen of the rivers in her course, cannot be determined till Captain Speke has given the result of his discoveries to the world in a more detailed form. The bare knowledge that in such and such a latitude is the watershed of Africa, and that from such a lake the Nile takes its rise, is a matter of pure abstract science. It is a desire to trace the nature of the enormous country which it waters, and of the countless tribes amongst whom it flows, which excites so much public attention to this great discovery.

From all that can be gathered from the gleams of information appearing in speeches and reports, which the travellers have delivered, everything points to the certainty of what has been a growing conviction in the minds of many who have given attention to the subject, that it is from the east and north-east that Africa is vulnerable. On the south, where lie the main hopes of the progress of Christianity at present, little more can be done than what is being done. The Western coast has a climate so repelling and so deadly, that until the physical conditions of life in those quarters are changed by the

progressive advance of civilization and cultivation from other sides, or by whatever are the causes which most directly operate upon climate, there is but scanty expectation that Europeans will be able to establish themselves in any security or in any numbers on that side of the continent. To the north-west the ground is at present preoccupied by the French Algerian Colonies; and, along the Mediterranean shore, stretching far away inland towards the Equator, lie the strongholds of a vigorous and intolerant Mahometanism. There remain still the east and the north-east. We propose to devote a few pages to examining in more detail the prospects of the Church in each of these quarters.

First, however, we wish to say a few words upon a topic which embraces them all. Amongst the many obstacles which oppose themselves to the evangelization of Africa by the English Church, not the least formidable is the endless variety of tribes which the continent contains. This is a difficulty which, from the nature of the case, is apt to be overlooked by separate missions, and altogether ignored by individual missionaries. There is nothing in which men more strikingly exhibit the characteristics of their race and country than in the mode in which their religious instinct and knowledge unfold themselves. Ecclesiastical differences accompany political and still more ethnological divisions, closer than is commonly allowed. The great schism between Rome and Constantinople was practically effected centuries before the Ten Articles of Accusation were formally drawn up against the Greek Church, and the Papal Legate had deposited the bull of excommunication against the Patriarch on the altar of S. Sophia, in the eleventh century. 'The Church of Rome, 'and most, if not all, the Churches of the West, were, if we 'may so speak, Greek religious colonies, for some considerable 'part of the three first centuries. Their language was Greek, 'their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures 'Greek.'[1] Yet nothing, humanly speaking, could have kept all the European Churches true to the Eastern type. The religious virtues no less than the religious errors of the Oriental mind develop themselves in quite a different form from that which marks the Northern or the Western. The dreamy, imaginative, metaphysical turn of the former—his leaning towards excessive symbolism, his love of abstract and speculative theology, his tendency to seclusion and asceticism, could never long continue in close union with the vigour and energy and practical impatient intellect, with the progressive activity and their

[1] Milman, 'Latin Christianity.'

jealous independence which distinguish the inhabitants of the colder and robuster North. It was not so much that they eventually separated on this or that doctrine or practice—on the double procession of the Holy Spirit, or the lawfulness of a married priesthood—as that they were drawn asunder by a law of nature: the same law which splits up the world's inhabitants into different nations, under different forms of government, and with different political characteristics. It would be as hopeless to expect the whole of Europe to show mankind an example of twenty separate nations, of separate customs, language, and origin, coalescing into one gigantic commonwealth, because they are under the bond of a common civilization; as to expect them to exhibit the identically same outward form and expression to their religious feelings, because they profess a common faith and are actuated by a common hope.

The African tribes will need a more discriminating treatment in this respect than from inevitable circumstances it is possible they can receive. To impose the same severe, rigid, unaccommodating Protestantism upon every form of savage life and heathen nature and false belief which touches upon mission stations planted along the immeasurable boundaries of a vast continent, is to pave the way for disappointment and defeat. The subtle, fervid native, with his mixture of Arab blood, who dwells upon the burning plains adjoining the Mediterranean, has little in common with the brutalized savage of Dahomey or Ashanti on the swamps of the Niger. And the simple negro of the interior, and the degraded Hottentot, and the stately Caffre, and the yet finer type which is said to occupy the newly-opened parts of the Nile, are apparently so many distinct races. How to deal with this difficulty—how to adapt the forms of religion which have grown up along with our advanced civilization, to the cast of mind of primitive heathen existence, without sacrificing one iota of essential truth, either in practice or in doctrine; how one branch of the Catholic Church is to spread its distinctive faith over an hundred branches of the human family without violating this law of ethnological affinities,—is one of the most intricate questions besetting missionary enterprise. Our knowledge of Apostolic practice is too limited to enable us to determine, with any exactness, the manner in which S. Paul treated the various tribes and cities which he converted. But the probability remains, that, having implanted a pure faith and having established the order and succession of Church government, he left the national tendencies of separate localities to disclose themselves in matters of detail, without let or hindrance on his part; interposing no further than to check error or extrava-

gance. But whether the difficulty has been thoroughly solved since Apostolic times, may be fairly doubted.

The Jesuits in China and India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, made a bold but suicidal attempt to find its solution. After deducting much that is fabulous and imaginary in the missionary annals of the great order, there remains a history of noble, self-denying, heroic endeavour. Gathered out of every European country, taught to merge all national and ecclesiastical sympathies in the interests of their order, ruthlessly cut off from every memory of family or name or secular rank, sworn to submit to the law of their constitution, quod superiorem loco Christi Domini nostri agnoscentes obediant, and thus holding themselves responsible to no individual or custom, no Church or State, but the word of their superior—they went out among the heathen as little trammelled and with as few prejudicial associations as was possible. The hardships they endured, the victories they won, the romantic and marvellous exploits they achieved, among the dense populations of the farthest East, need not be recounted here. We have to do only with the system which was pursued. Observing from the outset the inherent distinctions in the mental organization of different races, they set themselves to work, to accommodate the message they had to proclaim to the hearers they wished to convert.

The result, so far as it could be judged by numbers—the most fallible of all tests—was brilliant; but measured by the fruits of the belief imparted, and the constancy of the believers, was a miserable failure. Why was it? From no lack of activity and zeal surely, on the part of the devoted preachers. Why was it then that, when in 1784, the tyrant of Mysore resolved to enforce the creed of the false Prophet throughout his dominions, and 60,000 Christians were seized and induced to submit to the rites of circumcision, out of that vast multitude, the offspring of Jesuit missions, not one soul was found who had the courage to confess and become a martyr to his religion?[1] Judging after the event, the cause of this defection must be attributed to this: the Jesuits were too accommodating and too pliant. By fostering the magical superstitions of the African savage, by not hesitating to adopt the rites and the very distinguishing tokens of the Indian Brahmin, by countenancing the materialism and even qualified atheism of China—in their eagerness to make themselves all things to all men, they sacrificed vital truths to circumstances and accidental obstacles. They recognised the operation of this ethnological

[1] Grant's Bampton Lectures.

law of which we are speaking, but too intent upon visible and immediate results, they made a higher law subservient to it. They made a strenuous endeavour to settle the question, how to evangelise nations of different countries, temperament, and blood, without disturbing their distinct nationality: but they determined it, unhappily for their future converts and their own fame, by tainting Christianity with heathenism. They erred in that, the more fatal side: the leaning of our Church, by ignoring all mental, local, physical, and historical distinctions, is to err upon the other side. The true middle-way is not yet marked out.

Nowhere do we see barbarian races growing up to a purer Christianity, with their national characteristics prominent and intact. No one of them has yet inscribed its name in the roll, and enlisted in the ranks of Christendom. We see, instead, all the finer races on which our civilization has touched, fading and dissolving away. We see the North American Indians, the Caffres, the Maories, either slowly melting from before us, or rushing upon utter extermination. It is a hard price which they have to pay for their promised rise in the scale of humanity. It must seem to them a strange providence, that closer contact with their benefactors should result, not in wealth and arts and knowledge and a purer faith, but in inevitable dissolution. Our civilization is too strong for them. It is like a luxurious banquet spread before a famished man—the very abundance is fatal. They are yet in their childhood; and, like the growth of the individual, the growth of nations must be progressive. But for them it seems to be ordered that their first and only step should be, not from childhood to youth, but from childhood to the grave. They hear of the manhood to which happier races have attained; they catch glimpses now and then which stimulate them to make themselves worthy of a place and name among those more blessed mortals; but by violence or by decay they seem destined to die out before they reach it. There are few more mournful sights on the earth at the present time than to observe savage after savage, tribe after tribe, race after race, of all the finer specimens of the heathen world, dwindling away before the marching forth of our expansive civilization. To be replaced by what? How far to modify the form in which religious worship is cast in this country, so as to adapt it to the wants and habits of the tribes of Central Africa; how far the machinery of an English parish, and the order and ceremony of an English service will require to be adjusted to the capacities and instincts of a half-reclaimed savage,—are matters to which nothing short of personal observation and a lengthened experience can supply an answer. We submit that the exact mode of adjustment of a highly refined civilization and a fully

developed ecclesiastical system and an abstruse theology, to the simplicity of savage nature, has never in recent times been laid down in principle, nor successfully and on a large scale been demonstrated in practice.

Few travellers have the gift of impressing upon their minds the distinctive, and if we may so say, native features of the country they pass through; fewer still are capable of transmitting their impressions to others. The text-book of Northern Africa is, or should be, Dr. Barth's. One cannot sufficiently admire the research, the laborious conscientious industry, which must have attended its compilation. It has many of the qualifications which a book of travel should have; it is serious, painstaking, accurate, exhaustive—but unutterably dull. He often has occasion to mention the weariness which attended his long adventurous journeys; and if it is the highest praise of a traveller to convey to his readers the real sensations which he himself has experienced, a reflecting critic will not withhold this commendation from him. Of his self-reliance, of his resolution, of the glory of his exploration, we would not for an instant speak disparagingly. But for the bright, piercing, comprehensive observation which enables a true historian to catch at once the peculiarities of the people and country he is writing about, we search in vain and with much labour through the five volumes of Dr. Barth.

The information at our command of the real living character of the north-eastern and central regions of the continent is yet uncertain and scanty. A closer acquaintance with it would not probably add to its attractions, nor increase the likelihood of its habitation by Europeans under its existing natural conditions. Long stretches of dry, flat, gravelly sand, which will only retain for a few hours the tracks which are marked upon them, cut up with ravines and what seem like exhausted watercourses, interspersed with occasional oases, where the fertility of the soil and the luxuriance of vegetation force into more dreary contrast the barren plains around, and about which cluster the towns of the native or Arab tribes; a land without rivers, without mountains, and without trees,—these are its most prominent characteristics. Nor does the general nature of the interior differ much from that of the provinces adjoining the Mediterranean coast. Hardy little Arab horses, strings of camels, highly-cultivated gardens, and numerous wives, constitute the wealth or mark the importance of the inhabitants. The greater sheikhs, or sultans as they style themselves, affect a sort of royal state, of which the protection granted to trading caravans, and the taxes paid for it, are in a great measure the sign and the source.

The camel, so essential a part of modern Eastern life, is supposed to have been introduced into North-West Africa at a

comparatively recent date. The kind in common use is the familiar, slow, enduring beast of burden; but there is another variety, if not another breed, amongst some of the interior tribes, which appears to stand in the same relation to the ordinary camel that the English thorough-bred holds to a cart-horse. This is the mahair or white dromedary, the treasured possession of some of the great nomad tribes. The creature is so trained that it requires no coarse contrivance of bit and bridle for its guidance, its motions are directed almost entirely by the voice of its rider. The colour is pure white, and its high breeding is unmistakeable from the slender limbs and smooth coat and the fine lines of its head. It will accomplish, as an ordinary stage and without any distress, eighty miles a day, and on an emergency some are said to have exceeded two hundred. With a few dates, and an occasional feed of dry coarse grass, it will undergo the severest fatigue; and amongst its master's few possessions this is the most cherished and valuable. The horse, which is plentiful enough through all this region, is the well-known small wiry type of Arab, of which some few priceless animals are owned by the chieftains, but the mass of them are rough and lean. These are the only means of locomotion. A two-wheeled cart having been carried inland seven hundred miles upon the backs of camels, a present from the Bey of Tunis to the ruler of Tuggurt, is not desecrated by being used for the carriage of its fortunate owner, but is exhibited in a case, and pointed out to strangers amongst the choicest treasures of the place.

The gardens are a distinguishing feature through all this portion of the centre. They constitute the main subsistence of their owners. Situated always near some fountain-head, of which the waters are collected by dams, and then conducted by small conduits to every part of the cultivated ground, they form not only the most attractive sight which meets the eye of the traveller, but they afford the most hopeful promise of food and shade. In parts they will bear three simultaneous crops. First of all the ground is thickly planted with such vegetables as cauliflowers, pumpkins, carrots, and beans; in amongst these, sheltering the plants at their roots from the scorching sun, and standing as close as their tops will allow, are a grove of apricots, almonds, and trellised vines; and towering high above the fruit-trees, the precious date-palm.

Of the trade of these parts little can be told. The outlet for their exports must be either through Algeria, or across the Soudan, and down the Nile. Leather and manufactured silk are the chief products, but they are not produced in such quantities that the trade will probably give an opening to European

influence. Besides which, the outlet for expotss by the Nile is not yet opened; and the same system of paternal administration which prevails at home being transported into the French colonies, the Algerians are, and are likely to be, '*trop gouvernés*' for commercial enterprise. Nor is the climate a hopeful one. The French have a proverb that 'in the Sahara you have health, 'but must perish of thirst; in the Oasis you have water, but 'must die of fever.' Domestic slavery is almost universal. The means of communication throughout this region are kept open by caravans, and there are few parts to which Arab traders do not penetrate. In most of the towns of the desert a colony of Jews is generally to be found, preserving with singular tenacity the modern characteristics of their race. Though with hair grizzled, and skins as black as a negro's, the lineaments of their faces are as obtrusively Jewish, and their occupations and the mode in which they conduct them as proverbially national, as in their quarters in a European city.

The religion of all this region is strict Mahometanism. There are lingering traditions of the Berber tribes, before they were driven southwards by their Arab invaders, having been Christians. But no vestige of their former faith survives. The Mahometan creed has enfolded the northern half of Africa, and partly by conquest, and partly in conjunction with Arab enterprise, is pushing its way into the centre of the continent; and unless recent discoveries shall have opened out a way for Christianity to reach the central tribes from another side, it seems destined to embrace the natives up to the very equator. For ourselves, we can detect little present hope that our Missionaries will be able to labour with any success amongst the Northern regions. For there, and for many hundred miles inland, Mahometanism does not present itself in connexion with a decayed civilization and a dying empire, as in European Turkey, but with the vitality of a progressive and expanding system. The hardy, abstemious, and, for the most part, moral Arab of the Sahara, is something very different from the Moslem who dreams away his days on the shores of the Bosphorus. The gleams of truth which are seen through the covering of the Mahometan delusion—the unity of the Godhead, a future life of rewards and punishments, a Divine revelation, an established priesthood, and canonical Scriptures—present obstacles which, when they are united with a pure life, a fervent belief, and a political activity, are manifestly more formidable than the conditions of the ordinary savage. We all live in the expectation that one day the Crescent will sink before the light of the Cross; but it is more in accordance with the principles and calculations of human action to conduct our attack upon

the heathen world, on the side where it is weakest and most vulnerable, not where it is best prepared to meet us. It is mere waste of time to point out the weaknesses which the degraded ignorance and the yearning want of unbelief in the savage, present, when compared with the compact aggressive system of Mahometanism. Of the three great forms of error which prevail in the East, this, as it is certainly the least erroneous, appears to contain fewest elements of internal decay. The systems of Buddha and of Brahma will doubtless linger for many a long year and in many a remote corner of the globe; but the seeds of their dissolution are already sprouting, and they must crumble away before the spread of light and of science. But the creed of Mahomet stands upon a firmer foundation: it is a perversion of the truth, and, though a fearful one, resembles the truth upon which it is grafted. And whether, in the providence of God, the dim intimations of a purer faith, and the obscure approaches to biblical history, scattered throughout the Koran, are destined to lead its believers at some period to embrace Christianity; or whether the conversion is to come suddenly from without; in either case the present condition of Mahometanism in the whole north-west of Africa is such that it appears to offer more serious obstacles to a continuous spread of the Gospel there than those which are to be found in any other part of the continent. Our policy is to check its advance, and concentrate our aggressive strength upon the native tribes.

Going on to glance at other quarters, and passing over Egypt, which is, and always has been, as it were, isolated from the rest of Africa, we come to Abyssinia. And here both the country and its inhabitants and their religion assume a totally different aspect. Instead of a sturdy Mahometanism, we find a corrupt Christianity; instead of a hot, level, monotonous desert, we are introduced to a land of rivers and mountains, with every variety of prospect and climate. The scenery presents the usual characteristics of rich mountainous country. Subjected to tropical heat, and clothed with every species of vegetation which flourishes under such conditions, if the lowlands become dangerous and unbearable during the summer months, there is a safe refuge in the *plateaux* of the picturesque highlands.

We are not concerned now to discuss the doctrines or the codes of the Abyssinian Church. In its superstitious attachment to symbolical representation, and in its yoke under a debased and idle and ignorant priesthood, it represents the usual signs of ecclesiastical degradation. Its reformation is a material element in the progress of Christianity on that side. Now, its fortunes stand higher than in any previous period of its modern history. Partly by military genius, and partly by a bold and

unscrupulous use of his victories, the reigning king, Theodoros, has raised the power of his nation to an unprecedented pitch. His own history is romantic enough—having risen, from a convent, in which he had been entered as a novice, without any external resources, to the sovereignty of a great and spreading kingdom. He is an irresponsible despot, capricious, sometimes cruel, and of a passionate temper, yet, as such natures often are, open-hearted and generous. He rules his people with an iron hand, the least show of rebellion is mercilessly put down; yet he is moved by higher motives than his own personal power and security. He is eminently patriotic, and strongly attached to his own Church, but not so warmly as to be blind to its extravagances. One of his confidential advisers, till lately, was a de-naturalized Englishman, who, either because he was disgusted with civilization, or civilization with him, had made Abyssinia his adopted country, and with the natural ascendancy which always asserts itself in a superior race, had risen to high honour and influence at court. The counsels of this man, and his own enlightened understanding, have disposed the king to regard the English favourably. He holds absolute power both in Church and State—so absolute, that when he wanted to impress some subtle distinctions on the nature of Christ into the minds of his subjects, he found the most efficacious plan to be the application of a thong of giraffe-hide to the naked bodies of the recusant. Yet he is no vulgar tyrant; but his whole nature is too variable, and his life too precarious, for much reliance to be put upon his efforts. His dominion however is so vast, that perhaps no one potentate upon the African continent has more influence to hinder or to forward the spread of a pure faith. The priesthood, which is a great power in the land, is intolerant of the remotest suspicion of change; and the king is swayed at one time to a conservative policy by reverence to his Church and her institutions, while, at another, the monstrous abuses which force themselves upon his notice urge him to correct them. All missionary efforts to reform the Abyssinian Church, whether by the Jesuits or in later times, have hitherto signally failed. It remains to be seen whether the present political condition of the country does not offer a more promising opening for light and reformation to be poured into the Church, and through the Church to the heathen nations on its borders. 'Let God give victory 'to my arms and peace to my empire, and the Cross shall not 'lack support in this country,' are the words in which King Theodoros is said to have closed a hopeful interview with an English missionary. May they be fulfilled!

The Abyssinian is not a savage in the ordinary sense of the ·m. It is true that the substitution of rancid butter for

clothing, and an aversion to cooked meat, and insatiable gluttony carried to such a disgusting extent that if it were not limited by poverty would lead to the speedy demolition of all animal food in the country, are not usually reckoned amongst the signs of civilized existence. Yet in order and law and government and social life, he is in considerable advance of the natives of the neighbouring territory. Some of his customs point to a time of national piety, of which nothing but the empty form now remains. Thus, profligate and licentious as the lives of most Abyssinians are, every one of them wears round his neck a piece of blue silk cord, as a badge of his religion; at one time, doubtless, reminding the wearer of the sacredness of his calling, but now put on as a matter of course. And then, in spite of their gluttony, and their ravenous mode of devouring the yet quivering flesh of their cattle, no animal is ever slaughtered without an invocation to the ever-blessed Trinity.

The most interesting part of Mr. Stern's book, which we have put at the head of this article, is an account of some wanderings among the Falashas; a Jewish people settled in Amhara, among the highlands to the east of Abyssinia. Their past and present history, so far as it can be picked out from the somewhat inflated style in which the author has clothed it, is a curious one. It affords another instance of a small people establishing themselves in a mountainous country, and maintaining for centuries among its valleys, an isolated and unpolluted nationality. The Mosaic element which pervades the Abyssinian ritual, and the tales which linger among the Falashas themselves, point to a very early communication between Jerusalem and the western shore of the Red Sea. The tradition of the tribe is, that their progenitors came to the country it now inhabits, in company with the Queen of Sheba, on her return from her visit to Solomon. Nor is there anything on the face of it to militate against the reception of so high an antiquity to their location there. What led to it, and under what circumstances it was effected, is another matter. This would give them a separate history of nearly 2,000 years; a fact which the wonderful nature of the Jewish race alone renders probable. Their present social condition, their belief, their customs, and their relations with the surrounding tribes do not discredit their origin. They live in the strictest and most exclusive isolation. Not only are intermarriages forbidden, but even to enter the house of a foreigner, is to contract a ceremonial pollution which requires an elaborate purification to wipe away. If nothing else, their occupations would distinguish them from the modern Jew; for they despise wealth, regard commerce as unlawful, and devote themselves to husbandry

and one or two simple necessary trades. In marked contrast to the Abyssinian Christians, owing to the wise liberty allowed to their wives, to the absence of polygamy, and the indissolubility of marriage, immorality is a rare vice amongst them. Their religious system, from the nature of their position, is contracted and rigidly precise; possessing only a portion of the Jewish Scriptures, and naturally clinging to the letter of the law, they have come to lose a perception of the proportionate value of the ceremonial and moral code. Perhaps the vicinity of a people like the Abyssinians, of filthy habits, has quickened in successive generations the national sense of the necessity of bringing into the highest prominence the law of purification. At any rate, dirt, or any taint of uncleanness, is amongst the deadly sins. On the outskirts of every village a hut is erected for the reception of the unclean. And so stringent is the custom in this respect, that no one is suffered to die in his own house, amongst his family; but when death seems approaching, the relatives carry the body into the open air, and there leave it; then those who are already tainted, take it up and remove it to a sort of dead-house provided for the purpose, where the wretched man—as if his yet breathing body were an unclean thing—is left to die alone. Although such bondage to a stern perverted ritual deadens their natural affection, they are in the main a kindly, simple people.

They keep the four great feasts, but not with the precision which the law ordains: this laxity, however, is in a sense compensated for by their rigid observance of the Mosaic Sabbath. On Friday at noon, all who are not kept back by illness or age, troop down to some neighbouring river to bathe, and to change their dress. They spend the rest of the afternoon in lying or sauntering about the banks of the streams, till sunset summons them to prayer. The service is lengthened according to the devotion and zeal of the particular locality, extending sometimes far into the night; in which the exhortations of the priest are invariably accompanied by the low melodious 'la, la, la,' of the women. On the Sabbath morning they again repair to the mesquid, or house of prayer; a building always opening towards the east, with three courts of increasing sanctity, with an enclosure behind, in the midst of which is a single large flat stone, for a sacrificial altar. The priests themselves remain frequently in the synagogue from the Friday to the Saturday sunset; while the people, after service, return to their own homes, and do not go out of the place again till evening. One of their forms of prayer which is quoted, has much beauty and simplicity, and speaks well for the quiet devotional tone in which their worship is conducted. For if the ballads of a

people are said to supply a foundation for their social and political history, much more will their liturgies afford a clue to their ecclesiastical and religious history. The prayer is the opening of the Sabbath service.

'Thou, O Lord, hearest in heaven the worship of Thy saints: hear us also when we cry unto Thee in Thy holy temple. O Lord, be not angry with us, nor suffer us to be destroyed. Remember the covenant of our fathers, whom Thou didst redeem out of the bondage of Egypt, and forgive us our sins, and blot out our transgressions, which have separated us from Thee.

'God of our fathers, turn unto us and cause us to live.

'God of Abraham, turn unto us and cause us to live.

'God of Isaac, turn unto us and cause us to live.

'God of Jacob, turn unto us and cause us to live.

'God of Angels, turn unto us and cause us to live.

'O Lord, lead us into the right way, and give peace unto Zion and salvation unto Jerusalem.'

Removed from Palestine long before the final dispersion of their race, cut off probably at a very early date from frequent intercourse with their native land, with an implicit belief in their own sacred books, and receiving them at a period which ante-dates the mass of rabbinical and traditionary gloss with which the Scriptures had become overladen in the Christian era,—the Falashas preserve with greater exactness than can perhaps elsewhere be found, the better features of the old Jewish religion. The high morality of their lives, and the profligacy and wickedness of their neighbours, would seem to justify their severe exclusiveness. Their intolerance, however, does not appear to extend to foreign missionaries; for many of their villages not only allowed but even welcomed the preaching of a fuller and more spiritual faith.

We have dwelt a short time upon the habits of these people, not only because the subject in itself is attractive, but because from the openness and simplicity of their nature, their readiness to submit to instruction, their moral elevation, their strict adherence to their own imperfect religious observances, point them out as a people which may be destined to form a nucleus for the spreading of Christianity in Eastern Africa. It would be a noble enterprize to engraft, by a discriminating and judicious preaching, the Protestant faith upon this remnant of the Old Mosaic ritual; to bring this quarter of a million of the chosen people into the Christian fold. They have none of that bigotry against our Lord which seems to hang like a curse over the Jews of the dispersion. They yet look for a Messiah; nor they nor their forefathers, so far as can be known, have yet committed the sin of rejecting the pure Gospel. And should the Church of England once obtain a hold amongst the Falasha

villages in the highlands of Ethiopia, and with its foot firmly planted there, be able to elevate and to teach the Abyssinian people, and touch with a purer faith, and embue with holier sentiments, its ambitious, open-hearted king, there is no standing-ground on the whole continent from which she could more effectually check the yet conquering career of Mahometanism, and rescue into her own bosom the thick populations of the interior. It may be that Egypt, severed like a branch and rooting itself afresh from its dying stem, will rise up with a robuster vitality from the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, and, with its boundless territory on the Soudan, and the opening out of the resources of its glorious river, be destined again to take a conspicuous place amongst Eastern nations. Should the King of Abyssinia be able to establish his dominion firmly and peacefully, and should Egypt rise to her great opportunities, the trade, and with it the leadership, of half a continent, would gravitate towards the highway of the Nile. This is the only part of Africa which appears to have a future of its own. The races on the enormous stretch of the Northern Coast have long been overpowered by the Arabs; the savages on the West are too low in the scale of humanity for the mind to dare to speculate on their career; the colonies at the Cape are swallowing up or amalgamating the natives upon which they touch; but along the shores of the Nile, throughout the Soudan, and among the mountain-ranges of Abyssinia, there is hope that the tribes may not be left in their present state of semi-barbarity, may not have to pass through the stage of a desolating poisonous intermixture with the offscourings of European civilization, but may rise step by step in their own nature to higher things, may be converted, and left to live a national life.

The eastern coast of Africa is little known, and that little is not inviting. The Sultan of Muscat, with a residence in Zanzibar, holds a nominal sovereignty along the coast line, from the equator down to the mouth of the Mozimbue, forty miles south of Cape Delgado; a supremacy which only yields a monopoly of the commerce of the adjoining country. Thence down to Delagoa Bay, in lat. 26°, including Mozambique and Quilimane, yet linger along the shores the names and dregs of Portuguese settlements. The Arab traders, with the enterprise of their race, penetrate far into the interior in search of ivory. They were heard of by Capt. Speke, as frequently making the circuit of the Nyanza Lake. But, except as traders and slave-dealers, no information can be had about them. Nor does the present condition of the Portuguese settlements commend the use which that nation made of their early

opportunities. Established mainly for the sake of trade in ivory and gold-dust, and not discountenancing the traffic in slaves, and ruling the natives with a high and cruel hand, the Portuguese colonies must have been a curse, and not a blessing, to the ill-fated continent on which they had pitched themselves. The tribes in their vicinity have degenerated lower than the rest—not been raised higher. Instead of remaining a simple savage, with his own wild impulsive vices, and not without some signs of a nobler nature, by mixing with the very lees of an unscrupulous, dominant race, the native at the back of the settlements contracted a more complex and more repulsive barbarity. He reaped few of the fruits of civilization, but its more conscious, ingenious, and hideous sinfulness.

The curse of the hapless negro on the west and on the east is the degraded, half-caste trader, uniting, from the mother's side, the cunning and ferocity of the savage, with the adventurous, domineering nature which the father's blood supplied. He is the main instigator of the slave trade; he is the broker, as it were, and agent between the inland tribes and the dealer on the coast; he, wherever he penetrates, makes the white man an object of hatred and fear; for traversing the country with stores of showy weapons and clothing and ardent spirits, he tempts the infatuated natives to barter flesh and blood for his seductive, worthless wares; and every father with a rebellious son, every chief with a disobedient subject or a prisoner of war, every one who can capture or steal a victim, finds a market with the ever ready and present half-caste trader. In no stage of transition are savages more inhuman than that of partial civilization, when the civilizing element, at the best not very prominent, has begun to lose its influence, and leaves the man or the race to retrograde to their former barbarity.

It is in the neighbourhood where the embers of some of these old settlements are yet throwing off their pernicious influences, though far back from the coast, that the river Shire flows from the north into the Zambesi. On its banks the Central African Mission has established itself. Of the origin of that mission, of its progress, of its success, of its calamities, of its prospects, of the untimely fate of its first devoted bishop, and of the hopes of the second, it is not within the scope of our present purpose to speak. The first great practical result of the noble enterprise of Livingstone, the first manifestation of an awakening in the Universities to a recognition of their high place and work in the propagation of the common faith, the first example of a missionary diocese launched into the midst of the rolling sea of heathenism by the English Church, the outpouring of enthusiastic zeal and abundant liberality and ardent

hopes, wafted to its destination with earnest prayer, and with its sails filled with exuberant expectation,—this momentous undertaking has yet to fulfil the calculations of its promoters. It is said that the academical zeal which first prompted its formation is beginning to grow cold. It is said too that the Universities gave the full force of their prestige to the undertaking, that they contributed the money and the title, but, excepting the higher dignitaries, not one missionary from Oxford or Cambridge or Dublin gave himself to the work. If this is so, it is deeply to be regretted. It is to be regretted that a scheme so noble, and entered upon under auspices so bright, should come to be abandoned; and that what was so loudly and truly proclaimed to be the natural development of the principles of the Church should turn out to be inopportune and impracticable.

From the outlet of the Zambesi to the Northern extremity of Zulu is unopened territory. But the whole southern end of the continent, from Delagoa Bay in a rough line to the mouth of the Orange River, is as it were familiar ground. The Cape colonies, the seat of four Bishoprics and of numerous stations of the sects, offer perhaps the most flourishing spectacle of the results of missionary Protestantism. By the latest report of the Propagation Society, the population of the three dioceses, Capetown, Grahamstown, and Natal, is 175,000, of which more than 10,000 are members of the Church. And when it is considered that the new Bishopric of Orange River is not included here, and that some twelve other denominations are labouring in the same field, some calculation may be formed to prove that, so far as numbers are a test of success, the efforts of Protestant Missionary Associations have already effected a great work in this region. And in estimating the relative value of these numbers this must be borne in mind: at home the presumption is that all who do not profess themselves Jews, Turks, or heathens, are Christians; but in a new land, and amongst a heathen population, the reverse is the case, only those receiving the name who openly and deliberately accept, the creed of the Christian.

It is difficult to determine the indigenous race of Southern Africa; its future race will be made up of a fusion or a selection of English colonists, Dutch Boers, Kafirs, Hottentots, adventurers from every quarter of the globe, and intermixed half-castes of a combination of all. The promontory of the Cape, which is in the form of a blunt cone, both within the colony and even more distinctly beyond it, contains three strongly-marked divisions of land and inhabitants, running north and south. The eastern strip, mountainous, salubrious, with fre-

quent streams, and magnificent timber, is the land of the Zulu; a race which, in the formation of the skull, in general physical development, and in all fine animal qualifications, stands high in the human scale. The middle strip, made up of undulating plains, in which rivers and woods are scarce, and rain infrequent, is the country of the Bichuanas, a branch of the Kafirs, but more timid, simpler, and of a lower physical organization than their warlike eastern neighbours. To the west is the Kalahari desert, rugged near the coast, but flat and parched in the inland expanse, and thinly populated by outlying settlements of Boers and native Bushmen. The state of religion amongst the two eastern divisions, except so far as it has been infused with Christianity, as with all savages, cannot be precisely ascertained. The absence of any stated or formal worship, their utter neglect of prayer or religious service in any form, and their freedom from idolatry, induced the Arabs to bestow upon them the title of 'Kafirs,' or 'Unbelievers.' But though they leave the impression, upon a hasty observer, of being literally godless, the religious instinct has never been dead among them. They have always held a belief in a future state, and have supposed that the dead man passes at once into a condition in which he can benefit or haunt those who are left behind. Consequently the dead are worshipped, and, as is always the case with untutored minds, more in fear than in hope. The awe with which they regard maniacs, as men in the hands of beings of another world, as it were under the visitation of God; the practice of circumcision; and the half-religious initiatory rite upon the entrance into manhood, with a view to discipline the youthful novice in virtue and self-reliance, which in some tribes is enforced upon girls as well as boys, and which prevails among the nations to within some 15° of the Equator,—all point to the conclusion that there is an element of reverence and piety in their minds, which is capable of being made a foundation of moral and religious instruction. The following soliloquy, repeated to a missionary by one of the Basutos—a Kafir tribe which forms part of the new diocese of Bishop Twells—and expressing the yearnings of his heart before they had become satisfied by a knowledge of the Christian faith, manifests, if it is correctly reported, a thoughtful and vehement desire for knowledge, which is hopeful in the extreme:—

'I sat down upon a well, and asked myself sorrowful questions; yea, sorrowful because I was not able to answer them. "Who has touched the stars with his hand? on what pillars do they rest?" I asked myself. The waters are never weary, they know no other law than to flow without ceasing from morning to night and from night to morning; but where do they stop, and who makes them flow thus? The clouds come and go, and burst into water over the earth: whence come they? The diviners

certainly do not give us rain, for how could they do it? And why do I not see them with my own eyes when they go up to heaven to fetch it? I cannot see the wind; but what is it? Who brings it, makes it blow and roar and terrify us so? I know not how the corn sprouts: yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-day I returned to the field and found some. Who can have given to the earth the wisdom and the power to produce it?—Then I buried my face in both my hands.'

These Basutos being a pastoral and inoffensive people, are more easily tamed than their kindred Zulus. Their chief, Moshesh, is a fine character. And it is a source of deep disappointment, that one of his sons, who had come to England, and was being trained as a missionary at S. Augustine's College should have been taken away in the autumn by an early death. Had it been permitted that he had returned among his own people, fully imbued with English civilization, and the doctrines of the English Church, his tribe, humanly speaking, would speedily have become a colony of converts; for their chiefs exercise a moral as well as material rule over them. In a rapid review like the present, we have no time to follow the route of Dr. Livingstone up to Loanda, on the western coast, nor do we purpose to discuss the prospects of the western settlements. There the degradation of the race, and the fatality of the climate, are fully acknowledged. What will be the fate of the Makololo, and the other great negro tribes which Livingstone passed through, no one can foresee. Though possessed of some fine—and what appear at a distance, even romantic—qualities, they are yet in a state of unmitigated heathenism; and a single week's sojourn in close contact with them, with every kindness and attention shown to him, produced more disquiet in the mind of Livingstone than any part of his missionary labours, and led to the reflection that 'the latent effects of missions in the South, 'the indirect benefits which, to a casual observer, lie beneath 'the surface and are inappreciable, are worth all the money and 'labour that have been expended to produce them.'

Here we close our survey. The dark pall which has long hung over Interior Africa is being raised, the bitter curse upon her sons and daughters is being lightened: but we are as yet only at the beginning of our work. Who can see the end of it?

ART. II.—*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JOHN ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. (Reign of Elizabeth: Vols. 1—2.) (Hist. of England: Vols. 7—8.) London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts and Green. 1863.

EXTREMES meet. Through the entangled and tedious labyrinth of English and Spanish State Papers, Mr. Froude has contrived to pioneer a clear, broad track. Obscurities and inconsistencies he has, with the consummate art of a landscape-gardener, converted into occasions for picturesque surprises. If, at times, something of the native dulness of the scene forces itself into sight, it is employed at once both as a foil for the general beauty and variety, and as a weighty testimony to the authenticity of the body of a narrative in which anything so prosaic is suffered to show itself. But the work has other and more real merits than the beauties proper to an historical romance. It may be open to controversy, whether a thousand different vistas might not be cut, by artists of opposite sympathies, through these tangled thickets and jungles and pine-barrens of history, which would open up views of a completely contrary kind; but, at all events, these charming volumes, and their predecessors, are a living proof that the evidences of our early history, most precious and to the point, however hard to reconcile, may be found in records formerly abandoned to the rats and mice, to mildew, and to pilfering antiquarians. Yet more: every philosopher spins many subtle webs of unsound hypothesis, before elaborating the clue of the true theory; and so the weakest links in Mr. Froude's chains of proof may not be without their use, even though they serve subsequent explorers but as crosses marking where others have lost their way. Whether the route he has worked upon leads to the right point or not, it is something gained to have a space cleared on which future investigators may take their stand, and look about them, even though their own aims and destinations are utterly alien to his.

Mr. Froude's labours are useful, not merely for their positive, but also for their negative results. They prove that much may be learned by painful researches amongst national records; and they also indicate what are the probable limits to the discoveries to be made in this manner. We fancy that there has been a vague sort of popular belief, that a history composed, so far as materials go, out of State Papers ought to convey a far more

complete and minute impression of the condition of the people, and not merely of the nation, than narratives written after the method of Hume and Robertson. There seems to have been an expectation that, in such a work, we should see the various classes of the old times face to face, and no longer have to guess out their character by deciphering the mixed traits, some accidental, some essential, of the individual men or actions chosen by historians to represent the masses. But Mr. Froude's volumes, like those of the earlier school of history, include, after all, only a gallery of historical portraits, and a selection of great events. The pictures are not mere outlines; still less are they mere robes and dresses hung about lay figures: they are as varied and animated as life—often, perhaps, more so. But still they are the same beings that furnish out the drama as represented in the pages which students now are so fond of ridiculing. Elizabeth, with her Cecil and her Leicester, and Mary, and her well-known following, are still the objects on which the wealth of research is concentrated, as though Scott were the historian, and 'Kenilworth' or 'The Abbot' the scene.

Upon Elizabeth, above all, a flood of light is poured which almost kills the figures in the neighbourhood. The flashes are irregular and too dazzling; and now one trait and now another starts under them, into such sudden prominence, as to give the effect of something monstrous and grotesque. Yet still, under these gradual touches, the character grows before our eyes, and, whether true or not, becomes certainly real. It is only when observed in connexion with the events described, that the force of each successive touch can be fully appreciated; but it is necessary here to set free from their attendant circumstances, and to combine the different isolated statements respecting the Queen's disposition and capacity. The favourite popular view of Elizabeth's private character is not very complimentary; and Mr. Froude will not have called down on himself, on this head, much bitter animadversion. But every dark feature undoubtedly gets an additional tinge of black from his liberal brush. He frequently expresses his opinion that she had no sense of truth in politics; that she distinctly did what as distinctly she said she was not doing, and, on the other hand, held out hopes which, if she could help it, she never meant to fulfil. It pleased her to seat herself in the midst of a web of illusions, and to expect her subjects to have as little scruple as herself in discussing what it was inconvenient to confess. When the falsehood was clumsy, and chanced to be brought home to its author for identification, it was the royal theory of this sovereign lady that it was the duty of a chivalrous subject to bear the odium. Thus, she would instruct an admiral to attack

a foreign fleet before war was declared; but he must do it entirely at his own risk. Were he to have lost the action and be captured, he would have made himself liable to be hanged as a pirate—'But Elizabeth expected these minor sacrifices from her subjects.' In the same spirit, when it became convenient to disavow an offer made formally through her ambassador, what so easy as for the luckless minister to be bid state, when taxed with the previous words, that 'he indeed said so, and thought so, but now he did perceive he had mistaken her message.' If, after solemn engagements, each promise of help being like 'a 'nail which left a rent in her reputation when she endeavoured 'to free herself,' a faction in a neighbouring state, at peace ostensibly with England, had risen in rebellion, and had been defeated, the same spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of the hapless insurgents was called into play to cover their patroness's delicate sense of royal honour. A solemn farce must be enacted, at which a refugee chieftain should confess his offence against his natural prince, and be scolded by this nice stickler for the rights of sovereigns for his audacity in venturing to intrude his traitorous form into the presence of so candid and neighbourly a ruler. It must have been a pleasant thing to have served under this lady. Her generosity was on a par with her truthfulness. Her most laborious servant, Cecil, was not allowed by her the expenses of his journeys undertaken solely in her service; and her most loyal ally, the Prince of Condé, was recommended menacingly to make peace with his foes, on the terms that he and his friends should accept a partial toleration, which would mean nothing, if only Elizabeth could thus have the money which she had lent repaid. Mr. Froude's views respecting her womanly delicacy are almost equally sombre, and will therefore be, doubtless, peculiarly acceptable to the public. There is even some hope for him that they may be admitted partially as a set-off against his favourable estimate of the virtues of Henry. It will be less pleasing, however, for persons with settled convictions as to the disposition of the great Tudor king, and the suffering innocence of Anne Boleyn, to find that the historian has not obscurely traced the supposed evil tendencies in Elizabeth to 'the taint which she inherited with her mother's blood.'

When Mr. Froude refers to the qualities of Elizabeth as a sovereign, the novelty in his conception of her character becomes more conspicuous. Levity, avarice, caprice, irresoluteness, jealousy, and even cowardice, are all, at different times, imputed to this lion-hearted Queen of our national mythology. She thwarted and sneered at a commander so long as he was successful and showed capacity; but if he manifested evident dulness and carelessness, none so ready as she to join him in

hypercritical censures of triumphs achieved by a successor. She sent rusty cannon to her plague-stricken troops at Havre, and starved Sidney's gallant raids into the fastnesses of the O'Neil. 'In constitutional irresolution, she was for ever casting her eye over her shoulder.' The slightest failure made her eager to draw back; the slightest success made her wild to rush on. When a rival proved unexpectedly energetic, 'she lost her breath at the rapidity of the movements,' and betrayed to her enemy that 'she was thoroughly cowed and frightened.' It was only in refusing money that she was steady and determined; and she would haggle over a bargain, till all chance of improving an opportunity was gone for ever. But when it was a question of pleasure, her purse-strings were much more readily untied. She could spend money freely on Court masques and balls, while her soldiers were starving. Mr. Froude says that 'Elizabeth to the world appeared (during the raging of the plague 'imported into London from Havre) to be given up to amuse-'ment, caring for nothing but pleasure, and wasting her fondness 'upon idle and tawdry favourites;' and he justifies the statement by a quotation from a letter of Francis Chaloner to his brother, the English minister at Madrid: 'She spends her days with hawks 'and hounds, and her nights with dances and plays. Though 'all things go ill with England, she is incapable of serious 'thought.' Mr. Froude adds: 'Yet Elizabeth was but concealing her real nature behind a mask of levity;' but he adduces no reason to account for this alleged dissimulation, and no fact to prove that, at present, her character was better than it seemed.

Her political capacity is not described as of a nature to make one forget particular weaknesses in admiration of particular energies. We are told that she was one of those people who insist on quarrelling with the course which, notwithstanding, they have resolved to follow. But as all the merit of shaping the policy is ascribed to Cecil, and it is perpetually intimated that, left to her own self-guidance, Elizabeth would scarcely have worked the ship out of the breakers, it is hard to see how she is entitled to much other praise than the very doubtful merit of obstructiveness. Yet, with all this, Mr. Froude has an evident liking for her character, which, from the materials for forming a judgment supplied by these two volumes, it is extremely hard to explain. At one time, promises of co-operation, on the ground of religious sympathies, were held out to the Scotch reformers, and even the celebration of worship by foreign Catholics was prohibited; at another, crucifixes were reinstated, and the Spanish envoy was informed that the Queen was as orthodox a Catholic as himself. Her shiftings and veerings on religious questions were so manifold, that no safe theory can be

adopted as to her real opinions. Her words on such subjects were marked 'either by diplomatic reserve, or by an elfish and mocking irony.' Mr. Froude, in one place, inclines to the belief that the Queen's quick changes were not owing to mere diplomacy: he supposes, rather, that there was some uncertainty of purpose, some infirmity of purpose, in a mind but half made up; although when, in stiff velvet robes, at Easter, she washed the feet of beggars, and kissed crucifixes, she is represented as 'but a politic hypocrite,' seeking to win Catholic hearts away from her rival in Scotland.

But Mr. Froude is (and often very rightly) not afraid of attributing the most dissimilar qualities to this extraordinary woman. According to him, she sneered at the religious belief of others, and yet herself had serious feelings. She insisted in dressing up her bishops in the external circumstances of reverence and mystery by which they were environed in other countries, and, when she had done so, 'never lost an opportunity of affronting or insulting them.' An evil spirit of trickery and imbecility took possession of her at times, and she would indite letters full of direct falsehoods; but 'in broad questions she desired to act uprightly.' She had 'daring, intellect, a high conscientious devotion to duty, a great and sovereign nature;' yet both her own servants and those of foreign princes wrote of her as of one whose solitary gift was the ability to deceive. The Spaniard wrote to his master: 'This woman is possessed with 'a hundred thousand devils, and yet she pretends to me that she 'would like to be a nun, and live in a cell, and tell her beads 'from morning to night.' In no long time, the French envoy took up the same strain, and remarked that there was 'more 'dissimulation in her than honesty or good-will, and few people 'can play that game as well as she.' Even Throgmorton, now in France, now in Edinburgh, found abundant reason to complain of his mistress's love of crooked ways, the more contemptible in that shifty diplomatist's eyes, because no one was deluded. Mr. Froude has a novelist's love of strong contrasts; and there are obscure intimations that, in future volumes, Elizabeth is to exhibit far different qualities to those elicited by the earlier events of her reign. We are told that, conscious of her power over herself, she liked to dally with temptation, but that she remained at all times mistress of her passions; but these two volumes contain but few signs of this self-restraint, although circumstances often called for it. So she may have been endued with 'nobler qualities, which danger raised to their due pre-eminence;' but the present work exhibits her, although in the most dangerous crisis of her affairs—when the English Catholics were calling out for Mary, and the Scotch Calvinists were

crouching and hiding—as ready to concede everything, as false, cowed, and prostrate. We suppose that we must wait for the Armada to provoke to life the loftier qualities; for as yet no evidence has been produced by her historian of any political or private virtue in her, except that which he describes as her chief merit, viz. a perception of the limits within which she might rely upon her own opinion.

The question of the Queen's marriage, the rivalry between her and Mary Stuart, and, connecting these two subjects, the question of the succession, are the three great topics of the new volumes. Much care is bestowed on the investigation of the first; but still it is left mainly as it was. He allows due weight to the repugnance which a woman would naturally feel at being called upon to marry for political convenience; but he appears to regard the attachment to Leicester, and the circumstances attending the death of his first wife, as the chief obstacle. Considering the supreme importance assumed in the narrative by the pretensions of the Earl, as contrasted with his personal merits, we think the way in which Mr. Froude introduces him on to the scene, as a personage about whom all his readers must have already made up their minds, is somewhat abrupt and unfair. His first words about him are:—'Of the Lord Robert 'Dudley it is scarcely necessary to say much. As every one 'knows, he was the younger son of the Duke of Northumber-'land, and was now about twenty-nine years old.' And thence-forward, as though the whole matter had been already proved to demonstration, it is tranquilly assumed that he was heartless, spiritless, and base. In these volumes, at all events, there is not enough evidence to justify such a conclusion. He wooed the Queen—that is clear; but, of itself, this could be no crime. When his own suit seemed hopeless, and yet the Queen's marriage was needed to secure the realm from continual panics, he threw his weight into the scale of those who strove, from public considerations, to win over Elizabeth's reluctant consent to wed a prince she did not love, and abandoned his own claims with a zeal which could hardly have been interested, and, if not so, must have been highly patriotic and generous. Mr. Froude is uncertain whether to impute his efforts in this direction, as in all others, to sordid selfishness, or to 'an interval of patriotism;' but it is impossible that Dudley could have failed to perceive how terribly all his hopes of advancement would have been dashed by his mistress's marriage with a foreign prince, at once contemptuous and jealous of such a rival. On the few occasions on which Leicester attempted to exert his influence, his efforts were generally laudable, and generally unsuccessful. His brother-in-law, Sir Henry Sidney, was

Commander in Ireland, and in want of succours: Elizabeth, parsimonious where she ought to have been lavish, was induced by Sussex, envious of his successor's fame, to refuse aid. Leicester challenged Sussex, and implored his mistress in vain to despatch reinforcements. Surely, this was no vicious use of influence. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, was holding out bravely in Havre, with a broken and dispirited force; and again Leicester's interest was employed for an object which was not the less good because his brother's welfare and that of England were equally concerned. But it never seems even to have occurred to Mr. Froude's mind that there could be any merit in this man, who yet was highly esteemed by a general and statesman like Henry Sidney, and was brother and friend to a very noble and gallant gentleman like Warwick.

There are three things in favour of Mr. Froude's view of Leicester's character: the opposition of various statesmen and courtiers to his marriage with Elizabeth, the story of his intrigue with the Catholic party, and Amy Robsart's fate. What all men say is very likely to be right; and even what a fair number of representative men accept as true may be regarded as highly probable, in the absence of proof of the men's partisanship. Now, doubtless, Cecil and Throgmorton were opposed to the marriage. The latter wrote from France to deprecate 'Her 'Majesty so foully forgetting herself in her marriage as the 'bruit runneth here:' and although it is all but incredible that Cecil should have so far put aside his wariness as to bear his griefs and complaints to an almost confessed enemy like De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, yet his hostility to the scheme appears certain. A large body of nobles showed the same feeling; and it was so throughout the nation. But hostility to the plan of marriage between the sovereign and a subject, still more when that subject was not a member of the great old families—nay, still more when he belonged to the detested house of Dudley—may be easily explained without our acceding to Mr. Froude's theory, that such a general antipathy to the proposition (allowing that it was general) must have arisen from the ill-conduct and depravity of the *parvenu* suitor himself.

One of the only two actual charges brought against the Earl, is his negotiations with the English Catholics, and their foreign allies, the Pope and Philip II., for the restoration of the Catholic ritual in England, in consideration of their countenancing his marriage with the Queen. The accusation, which is a very serious one when brought against a statesman of the reign of Charles I. or Charles II., loses something of its force when we consider the conduct and policy of Elizabeth herself. Leicester certainly did no more than what his mistress and her advisers

were constantly doing; and all the evidence which we possess on the subject, besides being itself of most suspicious origin (it is contained in the correspondence of De Quadra with Philip, and there only), speaks plainly of the proposition as coming from Elizabeth as well as from her lover. To tamper with religion in this way, although the object be simply to deceive enemies, is a grave offence; but the Queen must share the criminality with Leicester, if, indeed, he were not a mere instrument in her hands. It is quite in accordance with the hypothesis of the favourite's incapacity which has been adopted by Mr. Froude, for him to allow that Elizabeth may have, after all, been the principal in this dark negotiation, and have deluded Dudley into it for her own purposes. He, in fact, in one place refers to what he styles 'a singular phenomenon,' viz. that at the very time when Dudley believed that Elizabeth was ready to accede to the demands of Philip and the Pope, Cecil was being employed in recognising an identity of religious interests with the Scots, which before he was forbidden to acknowledge. But it is possible that Mr. Froude may class this attempt to deceive the Papal party in Europe into a notion that they had got a convert, as one of 'those practices in the game of politics which, in this 'false and confused world, statesmen, till the end of time, will 'continue to repeat,' and which, therefore, the historian, while he is bound to condemn in the name of morality, must, he implies, consider excusable in the name of custom. On such a theory, he would, perhaps, hold the guide less guilty than the dupe; but, if so, it is easy enough to turn round and ask what there is to prove that Lord Robert was any more the dupe than Elizabeth. If she, being a Protestant at heart, after a manner, yet chose, for political purposes, to profess herself on the verge of change, exactly the same apology may be urged for Leicester. It does not seem to us to be much of an apology, it is true; but our argument is, that it is unfair, at least on such grounds, to characterize this luckless whipping-boy of the period as 'perhaps the most worthless of Elizabeth's subjects,' or as a man who in a special negotiation was, perhaps, sincere 'so far as he could be sincere at all;' while the principal is let off, as one 'who, conscious of her power over herself, liked to 'dally with temptation; but she remained at all times mistress 'of her passions.'

One great charge is brought against Lord Leicester—great enough to support a pile of invectives as fiery, though not of quite the same class, as those scattered over him in these volumes. If, as principal or accessory, he was concerned in the murder of Amy Robsart, no epithet could be too condemnatory, although even so, we might expect the reproaches to be uttered

in rather a different tone—less contemptuous and more judicial. The material circumstances are these. Dudley, when very young, had been married to Amy Robsart at Edward's Court. We should have supposed that some details respecting their married life might have been discovered by so careful an explorer as Mr. Froude; but we are furnished by him with nothing on the subject but a dubious inference from one of those tables of antitheses in which, probably for his own private use, rather than the Queen's or the Council's information, Cecil was in the habit of balancing the merits of two different men or measures. The comparison is between the arguments in favour respectively of the Archduke Charles and of the Earl of Leicester as a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth; and one of the entries against Leicester's name, under the head 'Likelihood to love his wife,' is 'Nuptiæ carnales a lætitiâ incipiunt et in luctu terminantur.' Mr. Froude assumes that this must refer to the marriage with Amy Robsart, and that it implies a love-match followed by aversion. To us this inference seems by no means clear. There is no reason why it should not equally well mean that, should the Queen marry so far beneath her, it would be a love-match, and would bring on her at a later period repentance on account of her own disparagement. In a similar table, when the Earl once more made pretensions to his mistress's hand, the entry is, for Leicester, 'He is like to prove unkind and jealous of the Queen's Majesty'—in reference, that is, to the future, and not to the past. But, to pass by this, the lady was living, as all the world knows, at the old manor-house of Cumnor, though not in concealment as the novel states. At a time when the rumours were most rife about the Queen's attachment to Dudley, his wife appearing to be the only bar between him and the matrimonial crown, the servants of Cumnor were given a holiday by their mistress, to go to a neighbouring fair, and returned to find her dead, apparently by a fall down a staircase. Her estranged husband did not go to inquire into the circumstances; but Sir Thomas and Sir Richard Blount attended for him; and John Appleyard and Arthur Robsart, the one his wife's half-brother and the other her own brother, were both present to watch the proceedings at the inquest, which Mr. Froude allows must have been of unexampled strictness. The result was a verdict of accidental death. But, partly on account of the popular rumours, which—so opportune for the Earl's schemes seemed the death—still clouded his fame; but, principally by reason of the subsequent disclosures of John Appleyard, Mr. Froude appears inclined to bring in a verdict against him, not of 'guilty,' and still less of 'not guilty,' but of 'not proven.' Appleyard had quarrelled with Leicester, and 'in a

'fit of irritation said, that for Dudley's sake he had covered the 'murder of his sister.' This was just at the time when Elizabeth had once more encouraged her lover's hopes of marriage, and Cecil and his friends in the Council, jealous of the Earl, forthwith seized on the opportunity, and examined this penitent brother, who confessed to having for seven years hidden his sister's murder, till wrath with her husband awoke him to remorse. The result of the examination of this most untrustworthy of witnesses was to elicit an acknowledgment of his belief in Dudley's personal innocence, his single complaint being that the latter had rejected his offers to inquire deeper into the cause of his sister's death, on the ground that, after the finding of the jury, any further investigation was superfluous. No other witnesses were examined on the subject by the Council; no friend of Dudley's was specially confronted with, or allowed to cross-question, Appleyard; and the note by Cecil of the examination conveys no intimation that he, the enemy of the Earl, had learned anything which he himself thought of importance. It is stated that the witness 'showed certain circumstances 'which moved him (Appleyard) to think surely she was mur-'dered;' but Cecil—the only reporter of this quasi-judicial examination—seems to have thought these circumstances too trivial or doubtful to be worth the entering in his note, even by way of the briefest reference. It it astonishing that, after this, Mr. Froude should proceed :—

'If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that although Dudley was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far.'—Vol. vii. p. 289.

Grant (as we confess we should be most unwilling to do) that Appleyard did speak the truth, what does it amount to? That there had been a diligent search into the catastrophe by two juries collected in the usual way, the first having been summoned by the coroner, before the arrival of Blount, who was acting on behalf of Dudley: that Appleyard had been there, and had assisted them: that all proper measures had been taken, and yet no discovery had been made as to the employment of any foul agency. Spite of all this, Amy Robsart's half-brother had still kept his own opinion, and urged Dudley to prosecute the matter further, though without giving any reason which had not been already before two juries, why a different result was likely to be arrived at; but, under the circumstances, the husband of the lady refused to countenance additional inquiries, alike futile and scandalous. Mr. Froude

looks on the fact of seven years having intervened between the event and Appleyard's examination, not as material with reference to the extreme doubtfulness of evidence so long reserved, but as a justification for Cecil's not acting upon the disclosures any more than Leicester himself had done. It would have been more to the purpose, if, instead of explaining why the minister did not act upon the new data of which, though they are not mentioned, he is alleged to have become possessed, he had explained why this little note—the sole authority on the subject—does not convey the remotest hint that any information had been furnished which Cecil thought worth recording. It is on the authority of this vague little manuscript, that the overthrow, for the second time, of Leicester's proud hopes is traced to 'the pale shadow of Amy Robsart, called up from the tomb, and waving the lovers once more asunder.'

The hypothesis that the Earl was concerned in the murder of his wife is introduced to explain why Elizabeth did not marry her lover. It seems to us to embarrass rather than to disentangle the knot, and it was sufficiently complicated before. It is not so hard to see why, apart from natural vanity, Elizabeth coquetted with an offer of the hand, now of the King of Spain, now of the Archduke Charles; why she felt or pretended to feel offended that Don Carlos, though an idiot, with the instincts and passions of a wild beast, was not offered for her acceptance, and why she would not regard as decisive Cecil's reasons against a marriage with the King of France, a boy of fourteen, and sovereign of England's supposed natural foes. When the partisans of Mary Stuart or of Catherine Grey argued too loudly the rival claims of their favourites to the succession, it was convenient to be able to remind them that the actual wearer of the crown might have an heir of her own. Hence the 'perpetual recurrence of that forlorn subject,' the Archduke's wooing, 'piteous and laughable' as it appeared, may possibly have had its uses. Further, it is not so unintelligible how, apart even from the stories of the death of Amy Robsart, so proud a woman as Elizabeth may have drawn back, when on the brink of what seemed so paradoxical an act in the eyes of the royalties of Europe, and the Norfolks and Percys of England, as marriage with a scion of the hateful house of Dudley. But we find it exceedingly hard to believe that Elizabeth can have in good faith pressed upon her cousin and rival of Scotland the Earl of Leicester for a husband. At least, at that solemn scene when she confessed her love to him on what she thought her deathbed at Hampton Court, she could not have been playing the hypocrite; and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of her efforts to make her people and her allies favour and countenance

his suit for her hand. But, if she really was in love with him, for her to have sought her lover's aggrandizement by marrying him to her rival in birth, beauty, and popularity, is an incident beyond the ken even of the boldest sensational novel. Yet it appears to Mr. Froude not at all unnatural or improbable that she should have taken 'a melancholy pride in offering her sister 'her choicest jewel, (her 'knight sans peur et sans reproche,' but whom Mr. Froude, for reasons on which we have already commented, holds to have been the most worthless of her subjects), 'and in raising Dudley, though she could not marry him herself, 'to the reversion of the English throne.' In preference to such a wondrous paradox of generosity, displayed too in a lady not noted for the exhibition of its lower and more ordinary phases, we should prefer (in mere desperation) to consider that Mr. Froude's view of Lord Leicester's character is not far from the truth, and that, the same light having at length burst upon Elizabeth, she was now endeavouring to accomplish two objects—the honourable banishment of a discarded lover, and vengeance on her rival by giving her for consort 'the most worthless of her subjects.'

Mr. Froude's account of Mary Stuart's fortunes, from her arrival in her kingdom to the death of Darnley, abounds in delightful descriptions. It partakes sometimes of the soft beauty of an idyll, and often of the terrible graces of a Greek tragedy. He allows readily her brilliant accomplishments, her beauty—in which the form was lost in the expression, and which every painter therefore has represented differently—her womanly grace and her manly courage. There was never any visible discordance between her and the stage on which she had to act; whether it were a lady's bower, or a Highland moor, she was never unprepared, never discontented. All puissant at the French court, where a queen's business was to win hearts—in Scotland she wore a helmet, and bore pistols at her saddle bow, headed her followers when rebellion menaced her throne, broke the insurgent power and chased it out of her realm, 'glaring across the frontier at her escaping prey' with as natural and resolute an anger as might have inflamed any of the kings her ancestors; and yet, with more than a woman's self-control and policy, refrained from giving her rival an occasion for interference, by seizing her foes when just within her grasp. Her intellect was equal to her physical gifts:

'Whatever policy,' said Randolph, the English ambassador at her court, 'is in all the chief and best practised heads in 'France,—whatever craft, falsehood, or deceit is in all the subtle 'brains of Scotland,—is either fresh in this woman's memory, or 'she can fette it with a wet finger.'

Nor were indomitable resolution and steadiness of aim wanting. We are told that, sleeping behind her grace of form and charm of manner, there lay a spirit which no misfortune could tame—a nature like a panther's, merciless and beautiful. But the effect of all these endowments was marred by two defects, one natural, the other arising partly from nature partly from education. The one was, that politics seemed to her the game of her life, and only a game, though played for a high stake; and the other, that she could not understand the reality of her subjects' religious zeal:—

'She played on the passionate Scotch heart, as upon an instrument of which she understood every note but one. She knew their feudal affection for their sovereign; she knew their national pride, their jealousy of England; she could appeal, with the certainty of a response, to her own position as a young and desolate widow; she comprehended all, save the new, hard, insoluble element of religion.'—Vol. vii. p. 321.

And so, thus prepared, thus unprepared, with all her wealth of charms arrayed to weave the fibres of a conspiracy from the Orkneys to the Land's End, and yet able to conceal her nature and her purpose till the hour was at hand—yet with a purpose, fixed as the stars, to trample down the Reformation, and to seat herself at last on Elizabeth's throne—the last in the direct line of the Stuarts is shown to us with 'Adieu, belle France,' 'sentimental verses, and a passionate minstrel sighing at her feet in melodious music,' sailing away to a half barbarous realm, over the summer seas.

Mr. Froude greatly admires John Knox. We are told that, in Scotland, the higher Catholic clergy set an example of the most enormous profligacy; that there the Mass seemed a Paphian idolatry identified with the coarsest forms of licentiousness, and that Knox, though no narrow fanatic who could see truth and goodness nowhere but in his own formula, believed himself a prophet with a direct commission from Heaven to overthrow a system of hideous iniquity. With such a conviction strong upon him, he was soon in hot hostility to the young Queen. It is curious to note how oddly different the same incidents may appear to commentators regarding them from opposed points of view. Hume sees in the reformer,—whose usual appellation for Mary was, he says, Jezebel, and whose greatest condescension was his promise, and that soon revoked, to submit to her as Paul did to Nero,—a seditious and raging bigot, whose courage was indeed proportioned to his insolence, but equally offensive. To Mr. Froude, on the other hand, though forming his conclusions from exactly the same data as Hume, the man appears large, noble, generous, with a shrewd perception of actual facts; who saw through and through Mary, and yet treated her with

'a sound Northern courtesy,' which, we must suppose, is a plant of a different growth to that which flourishes in more southern climates.

Mary's illegitimate brother, Lord James Stuart, Earl of Murray, is another of Mr. Froude's Scotch favourites, and of her foes. The Earl may have had a free and generous nature, and have been as complete a contrast to the other Scotch nobles of the period as the historian, with whom in this case Hume partly agrees, thinks him; but it is allowed that he read his sister and his sovereign a very 'cruel lesson,' early in her career, which a queen could scarcely be expected to forget readily, and that, throughout, he maintained a close correspondence with her rival and neighbour. It is scarcely in accordance with our conceptions of a straightforward character, that Murray should accept a place as commissioner for Mary, and, at the same time, send a secret message to Elizabeth that, 'whatever 'he might say, or however vehement he might seem to be in his 'mistress's cause, he hoped her Majesty would not take it as if 'he was in any way wanting in devotion to her.'

Mr. Froude has shown much more clearly than preceding historians, how the succession to the English crown was the great domestic question of Elizabeth's reign, and to what extent the international relations of England and Scotland were complicated and disturbed by it. The choice, as heir-presumptive to the English throne, really lay between the legal heir, Mary Stuart, and Lady Catherine Grey, as the claimant under King Henry's will. If Cecil really told the Spanish ambassador, that the Earl of Huntingdon was the true heir to the crown, on the ground that Henry the Seventh had usurped it from the house of York, he probably desired to mislead De Quadra; and the story is chiefly curious as showing how completely Henry the Seventh had put forward his own personal pretensions as the Lancastrian heir, and ignored his rights in virtue of his marriage to Elizabeth, in whom, and in whose descendant (if not in her husband), every schoolboy now knows the title rested in preference, at any rate, to the Earl of Huntingdon. At all events, politicians generally favoured the claims either of Mary or of Lady Catherine, the Catholics and peers being commonly for the former, the reformers and the majority, both of the Privy Council and the House of Commons, for the latter. Mr. Froude represents Elizabeth as certainly opposed to the pretensions of the Greys, and as covertly admitting the right of Mary. It does not surprise him, that she was reluctant to decide at once; for it is his opinion that 'from the recognition 'of Mary as heir-presumptive, the step to a Catholic revolution 'was immediate and certain;' or, as he puts it in another

passage, the effect of such a step 'would have been, in all probability, Elizabeth's immediate assassination.' It is unquestionable that there might have been inconveniences in such recognition. In far different times even Queen Anne was disturbed by the pretensions of her declared successor. But Mr. Froude has surely blackened excessively the prospects of Elizabeth in case of Mary's recognition. They could not, on his own showing, have looked so very dark to the person immediately interested, and whose foresight of peril would have been sharpened by jealousy. For he tells us, that Mary Stuart's prospects in England had been more than once on the eve of arrangement, and that, on one occasion, it was only when released of the dread of the Duke of Guise by his death, that Elizabeth believed herself again at leisure to trifle. Surely she would have dared all dangers from the power of the French Catholics in preference to braving a domestic peril, if so imminent as represented by Mr. Froude. But Mr. Froude has another theory, most honourable to Elizabeth, if tenable, to account for the hopes with which Mary was ever being tantalised. He supposes that the reason for the delay of the recognition was, that Elizabeth, with the best of her advisers, expected that Mary Stuart, as she grew older, would consent to guarantee the liberties which England essentially valued, and that, bound by conditions which need not have infringed her own liberty of creed, she could be accepted as the future Queen of the united island; to the same expectation he imputes the scheme for marrying her to the Earl of Leicester. Mr. Froude produces no notes or minutes from his favourite State Papers as an authority for the theory, although he states this expectation of Mary's future tolerance as a positive fact. It was, in any case, not a prospect which was likely to satisfy Mary herself, side by side with the circumstance that 'at the 'debate on the succession, at Elizabeth's illness, her name and 'claim had been passed by almost in silence,' and that even the Privy Council in June, 1565, pointedly asked the Queen's favour for Lady Catherine Grey.

At one period Mary's claims seemed likely, Mr. Froude concludes somewhat too hastily, to have been recognised even in despite of Elizabeth's will. The Catholics were in a great majority, being almost two-thirds of the nation, as was acknowledged by Cecil and the Protestants themselves; and Elizabeth had, by reverting to various ceremonials, alienated the reformed party without earning the respect of their adversaries. On Mary's marriage with Darnley, and the hopes of an heir, the Spanish envoy wrote to his master that the English nation was ready to entail the crown on the Queen of Scots and her husband, and had ceased to care whether Elizabeth herself married

or not. The Spaniard's acquaintance would be chiefly with his co-religionists, and with their hopes and expectations; he was very likely to under-rate the vigour and earnestness of the Protestants, who, though a minority in the nation, actually returned a majority of the House of Commons. But though we doubt very much whether even at this time Mary Stuart could have endangered Elizabeth's security, or even forced immediate recognition of her title to the succession, she had certainly distanced all competitors, and her succession seemed sure, however it may have been with the present acknowledgment of her heirship. But the murders of Rizzio and Darnley were yet to come.

The fate of David Rizzio, and its consequences, are described by Mr. Froude with the dramatic picturesqueness which is almost a snare to him. The story is an old one, but when has it been told so vividly? As the Queen was at supper with the Italian Secretary, the Countess of Argyle, and some courtiers, the jealous Darnley entered;

'He placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arm around her waist, and kissed her. As she shrunk from him, half-surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven.

'Glaring for a moment on Darnley, and answering his kiss with the one word, "Judas," Mary confronted the awful apparition, and demanded the meaning of the intrusion.

'Pointing to Ritzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answered: "Let yon man come forth; he has been here over long."

'"What has he done?" the Queen answered; "he is here by my will. What means this?" she said, turning again on Darnley. The caitiff heart was already flinching. "Ce n'est pas rien!" he muttered. "It is nothing." But those whom he had led into the business would not let it end in nothing. "Madame," said Ruthven, "he has offended your honour; he has offended your husband's honour; he has caused your Majesty to banish a great part of the nobility that he might be made a lord; he has been the destroyer of the Commonwealth, and must learn his duty better. Take the Queen, your wife, to you," he said to Darnley, as he strode forward into the cabinet. The Queen started from her seat, "all amazed," and threw herself in his way, while Ritzio cowered trembling behind, and clung to her dress. Stuart, Erskine, and the Frenchman, recovering from their astonishment, and seeing Ruthven apparently alone, made at him to thrust him out. "Lay no hands on me," Ruthven cried, and drew his dagger: "I will not be handled." In another moment, Falconside and George Douglas were at his side. Falconside held a pistol at Mary Stuart's breast; the bedroom door behind was burst open, and the dark throng of Morton's followers poured in. Then all was confusion, the table was upset, Lady Argyle catching a candle as it fell. Ruthven thrust the Queen into Darnley's arms, and bade him hold her; while Falconside bent Ritzio's little finger back till he shrieked with pain, and loosed the convulsive grasp with which he clung to his mistress. "Do not hurt him," Mary said faintly. "If he has done wrong, he shall answer to justice." "This shall justify him," said the savage Falconside, drawing a cord out of his pocket.

He flung a noose round Ritzio's body, and while George Douglas snatched the King's dagger from its sheath, the poor wretch was dragged into the midst of the scowling crowd, and borne away into the darkness. He caught at Mary's bed as he passed; Falconside struck him sharply on the wrist; he let go with a shriek, and as he was hurried through the anteroom, the cries of his agony came back upon Mary's ear: "Madame, madame, save me! save me!—justice—I am a dead man!—Spare my life!"

'Unhappy one! his life would not be spared. They had intended to keep him prisoner through the night, and hang him after some form of trial; but vengeance would not wait for its victim. He was borne alive as far as the stairhead, when George Douglas, with the words "This is from the King," drove Darnley's dagger into his side—a moment more, and the whole fierce crew were on him like hounds upon a mangled wolf; he was stabbed through and through with a hate which death was not enough to satisfy, and was then dragged head foremost down the staircase, and lay at its foot with sixty wounds in him.

'So ended Ritzio, unmourned by living soul, save her whose favour had been his ruin; unheeded, now that he was dead, as common carrion; and with no epitaph on his remains except a few brief words from an old servant of the palace, so pathetic because so commonplace. The body was carried into the lodge, and flung upon a chest, to be stripped for burial. "Here is his destiny," the porter moralized as he stood by; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth a very niggard and misknown knave."'—Vol. viii. pp. 251—254.

But the death of the miserable favourite was only the beginning of the end. Before the life was fully out of him, Darnley, by whom and for whom the whole plot had been contrived, 'soft as the clay of which he was made' (the anthropological simile is Mr. Froude's, not ours), was won over by the caresses and tears of Mary to disown the deed, and, escaping with her, to leave the lords, his accomplices, mere private chiefless rebels. The flight is thus described:—

'The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepulture in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood. A secret passage led underground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey; and at midnight, Mary Stuart, accompanied by one servant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—"crawled through the charnel-house, among the bones and skulls of the antient kings," and came out of the earth where the horses were shivering in the March midnight air. The moon was clear and full. The Queen, with incredible animosity, was mounted *en croup* behind Sir Arthur Erskine, upon a beautiful English double gelding, the King on a courser of Naples; and then away, away, past Prestalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed; "six in all—their Majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a Chamberer of the Queen." In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe.'—Vol. viii. pp. 263, 264.

But the rescue of Mary Stuart was her wretched husband's doom. He denied all participation in the murder of Ritzio, and his disavowal, or recantation, was read out at every market-cross in Scotland. The lords retaliated by printing the bond

which he had signed for their warrant in the deed, and all Scotland knew that his words were lies. So, he wandered hither and thither, scorned but not molested, till it should have been determined between the different factions how the land was to be rid of this double and spiritless traitor. They were all vowed to his destruction—the proud insolent Earl of Bothwell, 'the evil spirit of the storm;' Murray, whom Mary 'hated with the hate of hell,' though the deep-set passion paled for the moment before the thirst for revenge; the whole following of the Hamiltons, the old foes of the Lennoxes; Maitland, the wisest statesman in Scotland; and a host of reckless cavaliers, who felt the same enthusiasm for Mary then that young ladies feel for her now. No one was Darnley's friend; no one even feared him. Mr. Froude supposes that Mary had at first endeavoured to obtain the Pope's sanction to a divorce, and had failed; that then the lords, who had so lately been leagued against Rizzio, and been betrayed by Darnley, were taken into her confidence, especially Maitland, who, as the English envoy, Randolph, confessed, 'far exceedeth the compass of one or two heads.' They first suggested a divorce by the Scotch Ecclesiastical Courts, which could have been obtained, it was fancied, with no difficulty; but the objection, that such a proceeding might bastardize the new-born heir of Scotland and England, was very weighty; besides this, Mary was most reluctant to take such a step without the direct sanction of the Pope. Thereupon, said Maitland:—

'"Madam, we are here the chief of your Grace's Council and nobility; we shall find the means that your Majesty shall be quit of your husband without prejudice of your son, and albeit that my Lord of Murray here present be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same."

'The words were scarcely ambiguous, yet Murray said nothing. Such subjects are not usually discussed in too loud a tone, and he may not have heard them distinctly. He himself swore afterwards that if any man said he was present when purposes were held in his audience, tending to any unlawful or dishonourable end, he spoke wickedly and untruly.

'But Mary herself—how did she receive the dark suggestion? This part of the story rests on the evidence of her own friends, and was drawn up in her excuse and defence. According to Argyle and Huntly, she said "she would do nothing to touch her honour and conscience: they had better leave it alone: meaning to do her good it might turn to her hurt and displeasure."

'She may be credited with having refused her consent to the proposals then made to her; and yet, that such a conversation should have passed in her presence (of the truth of the main features of it there is no room for doubt) was serious and significant.'—Vol. viii. pp. 346, 347.

Shortly after this conference, Argyle, Huntly, Maitland, Bothwell, and Sir James Balfour, signed a bond to 'put forth by

one way or other,' the 'young fool and proud tyrant.' Presently, Darnley was attacked by a disorder, manifesting itself by an eruption of blue spots over his body, which Mr. Froude attributes to poison. (When was a sudden illness of a prince in former times not attributed to a poison?) Mr. Froude appears to think this explanation the more probable, because, while Darnley lay sick at Glasgow, the Queen kept a merry Christmas at Drummond Castle. The next step was an attempt made by Lord Bothwell to obtain the co-operation of the Earl of Morton in the plot for 'putting forth' the King; but Morton refused, unless a warrant under Mary's hand should be produced, and that, though Bothwell offered to procure it, never came. 'So far,' says Mr. Froude, 'the story can be traced with confidence.' But we confess to feeling some difficulty in telling what is the conclusion which we ought to draw from these fragments of evidence. The scheme which had been openly debated at the conference, when took place the conversation referred to above, was a scheme for the divorce of Mary from Darnley. All the words of Maitland will bear an interpretation consistent with the supposition that this was the business which he was still discussing. A divorce by the Scotch Ecclesiastical Courts had been proposed. It was objected to, on the ground that its effect might be to cloud the young prince's legitimacy: and this objection had been replied to by the citation of various instances in which such an effect had not been produced. Then came Maitland's speech. Mr. Froude assumes the point under discussion, when he introduces it by saying, 'There was another and a shorter road out of the difficulty' (that is to say, Darnley's murder). But for the tragedy which followed, there can be no doubt but that these words would have been allowed, without controversy, to be still referring to the original proposition for a divorce. Mary was fearful, both for her son's claims, and also for the opinion of Rome and Catholic Europe respecting the precipitous and lax processes of an Ecclesiastical divorce suit in Scotland. That Maitland's words signified simply that the Lords would obtain a divorce for her, by sentence of law, which should not offend the scruples either of Catholics or of Protestants, is the more probable, from the allusion to Murray: to speak of the inferior scrupulousness of a Protestant has a meaning where the question respects a divorce, but none in reference to a murder. The persistence of Mary herself in objecting, and refusing to do anything to touch her honour and conscience, has itself a far more obvious significance, if referred to an old proposition, which she had already half rejected, than if so new and startling a scheme had been broached as her husband's murder. Mr. Froude is, at all events, inclined to exonerate Murray; and on what

a plea! that, though in the same room, and a party to the conference, he may not have heard the words distinctly! If Mr. Froude does desire to clear the Earl of Murray of privity in Darnley's murder, why not reconcile the Earl's presence at the conclave with his oath, that he was never present at the discussion of unlawful or dishonourable measures, by taking the words of Maitland in their apparent and natural sense?

It would take up too much time to follow the story into all the alleys and by-ways of the subsequent period, 'the debateable land,' Mr. Froude calls it, 'where Mary's friends meet those who condemn with charges of falsehood and forgery.' It need scarcely be stated that he concludes strongly against Mary's innocence. His account of the catastrophe itself is, as of course, most vivid and eloquent, though controversy has elicited the acknowledgment of a slight inaccuracy. We extract but a few lines. Darnley had been removed from Glasgow, on the plea of quiet and a purer air, to a lonely house, once a Dominican monastery, just inside the walls of Edinburgh, called Kirk-a-field. The Queen was in the habit of visiting him there, and, after being present at the marriage of a favourite waiting-woman, had come, as usual, to pass the evening with him:

'The Queen suddenly recollected that there was a masque and a dance at the Palace, on the occasion of the marriage, and that she had promised to be present. She rose, and, with many regrets that she could not stay as she intended, kissed her husband, put a ring on his finger, wished him good-night, and went. The lords followed her. As she left the room, she said, as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Ritzio was slain." In a few moments the gay train was gone. The Queen walked back to the glittering halls in Holyrood; Darnley was left alone with his page, Taylor, who slept in his room, and his two servants, Nelson and Edward Seymour. Below, in the darkness, Bothwell's two followers shivered beside the powder-heap, and listened with hushed breath till all was still. The King, though it was late, was in no mood for sleep, and Mary's last words sounded awfully in his ears. "She was very kind," he said to Nelson, "but why did she speak of Davie's slaughter?" Just then Paris came back to fetch a fur wrapper which the Queen had left, *and which she thought too pretty to be spoiled.* "What will she do?" Darnley said again, when he was gone, "it is very lonely." The shadow of death was creeping over him; he was no longer the random boy who, two years before, had come to Scotland, filled with idle dreams of vain ambition. Sorrow, suffering, disease, and pain had done their work. He opened the Prayer-Book, and read over the 55th Psalm, which, by a strange coincidence, was in the English Service for the day that was dawning.... Forlorn victim of a cruel time! Twenty-one years old—no more! At the end of an hour, he went to bed, with his page at his side. An hour later, they two were lying dead in the garden under the stars.

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'Over the events of that night a horrible mist still hangs unpenetrated and impenetrable for ever. This only was certain, that with her husband Mary Stuart's chances of the English throne perished also, and with them all serious prospect of a Catholic revolution. With a deadly instinct, the

world divined the author of the murder; and more than one nobleman, on the night on which the news reached London, hastened to transfer his allegiance to Lady Catherine Grey.'—Vol. viii. pp. 368—371.

The third and final drama of this Scottish Trilogy, as full of woe and gloom as any by Æschylus, is foreshadowed, but does not fall within the period embraced by these two volumes. The murder of Rizzio, that foul insult to Mary, forms the plot of the first. That is followed, in natural sequence, by the death of Darnley who plotted it. Of the final vengeance at Fotheringay, with which the black thunder-cloud of ruin, ever blackening over the doomed race of Stuart, should, for the time, break and disperse, we have at present but a foretaste in the confusion and overthrow of Mary's English party.

Elizabeth benefited greatly by the guilt or the misfortune of her rival; and her advantage was not sullied by any appearance of participation in the terrible events which had clouded Mary's fame. But she had no right to glory in her own diplomacy or statecraft, as having secured her escape from so many evident dangers on the side of Scotland. Her Scotch policy had been most unsuccessful. She had attempted at one time intimidation, at another humility, but without procuring either submission or forgiveness. After maintaining for years (most economically, it is true) a paid band of Scotch adherents, and dividing the allegiance of her cousin's own court, Elizabeth conceived herself strangely insulted and injured when Mary, in natural retaliation, invited a correspondence with the English Catholics of the North. On one occasion, in particular, Elizabeth was caught in her own snare. To counterplot the Catholics, one Rokeby had been instructed to act the Catholic conspirator at Edinburgh. But Mary's secret intelligence was as complete as Elizabeth's; and when the latter endeavoured to sow distrust of the English visitors, by representing them as spies in disguise, the Scotch Court, as though thankful for and acting on this information, laid its hands at once on Rokeby, and, to the confusion of Elizabeth, discovered among his papers credentials from Cecil himself. In the face of such a revelation of the English policy, it seems somewhat bold in Mr. Froude to assert that Elizabeth, in her proud remonstrances with Mary for her correspondence with English Catholics, was, 'in fact, behaving with extraordinary forbearance.'

It must be acknowledged that Elizabeth's course was a difficult one: whether from the fault of her own love for crooked ways, or not, is a different question. Her desire seems to have been to establish a religious system in England, such as that inaugurated by her father; and De Feria, one of the Spanish envoys, says that she told him this was her object. Her own

feelings she was very careful to conceal; but Mr. Froude thinks he has a right to conclude that her Protestantism was not nearly so advanced as that of Cecil. At different periods, whatever her own convictions, her practical policy varied much, in externals at least. At one time, the Catholics had reason to fear an actual application of the new laws to their destruction; at another, crucifixes were reinstated, and the Queen's own observances made to resemble as closely as possible those of old times. The variations may be explained, in a great measure, by the exigencies of her foreign and domestic policy. In Scotland, she was the patron of the Reformers, the most extreme of their class; while, on the Continent of Europe, her only ally was the patron of Catholicism, Philip the Second. Again: her own kingdom was itself divided between two opposed parties. A large number of the ancient peers and great families were themselves Catholics; a still larger number, perhaps, were in favour of a middle way, of a form not unlike that in favour with Henry VIII. A fair representative of these was the old Marquis of Winchester, 'the Shebna of Knox, the crafty fox with a fair countenance,' who boasted that he partook more of the willow than the oak, and whose 'creed was faith in God, and English freedom, and hate of fanatics, Catholic and Protestant.' On the other hand, some of her most sagacious servants, and a clear majority of the Members returned to the House of Commons, were Protestants, sympathising with the Calvinist school. So far as Elizabeth's own inclinations went, there is but little doubt that she entertained a hearty personal aversion towards the Puritans, while the Pope's old condemnation of her mother's marriage would have of itself scared her from acquiescence in the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy, if otherwise she had been disposed towards it. But she could not repose entire confidence in the moderate Church party; for that was, more or less, in favour of the two-edged claims of Mary Stuart, who, from heir presumptive, might far too easily slide into the position of sovereign. Her attempt to keep the balance even between these different interests was not very successful. It is true that Mr. Froude says, on one occasion, that the irresolution, which made her be for ever casting her eye over her shoulder, had the singular and happy effect of keeping the Catholics perpetually deluded with false expectations, and of amusing them with hopes of a change which never came; but we believe the more common result of her apparently clumsy manœuvres was, as he expresses it in another place, that while she failed in persuading the Catholics that she was likely to return to them, she succeeded in exasperating the Protestants to the furthest possible extent.

Her conduct to her bishops and other Church dignitaries

almost implies that she thought it politic to carry out an ecclesiastical system despised internally by herself, and for co-operating in which she despised others. But Mr. Froude has seemingly certain views on these matters, which make him delight overmuch in selecting occasions on which her bearing to such personages was most contemptuous. It is surely somewhat a novelty in the historical style, for a person (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) to be introduced as 'the most abandoned of all Episcopal scoundrels;' or for a moral to be tacked on to a story about a 'Catholic Archbishop' of the following kind: 'so true to its type that form of human monstrosity remains.' The Protestant dignitaries—as, for instance, their champions in the controversy which took place early in Elizabeth's reign—are not described with any greater courtesy:

'The Protestants were returned refugees; men who had kept prudently out of the way while their opinions were dangerous to themselves, but had re-appeared with security. The true battle on these great questions had been fought and won at the stake. The Aylmers, the Jewels, the Grindals, were not of the metal which makes martyrs; but they were skilful talkers, admirable "divines," with sufficient valour for the sham fight in which they were required only to walk with decorum over the course. They had conviction enough—though Jewel at least had saved his life by apostasy—to be quite willing to persecute their adversaries.'—Vol. vii. pp. 73, 74.

It is especially interesting to note how in this passage Mr. Froude's prejudices make him sneer at Jewel (whom, in particular, he introduces as 'a respectable divine who had apostatized,' as naturally as Virgil calls Eneas 'pius') and his friends for escaping the fires of Smithfield, when Knox is 'no narrow fanatic,' but a generous, noble patriot, though that reformer had run away to the very same place of exile, and at the same time with Jewel, because in Scotland he was in danger of his life, and 'the times were not ripe for a rising.' Further, 'Elizabeth,' Mr. Froude says, 'rarely lost an occasion of affronting and insulting her Bishops;' and it is a trait in her character which appears to be far from offending him. But it is not fair in him, on the meagre testimony he adduces, to attempt to explain this deportment towards men who seldom acted except under her instructions, and whom she had taken especial care to invest, even despite of their own will, in all the ensigns of sanctity and authority, by supposing her to have taken up a keen conviction of their depravity and cruelty. He is fond, especially, of referring to their alleged love of persecution; and represents the Queen and her most sagacious advisers as ever on the watch to restrain their fierceness and rage. They are represented as themselves suggesting (their own words are '*some* thought') torture as a useful means of getting evidence against concealed

Catholics, and also as clamouring for the blood of those whose opinions were known. Thus, on the testimony of the Bishop of Aquila, the Spanish ambassador, who certainly was not present at the sermon himself, Nowell, the Dean of S. Paul's, is branded, not for its being the tendency of his arguments to incite to the slaughter of the *caged wolves, i.e.* the Catholic Bishops in the Tower, but as gravely discussing and urging the propriety of such a measure. The demands of a nicely-rounded style have even made our author decorate the Dean's alleged requisition by the addition of the words, 'with the least possible delay,' an expression which is wanting in the Spanish report of the discourse. It is, to Mr. Froude's mind, an obvious inference from such incidents, that they make 'Elizabeth's dislike of her Episcopal creatures less unintelligible,' and, we presume, he thinks, even praiseworthy.

Mr. Froude's theory to account for the religious policy of this period of Elizabeth's reign seems to be, that the Protestants, though numerically a minority, were far stronger in zeal and earnestness: that the Queen and her advisers were resolved to make England Protestant, but Protestant according to a standard of their own; and being far less afraid of the *vis inertiæ* of the Catholic mass than of the proselytising vigour of the reformers, their apparent policy was negative rather than positive. But Mr. Froude's style, appealing as it were to the eye, and abounding in pictures, leaves his readers often under a wrong impression of the general scope of Elizabeth's administration. We are informed, in a couple of sentences, that the Queen's objection to Mary's immediate recognition as heir presumptive was her fear that the Queen of Scots' actual opinions would endanger English Protestantism, and the same motive is given for the scheme for marrying her to Leicester. But a few cold lines, embodying the opinions of the author himself, that Elizabeth's great object in life, and one for which she had fought long and bravely, was the triumph of Protestant principles, are as nothing by the side of pictures of the Queen browbeating a Grindal, taunting the married Primate as though he were a monk who had broken his vows, or scolding at a Dean in his own Cathedral pulpit because he declaimed against images, and bidding him keep to his text.

It is much to the credit of Philip of Spain's penetration, that he seems never to have been the dupe of Elizabeth's display of contempt for Protestant forms and dignitaries. When Leicester came straight from the Queen to his minister, empowered to offer a return of England to Catholicism, the King was not deceived; and his envoy, though expressing his satisfaction, refused with a certain nobility of spirit to make questions of conscience the subject of a bargain. Philip doubtless was, as

Mr. Froude supposes, the real cause of much apparent vacillation and irresolution on the part of Elizabeth in matters of religion; but we cannot find a sufficient foundation of fact for his explanation of the assumed vacillation and irresolution of the Spanish Court in matters of policy. It is allowed that Philip behaved as a faithful ally to Elizabeth for some time after her accession, and that he treated her interests as his own at Château Cambresis. But the allegation is, that he did so, originally, from the hopes of attaching the young Queen to the Catholic interest, and, subsequently, when he despaired of this, from simple dread of the power of France, then united with Scotland, which must benefit from any mishap of hers. Mr. Froude says:—

'Sir William Cecil and his friends were confident that so long as the only possible rival to Elizabeth was the Dauphiness of France, they might feel sure of Philip, let them do what they would.'—Vol. vii. p. 84.

As soon as this terror was removed, the theory shifts its ground, and Philip's irresoluteness of character is appealed to as a sufficient explanation of his forbearance. Even at a yet earlier period we are informed that, had Nature given him a capacity for prompt action, Elizabeth's career might have run out before its time: and so, when the Spanish Government, having discovered that the object of England in taking possession of Havre was not to advantage the Huguenots, but to use the town as a pledge for obtaining the restoration of Calais, encouraged the scheme, Mr. Froude admires them for their adroit insight in seeing that England had struck into a false road. The true explanation of their coldness on first hearing of the measure, and of their subsequent cordiality on the subject, is contained in the remark of Chaloner, the envoy at Madrid, that 'so as we make not religion the cause of our stir, they seem well contented;' but Mr. Froude interprets it as showing their selfish joy at detecting an ally's false move. It appears, in fact, to be a perpetual surprise with him that Spain did not, cause or no cause, seize any occasion, when it could do it with impunity to itself, for maltreating and spoiling the nation over which its sovereign had once been King. But, besides that, whatever the Bishop of Aquila's assurances respecting the veneration and regret of the majority of the people for his master, any direct attack on the Kingdom, even in the height of Elizabeth's unpopularity, would probably have united the whole against the invader, Mr. Froude leaves out of sight the trite consideration, that, even in the days described by him, one Sovereign did not usually attempt to place himself, or even a pretender, upon another's throne without a decent pretext; and that when, in still distant years, Philip did make such an attempt, Englishmen and Spaniards were now grown the bitterest foes

on the earth's face. Philip was always a prince of a quiet and calm disposition, not subject to 'any great alteration of mind, 'either to anger or rejoicement, but after the fashion of a certain 'still flood,' as Chaloner writes. But his moderation towards England is quite wonderful, when the provocations are considered. It must have been exasperating enough for the husband of Mary to find her sister, whom his intercession had saved from the fatal effects of her sister's hatred, leading back the realm into the Protestant Confederacy. Doubtless, too, all the discontented were perpetually appealing to him for aid, if not taunting him with his apathy. He knew, as well as Cecil, that the major part of the nation was Catholic; and he also knew how that proportion might gradually be reversed by the slow operation of self-interest, and of obedience to the silent influence of established authority, if no effort were soon made on the Catholic side. The reformed doctrines had spread widely through his Flemish dominions; it was the object of his life to root them out; and in this also he found himself thwarted at every turn by the English Protestant interest. In one place, ten thousand, and in another, thirty thousand of his Protestant subjects are said to have been settled in London and Southwark, whence they could easily disseminate their own opinions throughout their native country. Yet still he stirred not—not though, whenever things looked fair, Elizabeth shook herself free from the trammels of courtesy towards him, and asserted that she had never received anything from him but good words. It was the English buccaneering spirit that at last made the English and Spanish people 'fly at each others' throats like bull-dogs.' The fault was allowed by the English Commissioner in the Netherlands, Wotton, to be apparently on the side of the English sailors.

'"For our part," he wrote to Cecil "we must needs think our fortune very hard; our men in their offences are so far out of all order, and the cases so lamentable, if the account be true, that we can scarce tell how to open our mouths for any reasonable satisfaction therein."'—Vol. viii. p. 466.

The English energy had, after a short slumber, revived in English mariners. They had lost the habits of fishermen, and they took to piracy. All the narrow seas were infested with them, and Flemish vessels had black mail levied on them in the Channel, and were even fired upon and pillaged in the River Thames, under the very palace windows of Greenwich. It is a fine thing to read of the brave buccaneers of the West and South-east coasts in Mr. Kingsley's brilliant pages; but these brave adventurers often acted, and were always ready to act, as very demons. There was none more gallant than Thomas Cobham. One of his exploits was to seize a Spanish ship, sew up the captain

and crew in their own sails, and fling them overboard. 'Eighteen 'drowned bodies,' writes the Spaniard, 'with the mainsail for 'their winding-sheet, were washed up upon the Spanish shores— '"cruelty without example, of which but to hear was enough to 'break the heart."' Another, and perhaps the most famous knight-errant of the seas, was John Hawkins. His aims were more comprehensive than Cobham's: he opened up to English commerce the American seas, and is infamous for smuggling slaves into the Spanish colonies. Can Mr. Froude seriously see any excuse for these men's abominable practices in their horribly ludicrous assumption that they were the elect to whom God had given the heathen for their inheritance, that in scuttling galleons and sewing up men in sails they were acting on their privileges and rights? It was in vain that Spain expostulated. Hawkins might fire upon a Spanish vessel in Plymouth port; and all the satisfaction given was a smooth speech. No pirate was ever hanged. So the Spaniard took the law into his own hands; and the Inquisition avenged outrages of humanity committed in the name of religion by counter outrages on the same plea. The whole narrative is terrible: a series of pictures of ships sunk as it were in cold blood, on the one side; of sturdy sailors on the other, yielding up their lives at the stake in some old Spanish market-place, or languishing, far away from pleasant Devon, in noisome dungeons, where in nine months eighty perished out of two hundred and forty. But let us be fair and just. If, as Mr. Froude says, though we cannot understand it, there was a noble spirit at the bottom of the proceedings of the English rovers, which raised many of them into the wild ministers of a righteous revenge, why should he not recognise a grand and dogged sincerity, which, moreover, was pure from the taint of avarice, in the answering tortures of the Inquisition?

Mr. Froude is ultra scrupulous and far too generous in searching out apologies, or almost justifications, for the cruelties of the pirates who disgraced our seas; but he has been less than just in treating as a mere mockery the trial of Cobham, who was at length captured:—

'Cobham was tried for piracy the next year, at the indignant requisition of Spain; he was found guilty, but he escaped punishment; and there was some insincere shuffling in connexion with his prosecution, for the Spanish ambassador was assured that a sentence had been passed upon him, the description of which might have been borrowed from the torture chamber of the Inquisition, but which assuredly was never pronounced in an English court of justice.

'"Thomas Cobham," wrote De Silva, "being asked at his trial, according to the usual form in England, if he had anything to say in arrest of judgment, and answering nothing, was condemned to be taken to the Tower, to be stripped naked to the skin, and then to be placed with his shoulders resting on a sharp stone, his legs and arms extended, and on his stomach

a gun, too heavy for him to bear, yet not large enough immediately to crush him. There he is to be left till he die. They will give him a few grains of corn to eat, and for drink the foulest water in the Tower." "His relations," De Silva added, "are doing all in their power to prevent the execution of the sentence." Had any such sentence been pronounced, it would not have been left to be discovered in the letters of a stranger; the ambassador may perhaps in this instance have been purposely deceived, and his demand for justice satisfied by a fiction of imaginary horror.'—Vol. viii. p. 449.

By way of commentary on and illustration of this account of a strange marvel, supposed to be coloured by De Silva's acquaintance with the practices of the Inquisition, we might quote, *passim*, from such works as *Chambers' Miscellany*, to prove that such a punishment was known to English law; but as such popular authorities may not be within the range of Mr. Froude's reading, it may be more convenient for him to be referred to venerable patriarchs of law, like Fleta and Britton, popular commentaries like Blackstone, or learned antiquarians like Reeves. We recommend him, in his next edition, omitting some few words, to let the passage stand as it is: we are convinced few readers will then suppose so profound an investigator to be seriously professing ignorance of the tritely famous *peine forte et dure*, the *penance* imposed upon prisoners accused of felony for standing mute, that is, for refusing to plead guilty or not guilty. It will be supposed that he is mockingly professing his disbelief that such a penalty can have ever found its way into the Statute Book or the legal records of English Courts: as his words stand at present, it is absolutely impossible to read them in an ironical sense. The following is a translation of the Norman-French sentence in use in the reign of our Henry IV. as cited by Mr. Reeves ('History of the English Law,' vol. iii. p. 250):—

'The prisoner is to be put into a low closed-up chamber, and 'laid on the ground quite naked . . . then there is to be placed 'upon him iron, of a weight as much as he can bear, and more, 'so that he may be unable to lift it; he is to have nothing to 'eat or to drink, except the worst bread that can be found, and 'water drawn hard by the gaol, so, only, that it be never from a 'running stream: the day that the bread is served him, he is to 'have no water, and *e contrà*; and so let him lie till he be dead.'

To what extent this punishment was actually inflicted upon Cobham of course cannot be discovered now; but there is no reason whatever to doubt that the sentence was pronounced. The object of a prisoner in refusing to plead (a plea of *not guilty* may now be entered for him under the circumstances) was to escape the forfeiture which followed conviction after trial, and so save his property for his family. Thus, probably, there

was indeed some insincere shuffling in connexion with Cobham's prosecution; but, if so, its object may have been not to hoax the ambassador with a fiction of a sentence never pronounced, but to bring about a fair partition, between the guilty man and the Crown, of the 50,000 crowns gained by the Pirate's demoniacal act, and which, after an open trial and conviction, could not but have been restored to the Spanish owners. It is pleasant, at any rate, to observe that, where Mr. Froude's prejudices are not too deeply engaged, he has an acute sense of absurdity and depravity when observable even in English institutions and laws. He considered it a fine instance of the good old English spirit, that the Bishop of Rochester's cook, who tried, in Henry the Eighth's time, to poison his master, was sentenced to be boiled alive; but when an actual and well-established rite of our jurisprudence is chronicled by a foreigner, he notes its viciousness and imputes it to the Inquisition. The Inquisition has enough burdens of its own guilt to bear, without having all the public sins and all the judicial enormities of the Middle Ages laid upon it. It is popularly supposed to have *invented* thumbscrews, oubliettes, racks of every sort, and the punishment of burning; but, as the visitor to Ratisbon and Nuremberg may see for himself that Spanish priests were but plagiarists in these matters and mimics of whole generations of comfortable burgomasters, so a very cursory perusal of our own Statute Book should render Englishmen less fluent in reviling their neighbours.

Mr. Froude's very contemptuous disbelief of De Silva's report on Cobham's punishment, is like the King of Bantam's wrath at the Dutchmen's attempt to impose upon him with stories of water becoming solid, after he had accepted their tales of salamanders and flying dragons as things of course. He can be but rarely accused of showing too little faith in the reports of foreign ambassadors. Every one must be most thankful to him for the diligence with which he has worked this rich mine of historical information; but we think that materials of this sort, although they may be advantageously employed as clues to guide one to the truth, ought seldom to be accepted as in themselves true, or to be used as the foundations of a general statement. Even now an ambassador is far too likely to neglect the observation of the general current of popular and even national feeling while engaged in tracking the tortuous footsteps of statesmanship and diplomacy. As a foreigner, he is without the instinct which would often keep him on the beaten road, and as a personage of the highest social rank, he is too much removed from the mass of the nation. In the age of Elizabeth all these disadvantages of his position were intensified. His post was that of a spy on sufferance; all in authority were on

their guard against him, ready to bar him from obtaining information which might be of benefit to his master, and to entrap him into believing distortions of the truth. In days when political secrets were really secrets, and information travelled slowly, an envoy was almost completely helpless, unless he could play off parties against each other, and be able to trust to the information supplied by one of the two sides. This was indeed the situation of the Spanish Minister at the Court of Elizabeth; but even into his Cabinet the truth, Mr. Froude allows, was distilled in 'sinister and stifling vapours,' through which the vision of a foreigner would never be able to pierce. What insight, for instance, does it give us into the acute De Quadra's utter want of all instinct as to the English character, to find him writing to Philip, that the Lords, in their disgust at the Queen's disorderly ways, might perhaps offer the Crown to the Archduke Charles, a man that they had never seen, and who was not known to a single Englishman? Moreover, an ambassador then was not a public servant as now, bound to serve the State and not merely his party, but his sovereign's personal follower, who would often flatter his master's vanity with stories practically false. When De Quadra writes: 'Your Majesty's name is held in 'general veneration. The Queen and the people about the Court 'are exceptions; but the people generally look to you as the first 'object of their desire'—(Vol. vii. p. 291)—we must neutralize so strange an assertion, and one in such strong contrast with the statements of the popular feeling towards Philip in the last reign, by the consideration who De Quadra's correspondent was. Besides, his friends, the English Catholics, would be ever busy in supplying the envoy with partisan accounts; for their great object was to allure Spain in taking up a decided attitude of hostility to the Protestant Government: they doubtless felt sure enough of success in such a conflict, but they, though, as we are of opinion, themselves deluded in their self-confidence, would perceive, with the insight which makes conspirators and madmen treat other people as impervious to the arguments which move themselves, that Philip's nature required an exaggeration of the truth before it could be stirred into action. Nor would the ambassador be always able to weigh their statements dispassionately. His access to the bosom of one great party in the kingdom, which was so useful to him, would have the compensatory disadvantage of destroying the neutrality or absence of prejudice, which is so beneficial to a person in his position. It is easy to perceive, in the accounts of the Spanish ministers in London, and of the English in Edinburgh and in Paris, that they were themselves mere partisans, and, when occasion served, mere conspirators. If a noble said an angry word in London,

De Quadra wrote off to Madrid that the Queen was likely to be sent to the Tower; if a prince of the blood felt aggrieved in Paris, there was Throgmorton ready to concert plots for seizing the persons of Queen and King, and for grasping the power of the State. In Scotland things went further still: there scarcely decent secrecy was maintained; and the Lords of the Congregation, whom Mr. Froude admires, entered into bonds with Randolph, and received engagements from him under his own hand and seal.

The chief novelties in Mr. Froude's views of the early part of Elizabeth's reign are due to the perusal of the despatches of the three Spanish envoys, and of Throgmorton, Smith, and Randolph, her ministers at the courts of France and Scotland. From these sources, as might be expected, much more copious information is derived respecting the private interests of the sovereigns than about the general development of the countries. The reports of negotiations between an envoy and an aspiring lover are, in any case, amusing reading, whether they contain trustworthy information or not; and sometimes a court scandal may convulse a nation, and become of grave historical import. We have no right to complain, and we do not, in fact, complain, that Mr. Froude has devoted so much space and pains to the vain—all but completely vain and resultless—object of disentangling the mysteries of Leicester's courtship and of Darnley's murder. But it appears to us that he has hardly devoted proportionate pains to the illustration of the general progress and life of the nation. This first portion of the work is rather a history of the court and statesmen of the reign of Elizabeth, than of England during that reign. Mr. Froude probably has not much respect for statistical information, or he would have found abundance of materials in public records for important inferences. Occasionally he states some important fact of this nature, as, for instance, the reform of the currency, and also the relative proportions of the first instalment of the subsidy of 1559 paid by the towns and counties. From this latter reference to the contributions towards the tax, we learn that London paid 18,658*l.*, while the next largest contribution, furnished by a town, was 750*l.*, which came from Norwich. But even this piece of information is compressed into a note, as though of far inferior historical interest to De Quadra's or De Feria's bundles of diplomatic gossip about Elizabeth's love and the nobles' hatred for Dudley. Thus, in the list, Glamorganshire is not named: Mr. Froude's self-satisfying and concise explanation is, that, therefore, 'apparently it was a desert,' although probably inquiry might show that there was some special reason for its exemption, as well as for the small amount returned from the

counties on the Scottish border. We do not, however, feel at all sure that, had our author produced more data on the internal condition of the country, and formed his conclusions from them, we should have sympathised with those conclusions. He has provided us with some materials for inferring this at all events. For instance, in one place, he quotes from a person whom he designates simply and emphatically as 'a cautious adviser,' a suggestion to Cecil, that he should concert measures for depriving the Bishops of lands, palaces, and titles, and confer the temporalities on noblemen who might be in need of the same (a large class, we fancy). The suggestion itself does not seem very prudent, considering the spirit of the times, but we take it on trust, on the authority of the adviser's ascertained fame for 'cautiousness,' when, looking back a few pages, we are startled by another suggestion, proceeding from this same 'cautious adviser,' viz. that the great national misfortune to be guarded against by the statesmen of the period was the growing wealth of the meaner sort; and that this most manifest ill could be cured, counsels this most 'cautious' and cunning of thinkers, 'by providing, as it were, of some sewers or channels to draw 'and suck from them their money by subtle and indirect means.' So much for Mr. Froude's view of what is *cautious* in statesmanship. But he also endorses with his approbation, as in the preceding volumes, measures which the modern science of politics has condemned as both vicious and useless. The following is his account of, and inference from, the domestic statutes of 1563, which he styles grandly 'Acts for the re-organization of Society:'—

'A tillage Act revived the statutes of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth for the re-building of farm-houses and breaking up the large pastures. The restoration of the currency made a Wages Act again possible, but the altered prices of meat and corn required a revision of the scale. The magistrates in the different counties were empowered to fix the rate according to the local prices, their awards being liable to revision by the Court of Chancery, to which returns were to be periodically made. Other remarkable provisions were added, to restore the shaken texture of English life. During the late confused time, the labourer had wandered from place to place, doing a day's work when he pleased. Masters were now required to hire their servants by the year, neither master to part with servant, or servant with master, till the contract was expired, unless the separation was sanctioned by two magistrates.

'These Acts all indicated a recovered or recovering tone. The solid English life, after twenty years of convulsion, was regaining consistency.' —Vol. vii. p. 492.

Whether interference with the freedom of labour and men's right to manage their property in the way they think most profitable be itself, or even indicate in legislators a perception of what is, the proper method of re-organizing society, when

disturbed and made restless by new objects of thought, and the opening of new spheres of exertion, appears to us a much more questionable matter than it does to Mr. Froude. The legislators' own reason for such mad legislative paroxysms, was that they could not understand their own age. Things were changing everywhere about them. Elizabeth thought she could set the exact bounds she pleased to innovations in ecclesiastical matters; but the flood kept rising higher and higher round her. In like manner, old political dogmas were become debateable ground, and men no longer took them for granted. Old scholastic formulas were brought forth into the light of day for the last time, to show the powerlessness of logic to prove material conclusions. Elizabeth herself could listen with pleasure to academic wranglings, whether or not it were lawful to rebel against, and even to kill, a king; and grave professors of medicine (if Mr. Froude be not burlesquing their theses) could argue, careless of *fallaciæ compositionis* and *divisionis*, that the physician need not try to cure diseases, because diseases are infinite, and the infinite is beyond the reach of art. When the old learning was come thus to its dotage, and the new facts had not yet been generalized into theories to take its place, no wonder that public men, seeing the world slip by them, the ancient seaports decay while wealth was pouring in by other channels of commerce, and the labourer refuse to gather in his native squire's crops, because he could earn higher wages twenty miles away, cried out wildly for repression of restless energy, and devices for the gradual impoverishment of the thriving middle classes.

The account of Ireland and of its hero, Shan O'Neil, is perhaps the most delightful of all the delightful side-scenes in these volumes. Certainly Shan was an astonishing character, and his people an astonishing people, according to the records here digested and marshalled. But the narrative shows that Mr. Froude's remark, in reference to the native Irish, that 'they manage things strangely in Ireland,' applies equally to the Englishmen who were there. O'Neil's first great exploit was cutting his brother's throat, and his father saw in this act so satisfactory a proof of commendable energy (we state this on Mr. Froude's authority), that the young chieftain was forthwith recalled home and established in all the rights of heir. The sept appears to have been no more proof than the father against such a perfect representative of all the higher qualities of their nation, than which, Fitzwilliam writes, 'brute or bestial, 'as by their outward life they showed, there was not under the 'sun a more craftier, vipered, undermining generation.' When in due course this grateful son expelled the old man, his brethren

set him on the stone of inauguration, and, with the general consent of North Ireland, proclaimed him *the O'Neil.* At first, there were rivals to the O'Neil even in his own province of Ulster; but, one after the other, they fell before this cunning, valiant savage; and the majority of the smaller chiefs attached themselves to his cause—from admiration, some persons may think, of their fellow-countryman's heroism and sagacity, but, Mr. Froude prefers to conclude, from 'loyal preference for greatness.' Mr. Froude thinks that, if Philip had aided Ireland, when animated with the hopes of throwing off the yoke, the country might have been lost to England; but that the Spaniard's anxiety for other schemes at the moment (of course, it is assumed, not his love of good faith, and sense of loyal honour) prevented his seizing the golden opportunity. But the English, though they compressed the rising within the limits of the north, could not, however desirous, as a matter of 'duty,' 'to bring the poor ignorant people to better things,' as says the Report of 1559, succeed in subduing Shan. The Earl of Sussex, who, we are under the impression, is described, in 'Kenilworth,' as a blunt, valiant, honest soldier, in despair of other means, hired one of the chief's retainers to murder him. The design was disclosed to Elizabeth; but it is not known what her answer was. Mr. Froude, however, infers very justly, that the allowing this dastardly general to remain in command, implies, not perhaps approval, but the absence of condemnation. So, as the insurgent could not be got rid of by force or fraud, a brilliant design was formed for absorbing him as it were into the English body politic, by conferring on him, in England's name, the sovereignty which he had conquered in his own. He was invited to court; and to court he condescended to come on the receipt of 3,000*l.*, which, with sarcastic bitterness, he offered to repay on his return home, with 3,000*l.* Irish, *i. e.* the debased coin with which England was in the dishonest habit of flooding the Irish currency. His reception is thus described:—

'The Council, the peers, the foreign ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kinds, were present in state, as if at the exhibition of some wild animal of the desert. O'Neil stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning, fierce, and cruel. Behind him followed his galloglasse, bareheaded and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolf's-skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle-axes in their hands. At the foot of the throne the chief paused, bent forward, threw himself on his face upon the ground, and then, rising upon his knees, spoke aloud in Irish. . . . To the hearers, the sound of the words was as the howling of a dog.'—Vol. viii. pp. 32, 33.

Shan had come under the protection of a safe-conduct; but he had not observed the absence of words to the effect that he

should be allowed to go home at his own desire; and the English Council, while it would not openly forbid his return, kept delaying it, under pretence of sending for the young heir of Shan's murdered brother, that the disputes between him and his uncle might be settled by Elizabeth. But Shan was far their superior in villany; they cheated, but did not dare to affront their consciences, or, at least, public opinion, too openly. Shan had no such scruples, when he had once made up his mind; so, as the expectation of his nephew's coming was the excuse for detaining him, he sent and had the boy murdered. Then, at last, the English statesmen, Cecil at their head—who had personally expressed a hope that, while Shan was away, 'something might be cavilled against him' at home—acknowledged their superior in craft, and let him go his way in triumph.

The great O'Neil, in his fortress, which he styled *Hate of Englishmen*, 'the only strong man in Ireland,' 'half wolf, half fox,' permitted no robbers but himself, and feasted daily the beggars at his gate, saying 'it was meet to serve Christ first;' but, on the other hand, he kept his Countess 'coupled like a hound to a page or a horse-boy,' and nightly drank himself into a fever, which it was his habit to allay by flinging himself, like some wild-boar, into the mire of the environing morass. He defied and repulsed the stratagems and plots of Sussex, who sent his enemy poisoned wine, though he scrupulously cut short a successful foray to attend the services of St. George's Even. But open force and courage effected what such vile tricks could not. Sir Henry Sidney and Hugh O'Donnell broke the Irish force near Derry, and the chief perished, in a drunken brawl, in the camp of the M'Connells, where he had taken shelter:

'So died Shan O'Neil, one of those champions of Irish nationality, who, under varying features, have repeated themselves in the history of that country with periodic regularity. At once a drunken ruffian, and a keen and fiery patriot; the representative in his birth of the line of the ancient kings, the ideal in his character of all which Irishmen most admired; regardless in his actions of the laws of God and man, yet the devoted subject in his creed of the Holy Catholic Church; with an eye which could see far beyond the limits of his own island, and a tongue which could touch the most passionate chords of the Irish heart; the like of him has been seen many times in that island, and the like of him may be seen many times again, "till the Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard his spots."'—Vol. viii. p. 420.

Mr. Froude says, very justly, that Lord Sussex stands alone as having attempted to establish the English rule over Ireland by assassination. But otherwise this sketch of Elizabeth's war in Ulster is refreshing in its contrast to the other topics embraced by these two volumes. In Ireland there was, at least, some open fighting, and for objects which England could, with-

out shame, announce to the world. Everywhere else the record is of treachery, underhand dealing, and the plottings of diplomatists, whose chief art consisted in telling a bold lie, and yet keeping their countenances. In France, Elizabeth was intriguing against the very Government to which her ambassador was accredited, and employing him for that sole purpose. She was not even faithful to her accomplices in treachery; for when they gave their country's enemy an entrance on their soil, she turned upon them, and cheated them of their wages. In Scotland it were the same; conspiracies against an ally were sure to be followed by repudiation of the conspirators, when no longer capable of being serviceable. Spain was cringed to, till the danger seemed past: then blustered at; finally, cringed to and fawned upon again. At home, one faction is played off against another, and both are deceived and tricked. The Puritans are flattered in neighbouring kingdoms, but trampled upon in this; the Catholics deprived of the right to worship; the Established Church not suffered to go its own way, yet reviled and threatened for not acting on its own responsibility. And then what abuses of the plain sense of words—what prevarication—nay, what lying! Can it be England of which we here read? Can these 'honest' (!) Throgmortons and Smiths, these Sussexes and Cobhams, nay, these Hawkinses and Cecils, be a generation whose words are to be believed, and, above all, when found in State Papers? Let the Armada come quickly (so Mr. Froude be still our guide!), and, giving the nation something else to think of, give also its historian something else to chronicle, than court scandals; or the Golden Age of Good Queen Bess will seem to us about as real as the virtues of Nero!

ART. III.—*The History of the Reformation of the Church of England.* By GILBERT BURNET, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury. *A New Edition, corrected and revised.* By NICHOLAS POCOCK, M.A. late Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. At the University Press. 7 Vols. 8vo. 1864.

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, has gained for himself an undying reputation. Probably no divine of the Church of England is more extensively known. Cranmer, Laud, and Burnet, are the three greatest celebrities amongst Churchmen who have figured in history since the death of Henry VII. There have been many who ought to have been greater men, but none have been so conspicuous in the page of history. Theirs are the three names which are commonly associated with the great political changes of the sixteenth, and the first and last half of the seventeenth century. Of these, Cranmer was a man who never could have had any repute but for the mere accidental circumstance of his having been made the tool of Henry VIII. in accomplishing the divorce from Catharine of Arragon. Laud's indomitable will might possibly, under different circumstances, have found little field for action. Burnet's powers, such as they were, would have found means to display themselves under any conceivable state of things. He is as good an exemplification as can be found of Dr. Johnson's saying that 'The only road a successful Scotchman never travels upon is the great northern.' Like many others of his countrymen who have attained to office, honour, and employment in the south, he always knew which way the wind was blowing; he knew on which side his bread was buttered, and he never quarrelled with his bread and butter. He was thoroughly respectable, and a considerable portion of his respectability consisted in knowing how to get on in the world. He managed to marry three wives and acquire with each a considerable fortune, and he contrived for a time to keep in favour with Charles II. and then with William of Orange, and made a bid for that of George I., at the very commencement of whose reign he died. The man who could do this, supposing he had nothing else to show for himself, whatever may be thought of him in other and more important relations, had at least some powers of mind, some tact and some sagacity. If it be said that he was compromising, it may be that he had no deep convictions which gave him any trouble to adapt them to an altered state of things. The line taken by such characters is that there is a good deal of truth on both sides, and that it does not much matter to determine exactly where it lies. *Medio tutissimus ibis.* Add to this Paley's maxim that right is founded in expediency,

and the proposition that 'success justifies the attempt,' and apply the text to the particular instance before us, and Burnet's career must be pronounced an eminently successful one. He exceeded the three-score years and ten that are usually assigned as the term of human existence, and he retained the use of his faculties so entirely that his last great work was published only a few weeks before his death. His conduct in private life appears to have been throughout irreproachable. Hated as he was by some of his contemporaries, and despised by others, he was yet never accused of loose or dishonest living, or indeed of any sin but what the world can easily forgive if it should happen to be successful. Like many of his compatriots who have tried their fortunes in the south, he had few friends, and perhaps there was not a single person who was his intimate friend, no one who could have spoken of him as he did of Archbishop Tillotson in his funeral sermon as '*a blessed saint.*'

Bishop Burnet has never met with a biographer, like Boswell, to idolize his memory; even the life written by his son which studiously endeavours to represent him as a pattern bishop, scarcely indicates any depth of affection for him; and it was left to the Socinian editor of the 'Biographica Britannica' to write the only biography of him that really states the facts of his life with an amount of sympathy that perhaps none but a Socinian was likely to exhibit. The reasonableness of Burnet's views of religion, and his genuine desire to comprehend all sects within the pale of the establishment, coupled with his horror of Popery, were of course likely to commend themselves to Dr. Kippis's judgment. We have no wish to cast any slur on his account of the Bishop of Salisbury, which, we are bound to say, is most accurate and impartial. And, indeed, if ever any such publication as 'The Life and Times of Bishop Burnet' should issue from the press, the writer of it will be bound to take this life for his ground-work, adding to its facts all that remains to be obtained from the author's own works, and such contemporary MSS. as have not yet seen the light. It is because these works are so scarce and unknown, and because they throw so much light upon the character of the writer, as well as on the times in which he lived, that we have undertaken to make some extracts from them, as well as to give some account of the attacks which from time to time were made upon him.

It must not be expected that we should here give a complete account either of Burnet's works or of the volumes in answer to which they were written, or which by their publication they provoked. The very names and titles of these would almost occupy the space generally devoted to an article in a Quarterly Review; but we may, perhaps, with advantage, draw attention

to a subject which may be thought by others to be worth pursuing further. For the short reign of James II. bears a remarkable parallel in many respects to the few years which the Church of England was passing through at the time when conversions to Rome were most numerous; and the times that followed the arrival of the Prince of Orange will bear comparison in some points with those through which we are now passing.

Let us hope that schemes of comprehension and latitude will prove as abortive now as they did then; and let us pray that their failure may not be followed by as dead a period of religious listlessness and inactivity as characterized the reigns of the first three princes of the house of Hanover. Even as we write these words the Commission is perhaps holding its first session, to consider and report on the advisability of relaxing the terms of Clerical Subscription, and though the character of those who sit upon it is a sufficient guarantee against any precipitate judgment being formed, yet the very fact of there being such a Commission appointed by Government, carries the thoughts of Churchmen back to the time when Convocation was silenced lest it should condemn an Arian, and still further back to those times when the Lower House would have condemned Burnet's treatise on the Articles, and further still to the time when schemes of comprehension were being devised by Burnet, Tillotson, and others of the bishops appointed since the election of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. The division of parties is very different now from what it was at that time, and the difference is entirely in favour of the Church party of the present day. The High Churchmen of that day were split into two sects,—the adherents of the Established Church, and the Nonjurors,—the latter of whom, the more powerful in character and influence, were by their position excluded from exercising any other than an indirect influence. The puritan party of those times, though nearly extinct, was far from being so contemptible in an intellectual point of view as the evangelicals of our day, while the Latitudinarians had an immense amount of indifferentism in religious matters to help on the liberal cry for toleration and comprehension. Even in this respect we are better off, as far as any prospect of relaxing terms of subscription goes, than the Church party of the latter end of the seventeenth century. Even those of the laity, who know least about the rights of the case, have a fond veneration for the English prayer-book that will prove a fatal obstacle to any alterations which involve, ever so indirectly, points of doctrine.

There can be no doubt that the appointment of the Commission has resulted from the endeavours which certain people have made to get rid of the ideas of priestly power and church autho-

rity; but if this could not be done in the time of Tillotson and Burnet, it is certain that the task will be even more difficult now. And whatever be the recommendations of the Commission, even though they should go the length of advising the abolition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, we have little fear of the measure being what its promoters hope—the opening of the door for abolishing the Athanasian Creed, and the obnoxious clauses in the services for the Visitation of the Sick and the Ordination of Priests.

But we are wandering from our subject, or at least anticipating what properly belongs to a later part of this article. Before we commence that part of our paper which will convey to most of our readers information which can only be gleaned from wading through some hundred and fifty works written by our author, together with about as many more written against him, we may give a brief account of the early years of his life, to save them the trouble of referring to a biographical dictionary for the information, and thus enable them to follow us the more easily through our account of the life of Gilbert Burnet.

It would have been easy to gather from the frequent sarcasms levelled at his birth by Wharton, Atterbury, and Hickes, that he was not born or bred in England. He was born at Edinburgh, September 18, 1643, and having been taught Latin at home by his father, was placed at the early age of ten at Aberdeen, where after being initiated in Greek and Moral Philosophy, he took the degree of M.A. at fourteen. He studied law for a year, and then turned his thoughts to divinity. Before he was of age he came into England, and visited Oxford and Cambridge, and seems to have fallen into better hands at Oxford than he did at the sister University. Dr. Fell and Dr. Pocock both took some notice of him, and he kept up his acquaintance with Fell, who was afterwards Bishop of Oxford, long after Dr. Pocock was dead. At Cambridge he became acquainted with Cudworth and More, and soon afterwards in London made the more congenial acquaintance of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Patrick, with the two former of whom he kept up a close intimacy till their deaths. Here it seems probable that he was confirmed in that latitudinarianism, which, coupled with his hatred of popery, was the most remarkable feature in his character through life. He soon afterwards made a short tour through Holland, and remained a little while at Paris. From his Cambridge acquaintance he seems to have imbibed their notions of latitude without their philosophical spirit. It appears as if he had been brought so forward as a child in various kinds of learning that he retained no aptitude for studies which involved depth of thought and application. And the French Protestant minis-

ters with whom he conversed, as well as the Dutch heretics amongst whom he found so much piety and learning, perhaps confirmed him in those principles of toleration of differences of opinion, and indifference to dogmatic truth, to which through life he seems constantly to have adhered. Soon after his return to Scotland, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Edinburgh, and during his incumbency at Saltoun, to which he was presented by Sir Robert Fletcher, seems to have conducted himself in an exemplary way. Amongst other things mentioned in his commendation is the fact that '*he administered the Sacrament four times a year.*'

His first public act was the drawing up a memorial, which he sent round in MS. to all the Scotch Bishops complaining of them for worldliness and neglect of their dioceses. Whether he was set on to this by Lauderdale or not is not known, but he tells us himself that the duke and all his friends were delighted with it. It is to be regretted that for many of the facts of his life we have no better evidence than his own assertion or that of his son. We cannot now ascertain either whether the fact of his twice refusing a Scottish bishopric, once with the promise of the reversion of the first archbishopric that should fall, is true, and if true what were the motives that induced him to decline the offer. The fact is mentioned only by himself.

Again, we have only the son's authority for believing the story that, upon his marriage with an elderly presbyterian lady who was daughter of a Scotch earl, he voluntarily renounced all pretensions to her fortune. In both these instances there is no doubt some foundation of fact to go upon, but though Burnet was not likely deliberately to have stated anything as true the exact contradictory of which he knew to be true, he was so careless, and inaccurate, and prejudiced, that any piece of information that has anything in itself improbable is not entitled to be believed unless some further evidence should be produced.

We know very well how easy it is for a hint about the disposal of Church preferment to be construed, even in our own day, into a distinct offer of a bishopric; and we do not know that a Scotch earl of that day was less likely than one of the present to look after the pecuniary interests of his family. We cannot help supposing that the first of these stories means that some underling of Government sounded Burnet in London, after he was made King's Chaplain, as to whether he would like a Scotch bishopric; and that the truth of the other consists in this, that when a proposal was made to have the usual marriage settlement drawn up between the young divine and his elderly bride, no factious objections were made of a proceeding which was perhaps made a *sine quâ non* condition of the family's consenting to the match.

As to the account of the four Scotch bishoprics, vacant at one time, which he refused, the son's account is drawn from the father; and as Burnet was only twenty-eight when the first offer is alleged to have been made, and twenty-nine at his second refusal of the bishopric with the promise of succeeding to the Archiepiscopal see, it may be open to question whether he ever had the offer.

It was just at this time that he published (1672) his 'Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland,' and his son connects the second offer of the Scotch bishopric with the publication of this volume, as if it had done such service that it led to the offer being made.

The work was published at Glasgow, but a considerable number of copies were brought by the author to London and sold to one Mr. Moses Pitt. In the dedication to the Duke of Lauderdale he had complimented the duke in a very fulsome manner on the mode in which he managed his office of High Commissioner of Scotland. Such expressions as '*noble character*,' '*princely mind*,' '*vast endowments*,' '*profound understanding*,' '*master in all learning*,' abound in this production. But he and the duke having quarrelled, Burnet tried to persuade the bookseller to sell the copies of the book without the dedication. The bookseller refused to have anything to do with selling imperfect copies of a book as perfect ones, but returned the whole impression to the author, who was of course at liberty to do what he pleased in the matter of suppressing his own writings. Accordingly, he chose the method of issuing the copies of the book without the dedication, and Hickes was unable to procure a copy till he borrowed one from a private friend. The suppression of this dedication, which Hickes makes a great deal of, was certainly quite allowable; but when coupled with the knowledge that Burnet professed to have of Lauderdale's 'design of bringing in an army out of Scotland for the spoiling and subduing of England,' it makes an awkward episode in his history. As soon as the story of the suppression got wind, he was unwilling to appear in the matter, but was obliged to come before the House of Commons and testify against his patron. His account of the matter is given in His Vindication of Himself. 'A design pro-
'posed to me by one that is now dead, and therefore shall not be
'named by me, of bringing an army out of Scotland for the
'spoiling and subduing of England, gave me a great horror at
'the proposition, and I did all I could to withstand it. The
'same great person did quickly take up such a jealousy of me
'that he did all he could to ruin me, though his present Majesty,
'who had then the goodness for me to endeavour to pacify him,
'owned to me that he could see nothing in his hatred of me but

'a violent passion. Yet he was resolved to throw me in a pri-
'son, where very probably I had languished away the rest of
'my life, if the king that now is had not been so gracious to
'me as to warn me of my danger, which made me leave Scotland,
'and after I had suffered near two years all that wrath armed
'with power could do to me, at last, while I was under one of
'the sharp effects of that great minister's anger, I told a person
'of honour that which I believed was one of the grounds of it.
'The gentleman set this so about, that as he himself was a mem-
'ber of the House of Commons, so it was known to a great
'many others, upon which I was sent for by the House. I de-
'clined for four several times to say what had been proposed to
'me, and at last being threatened to be prosecuted by the House
'of Commons as an enemy to the nation, I was thus unwillingly
'brought to own it.' Such is the story as told by himself, and when taken with the additional facts supplied by Hickes, will enable the reader to judge whether Burnet's reluctance to speak out was owing to a consideration for his patron, or was prompted by the fear of exposing himself. 'This discovery of the dedica-
'tion, and his suppressing of it, coming to be known,' says Hickes, 'made all the House curious to see it, and he, foreseeing
'what use could be made of it against him, was willing to decline
'his noble undertaking. But the House, by the interest of the
'duke's friends, who increased much upon that discovery, made
'him testify what he since saith created horror in him, and how
'much reputation he got by it I need not now tell the world.
'I am sure many of the duke's greatest enemies looked upon it
'as a horrible lie, not thinking the design or the discovery of it,
'if he had designed it consistent with so much wisdom as he was
'master of, above most men of his time.'

In his 'Own Times,' Burnet with the utmost *naiveté* admits that he was much blamed for what he had done. The thing, he says, had an ill appearance as the disclosing of what had passed in confidence, though he adds 'I make it a great question how far
'even that ought to bind a man when the designs are very wicked,
'and the persons continued still in the same post and capacity of
'executing them.'

In the year following, appeared Hickes's attack, which was provoked by the ridiculously high character Burnet had given of that 'blessed saint,' Tillotson. Burnet replied in an elaborate volume of 166 octavo pages. The greatest vexation to his antagonist must have been to see how thick-skinned he was. He never could see either the force of the argument by which he was broken down, nor the importance of the allegation proved against him. In this instance, the story about the negotiation with the bookseller is dismissed, with the simple remark that he can say

nothing about it because he does not remember the transaction, but that he believes it is all a fiction. Possibly the denial might have been expressed in stronger language if Hickes had not volunteered to bring the bookseller, if still living, as a witness; and if he should be dead, another person who had been present, and could testify to what had transpired. And as to the trifling flattery of the dedication, it was 'no wonder if one, then but 'twenty-eight years old, went too high in the compliment; but if 'what happened a year and a half after that, gave me other 'thoughts of that minister of state, that does not prove that I 'writ disingenuously at that time.'

In 1679, it is probable that the bishopric of Chichester was offered him, with the condition that he would come wholly into the king's interest. And if this was so, it was declined; and now that there was no more chance of preferment at court, he wrote a very serious letter, dated January 29, 1680, remonstrating with the king on his evil practices. The refusal of this bishopric, even though saddled with conditions which might seem to savour of a toleration of popery, might be charitably considered a creditable act on the part of Burnet, if we had not from another source been supplied with the description of his falling on his knees before the Prince of Orange after his election, to beg the bishopric of Salisbury. It must not be forgotten that Chichester was not a very rich bishopric.

Of all the various writings of Bishop Burnet, none probably would be more curious, if ever a copy of either should be found, than the Circular Letter which he drew up and sent to the bishops of Scotland, remonstrating with them for their mode of living, and neglect of their dioceses; and the tract on the 'Case of barrenness.' This latter probably never existed in more than one or two copies.[1] But it consisted of an opinion favourable to the divorce of Charles II. from Catharine of Braganza on the score of their having no issue, in order to enable Charles to marry again, and thus ensure by his begetting legitimate children, the exclusion of the Duke of York from the crown. It is not a little remarkable how Protestantism has from the first been mixed up with the questions of divorce and polygamy.

And now to continue our account of Bishop Burnet, as we gather it from his works and the attacks made upon him during his lifetime. One of his earlier publications was the folio volume entitled, 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton.' Of this, too, Hickes had a story which he tells against him, and which in his usual way Burnet replies to, in a manner apparently entirely

[1] Since writing the above we have ascertained that it has been printed, but have been unable to get sight of a copy.

satisfactory to himself. The work had been written before the quarrel between Lauderdale and Burnet, and it had been intended that it should be dedicated to Lauderdale, and probably a flaming preface would have repeated the praises which had been printed in the dedication of his previous work 'The Vindication of the Authority of the Laws of Scotland.' Hickes, perhaps, had seen the MS. copy which had been put into the hands of Lauderdale, or if he had not, he had good information from those who had. The duke had not had time to read the copy when the quarrel broke out between them; and then several remarkable things, which had been 'related for the honour of the duke with very great characters of him,' were omitted. 'These may be seen in the copy which is still extant, (though,' says Hickes, 'I fear his 'Circular Letter and Case of Barrenness hereafter mentioned, 'are not), and one day I hope will be published, and then the world 'will see and, I believe, say more of him than I desire to say now.'

The next accusation of this kind brought against the bishop by his antagonist was with reference to the publication of the life of Bishop Bedell. There was a passage in the book which gives Bedell's opinion on the right of subjects rebelling against their prince in an extreme case of oppression and injustice. It occurs in a tract which Bedell had published against Wadsworth in 1633, and which, though dedicated to Charles I., asserted in strong terms the rights of subjects against their princes. This tract was reprinted with the life which came out in 1685. And so high did the feeling on this subject run at that time that Chiswell, the bookseller, was afraid to publish the words, and could not get it licensed till the paragraph was altered, so as to represent this opinion not as Bedell's own opinion, but as the opinion of some Papists in Italy and France, and an addition inserted which amounted to a downright lie. 'This passage 'above is to be considered a relation, and not as the author's 'opinion; but yet for fear of taking it by the wrong handle 'the reader is desired to take notice that a subject resisting his 'prince in any court whatsoever is unlawful and impious.'

'This note of his,' continues Hickes, 'being remembered by 'some after the Revolution, and coming very much to be talked 'of, many curious persons were desirous to see it, but when they 'came to the bookseller's to consult the place, for the book was 'never but once printed, they found it altered thus:—

'This passage above is to be considered as a relation, not as 'the author's opinion, lest it should mislead the reader into a 'dangerous mistake. And it is observable at first sight that that 'single leaf had been reprinted for the sake of the alteration, 'and pasted into all the copies where it is found. One may pre-'sume that his bookseller durst not make this alteration without

'some order from him; and those who are so curious as to com-
'pute when it began to be sold without it, found it was a little
'time after the Revolution.'

The point of the accusation, of course, was this, that Burnet during the reign of the Stuart dynasty had professed in the strongest terms the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, and that he had quietly adopted other views more in accordance with the state of things which succeeded the arrival of the Prince of Orange in England. No one could have wished for an indictment to be drawn up in clearer terms. The defendant was accused of having misrepresented Bishop Bedell's opinion on the point of resistance to authority, and having condemned the view that subjects may make war against their sovereign, and having avowed the opinion that rebellion is, under circumstances, lawful and right. A straightforward answer to the first part of the charge would have been to allege that the falsifying of Bishop Bedell's opinion was without the author's knowledge or consent. There was no escape from the latter half of the charge, except by openly and manfully avowing a change of opinion, such as circumstances in the political world will frequently justify. It is no disgrace to any political man to change his views if, upon finding they will not work, he can convince himself that they are *à priori* untenable. The principles of non-resistance were held extensively amongst divines of the Stuart period, and there has been an attempt to revive them in our own day. They have been found alike untenable now as then. Whatever view may be taken of the truth of these principles in the main, there is scarcely any one now who would think it worth while to uphold them in an extreme case. It is not, as it has been expressed, that 'principles give way in extreme cases,' but rather that the short and easy method of expressing a principle without its proper limitations fails to reach certain cases that may arise.

A person who changes his principles at the moment when his worldly interests seem to require it, does indeed lay himself open to suspicion, but that he must be content to bear. The change is in itself suspicious, and it may not be very easy for the person in whom it has taken place to pronounce how far it can be detached from considerations of interest; but the silliest of all proceedings, because no one will be convinced by it, is to try to represent the change from a principle to its contradictory as one of a slight description, or to attempt to reconcile two opinions which any one possessed of common sense can see are totally irreconcileable. Most of our recent converts from churchmanship to latitudinarianism have been wise enough to keep their own secret. They do not proclaim aloud that they have always

held what they now do. They are content to forget the past, and hope that others will do so too. Had Burnet been content to do this, he would have escaped a good deal of censure. As it was, he only made himself ridiculous by his attempts to show that he had always been pretty much of the same opinion; and as often as the charge of inconsistency was thrown in his teeth, and, it must be admitted, the non-jurors lost no opportunity of bringing it up, he retorted that he had never meant to put forward the view that the king was in no case to be opposed, but that he adhered to the opinion he had always entertained that when *a total subversion of the constitution was intended,* it was then high time for subjects to take the matter into their own hands.

In his justification it must be admitted that, in his earliest work on the subject, he had made an exception in favour of a supposed extreme case of a magistrate being furious or deserting his right or exposing his kingdom to the fury of others. In such case he thought the power ought to be administered by others for the prince and his people's safety. But to make his case good it was, beyond that, necessary to show that James the Second was meditating a total subversion of the constitution, and that William the Third was at that time governing as regent in behalf of James, to whom, or to his son, he was willing to resign his regency whenever it should appear probable that they would govern constitutionally. Burnet had a good deal of candour, and really deceived himself by his own arguments. At any rate he admits damaging facts against himself, which there was no occasion for him to allude to. He had left England in 1685, at the very commencement of James's reign; and he tells us that till he was naturalized in the States he did not so much as know of any designs to use force. And here a skilful defender of his own case would have stopped; but Burnet could not keep either his tongue or his pen quiet, so he goes on to say quite unprovokedly: 'And when I thought it was lawful for me to 'know and conceal them I still adhered to the principle to which 'my father had bred me.' That is to say, by implication, he admits that what he judged treasonable in others he was content to conceal, and let matters work how they might till there appeared some evidence of what he called 'a total subversion;' and then he was content to have a finger in the pie. He does not tell how far the probability of success determined him on throwing himself heart and soul into the designs of the Prince of Orange.

And this fine distinction of the case of *a total subversion,* which was Tillotson's as well as Burnet's opinion, was the truth they tried to instil into the mind of Lord Russell when under sentence of death for treason. Lord Russell had very logically replied to their arguments for submission and

non-resistance, that 'he did not see a difference between a legal and a Turkish constitution upon this hypothesis.' The answer to this was, 'that a total subversion changed the case.' Upon which he answered, 'Then it would be too late to resist.' And all this is actually detailed by our gossiping author himself, apparently with the firm persuasion that he is making out an irresistible case for his defence.

And now to return to the answer which Burnet gave to the charge of allowing Bedell's opinion to be falsified, and then permitting it to be represented as his opinion that 'a subject 'resisting his prince is altogether, and, under any circumstances, 'unlawful and impious,' and afterwards cancelling the leaf, and omitting the opinion altogether. Certainly, if the proverb that 'the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief' had any existence in Burnet's time, he was unable to see its practical application. He could not consent to insert a lie in a book of his own publication. He was content to let it go forth to the world with his name, and thought it a sufficient justification of himself to allege that the insertion was not made with his own hand. 'This, our author,' he says, 'with his usual candour, lays 'to my charge. I have been long uneasy under this fraud which was conferred on the world in a book that was bound up 'with another of my writing, and so it might seem to lie at my 'door I was only waiting for a just occasion to detect it, which 'this author has now given me, for which I heartily thank him.'

This is the way in which the first part of the charge is answered, and perhaps the reader is curious to know how the latter half of it is disposed of. It is simply ignored. Not a word is said of the suppression of the unlucky leaf that showed how the author had carried his notions of the royal prerogative higher than he had before expressed himself, and his retractation of his opinion in favour of the usurpation of the Prince of Orange. Probably he thought silence was the best answer he could give, and that the least said the soonest mended. In fact, he had no answer to give, and for once judged rightly that he had better let the accusation stand its own chance of being forgotten by the side of other charges of a like description.

In his next accusation Hickes returns to the life of Bedell, and here he exposes a considerable number of misrepresentations of matters of fact. This life was published in 1685, and it appears that it was commented on by William Fulman, the well-known publisher of 'Hammond's Collected Works.' These works, which existed only in MS., came, somehow or other, into Hickes's possession after Fulman's death. It appears from what Hickes says that Burnet was guilty of great carelessness in asserting things for which he had no evidence, but this was a

fault that appeared to Burnet a very venial error, and so he does not mind making his confession to the public, in his printed answer to Hickes. On the life of Bedell he observes:—

'Mr. Fulman sent me remarks on some parts of it, and I 'made no answer, and these have fallen into the author's hands, 'and he has printed them with great triumph. I published that 'life just when I went out of England.[1] Mr. Fulman sent a 'packet after me to Paris, for which I paid very dear. I had 'neither the conveniences nor the inclination to answer it at 'that distance. Since I came into England a copy of it was 'sent to me by him, into whose hands Mr. Fulman's papers came, 'for he was then dead. I sent him a full answer to them, to be 'printed or not, as he thought fit. He judged it better to let 'the matter sleep, and so returned all back to me again. I will 'not weary out my readers who may justly nauseate such stuff. 'I will only say this for my part in the work. The whole 'materials were prepared for me, many years before I meddled 'with them, by an ancient and reverend clergyman, Mr. Cloggy. 'I was apprehensive that some might take exceptions to my 'writing on that argument, and so declined to do it for some 'years; but repeated importunities overcame me at last, so I 'undertook it. I had then separated myself from my books 'which I had bestowed in a place where I knew they would be 'preserved safe for me. I upon that took no sort of care to 'examine the matter of those papers. I only put them in form. 'I am not answerable for any mistakes that may be in the first 'part of them, which my author may have misremembered. So 'if any of these are wrong they are another man's errors; they 'are not mine. When I have said this I have said enough to 'justify myself; but I could say a great deal more upon the 'particulars themselves if I thought it were necessary.'

Probably it would be impossible to find a nearer parallel as a historian to Burnet than Macaulay; but the tone of things in the nineteenth century has a little improved upon that of the seventeenth. We believe Lord Macaulay has never ventured to defend the many errors of fact which have been exposed in his celebrated romance, called 'The History of England from the accession of James the Second,' with such audacious coolness as is implied in saying that he took his facts from a second-hand authority without any sort of care being used in their verification; and undoubtedly, Macaulay would not have defended himself from the charge of answering a letter on the ground of the

[1] It came out in 1685, in the beginning of which year it was that the author quitted England. Lowndes erroneously gives the first edition as of date 1692. It was twice afterwards reprinted at Dublin in 1736 and 1758.

expensiveness of the parcel in which it was conveyed from London to Paris.

Upon the whole Macaulay's is a tolerably fair judgment on his great predecessor in the field of history. Neither of the two historians will ever hereafter be cited in testimony to a fact, though probably the nineteenth century historian may still be read at the same distance of time as Burnet has survived since his publications first appeared. Macaulay does not, of course, know anything of the extent of Burnet's mistakes. But we are not at all disposed to find fault with the claim made on Burnet's behalf that 'a writer, whose voluminous works in several branches of 'literature find numerous readers a hundred and thirty years 'after his death, may have had great faults, but must also have 'had great merits; and Burnet had great merits—a fertile and 'vigorous mind, and a style far indeed removed from faultless 'purity, but always clear, often lively, and sometimes rising to 'solemn and fervid eloquence.' In his estimate of moral and religious character, we must make allowance for the Presbyterian feeling which actuates alike the writer and the character he is describing: 'Strongly attached to what he regarded as the 'spirit of Christianity, he looked with indifference on rites, 'names, and forms of ecclesiastical polity, and was by no means 'disposed to be severe even on infidels and heretics, whose lives 'were pure, and whose errors appeared to be the effect rather 'of some perversion of the understanding than of the depravity 'of the heart.' But Burnet had not attained to that liberalized form of Presbyterianism which enabled his biographer to conclude his character of him with the apologetic words: 'But like 'many other good men of that age, he regarded the case of the 'Church of Rome as an exception to all ordinary rules.'[1]

At the accession of James II. Burnet found England too hot to hold him. The comfortable description given of his exile is that he asked and obtained leave to quit the country. But he was in reality afraid of an arrest, and indeed it was not long before information was laid against him. However, for the present, he was safe. He went to Paris as was implied in our last extract, and thence travelled through Switzerland to Italy, going as far south as Naples, and returned to Holland, where he remained, biding his time for two whole years. The account of his journey is given us in five letters, written to his friend Robert Boyle.

These are such sprightly and gossiping performances that we much wonder they should not have been reprinted in modern times. They were published by the author in Holland, in 1687, and contain a great deal of amusing information as to what the

[1] Macaulay's History, ii. 178.

author saw and heard at Zurich, Milan, Florence, and Rome. The last letter is dated from Nymegen, and details the particulars of his journey home from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, Geneva, and Bâle, and thence down the Rhine to Rotterdam. He made a slight *détour* from Marseilles through Provence, and there witnessed the cruelties practised on the Protestants, of which he acquits the French king on the ground that he had been 'bred 'up in a religion that doth certainly oblige him to divest himself 'of humanity, and to violate his faith whensoever the cause of 'his Church and religion requireth it.' Everything that he saw confirmed him in the same prejudice against Rome. And no doubt he saw enough to create a prejudice in the most reasonable mind.

His absence from England makes his 'History of his Own Times' here less trustworthy than it might otherwise perhaps have been. He tells us he had great credit with all the malcontents, and made the best use of it he could, but seemed very much afraid of their being drawn into the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. 'The king had not yet done that which would justify extreme counsels.' And so the future Bishop of Salisbury waited his time; how far he was influenced by his own avowed view of the probable failure of a raw rebellion, and how far the coincidence of his opinion with that of most people, who thought the crisis not so near as it proved to be, kept him quietly watching the course of things, must be judged by the general tenor of his character. Whilst the issue of things was still doubtful, he declined remaining in Holland, where he would be sure to fall in with numbers of disaffected people; and so, with true Scotch sagacity, he made his way to Paris, where he found from the French ambassador he would be safe. However, he quitted France before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and went to Italy, where he was received with kindness. The hopes then entertained of recovering England to the Roman Communion were great, and Innocent XI. when he heard of Burnet's arrival, sent for him and received him very graciously. As yet he was not irrecoverably committed to the Protestant side of things. He had, in 1677, published a 'Vindication of the Ordinations of the Church of England,' and had acknowledged in it that Rome still retained the fundamentals of the Christian religion, and that her orders were in all respects valid. His conversation with two cardinals, as detailed by himself, shows that he could, at that time, regard a reconciliation with Rome as not wholly impossible. Nothing can be plainer from his own account than that he was holding himself aloof through fear of committing himself to either party. There was a chance for Rome, and, strong as were his prejudices in the opposite direction, it was a contingency worth providing for.

He remained at Rome till the Prince Borghese informed him it was time to go, and then retreated to Geneva, where he was entirely at home, and carried on the service of the Church of England for the English residents there, every Sunday morning and evening. Coming down the Rhine, he stopped at Strasburg, where he found a mixture of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Papists, —the former hating the two latter in nearly an equal degree. Burnet concludes his letters to Boyle with two pages in praise of the Prince of Orange. Of this subject he says, 'Here is a 'harvest, not for forced rhetoric or false eloquence, but for a 'severe and sincere historian, capable of affording a work that 'will far exceed all those luscious panegyrics of mercenary pens; 'but a small or a counterfeit jewel must be set with all possible 'advantages, when a true one of great value needs only to be 'shown. I cannot end with a greater subject, and I must ac- 'knowledge myself to be so inflamed with this hint that, as I 'cannot, after this, bring my pen down to lower matters, so I 'dare not trust myself too long to the heat that so noble an 'object inspires, therefore I break off abruptly.'

This letter is dated from Nymegen, May 20th, 1686, and from that period till the time of his sailing to England with the Prince of Orange he remained in the low countries, and here he employed himself in disseminating as widely as possible the latitudinarian view of religion that he had adopted. He had hoped, he tells us, that the persecutions of Protestants would have brought them nearer together, and induced them to sink minor and unimportant differences of belief, in order the better to resist the common enemy. Instead of this, 'things were 'carried on with more eagerness and sharpness than ever, and 'though there appeared a very general spirit of charity towards 'the French refugees, yet neither amongst the givers or receivers 'did there appear a spirit of piety and devotion suitable to their 'condition,' nor that spirit of toleration which our latitudinarian divine so much wished to see.

And now was the time when Burnet was admitted to something like familiar intercourse with the Prince and Princess of Orange. This, according to the account in his own times, was in 1686. The prince, he said, was resolved to make use of him, and advised him to live at the Hague, which was not a resort of outlaws from England, as many of the other Dutch towns were. He adds, 'Great notice came to be taken of the free access and long conferences I had with them both;' and here and at this time he details minutely the long conversation he had held with the princess about transferring her right in the crown to her husband. In fact he smoothed the way for the prince, who said he had, though he had been married nine years to the princess,

never ventured to press this matter, which now had been brought about so easily. All this may be seen, and much more of this matter which is very interesting, in the first of those two folios, which was destined by the author to be published after he had been ten years dead. The story was in black and white, but it was not in print, so that Hickes could not have seen the account which we have been giving. But it all occurs in the midst of the discussion how to commence the breach with England. Burnet himself was of opinion that not 'every error in government would warrant a 'breach; if the foundation were struck at, that would vary 'the case, but illegal acts in particular instances could not 'justify such a conclusion.' He tells us, 'That which fixed me 'in their confidence was the liberty I took in a private conver- 'sation with the princess to ask her what she intended the prince 'should be, *if she came to the crown.*' Now as she would have had no voice in the matter if she had come to the crown in the regular way of succession, the question was wholly irrelevant, except on the hypothesis that she was coming to it by usurpation. It is worth while to call attention to these paragraphs as well as to the paragraph which immediately follows, expressing that 'complaints came daily over from England of all the high things that the priests were everywhere throwing out,' &c. &c. Now we ask any fair reader, moderately acquainted with the History of England, to pronounce for himself whether it is possible to escape the conviction that, 'all this was taking place 'between persons who were conspirators against King James the 'Second, and who were only waiting for a more favourable 'moment to declare themselves.'

Why should we labour to prove a point so abundantly proved? and who, it will be asked, will attempt to gainsay what has now become a matter of history, and what, owing to Macaulay's lucid description of the proceedings, is pretty well known to everybody? Where the actual dialogue detailed by Macaulay in words professing to be the exact words of Burnet, and Mary, and the Prince, comes from, we cannot take upon ourselves to say. No references are given, and we have in vain hunted the histories and pamphlets of the time for the chance of finding them. But we have heard of poet's licence, and we suppose a writer of romance is entitled to as much, if, as in the present case, the substance of what passed is truly narrated. We are sorry not to be able to make the like excuse for the flagrant falsehood with which Lord Macaulay has concluded his narrative of this interview. 'Her generous affec- 'tion completely gained the heart of William. From that time 'till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying 'bed there was entire friendship and confidence between them. 'Many of her letters to him are extant, and they contain abun-

'dant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of 'the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and vir- 'tuous woman, born his superior, with a passion fond even to 'idolatry.' Lord Macaulay, of course, therefore, was either entirely ignorant of the nature of the connexion with Mrs. Villiers and other mistresses, and never saw the accusation of worse crimes than this not obscurely insinuated against the Prince of Orange; or else such crimes must in his judgment be considered as venial in a sovereign, and must be pronounced compatible with the entire confidence which should exist in a married couple.

But we have wandered a little from our subject. It is not our business to show up Lord Macaulay's little historical peccadilloes, and we do not know that it need much alter the opinion entertained of our latitudinarian divine that he should have earned his English bishopric by this skilful piece of manipulation. Certainly no one will wonder that our gossiping historian, when he arrived in England, and when success had justified the Revolution, should have been anxious to trumpet forth to the world his own part in the peformance. It is unfortunate for his fame that he did so. It was only from his own boasting that his adversary gained any intelligence of this proceeding, and made good use of it against him in exhibiting him as involved in the following inconsistency :—

'In his first letter to my Lord Middleton, bearing date the '27th of May, 1687, he tells his lordship—that few had preached 'more than himself against all sorts of treasonable doctrines and 'practices, and particularly against the lawfulness of rising in 'arms upon account of religion. I have preached a whole 'sermon at the Hague, saith he, against all the treasonable 'doctrines and practices, and in particular against the lawfulness 'of subjects rising in arms against their sovereigns upon the 'account of religion, and I have maintained this both in public 'and private; so that I could, if I thought it convenient, give 'proofs of it that could make all my enemies ashamed. As often 'as I have talked with Sir John Cochran, I took occasion to 'repeat my opinion of the duty of subjects to submit and bear 'all the ill administration that might be in the government, but 'never to rise in arms upon that account. And in his third 'letter to his lordship, bearing date, Hague, 27th June, 1687, 'he concluded with these words, *But to the last moment of my 'life* I will pay all duty and fidelity to his Majesty. And yet 'before the date of these letters, wherein He makes such high 'and solemn professions of his principles of loyalty and of his 'duty to the king, he was engaged in one of the deepest and 'most heinous treasons that subject was ever engaged in, against

'his sovereign; I mean in persuading the Princess of Orange to 'consent to the unnatural invasion of her father's kingdom by 'the prince, which then was resolved upon, and with him to take 'the crown if the invasion should succeed. This he thought so 'meritorious and honourable a piece of service, that soon after 'he came to London he could not deny himself the satisfaction 'of telling some friends that he was the man pitched upon, to 'break the design of deposing the king her father to her royal 'highness two years before the Revolution, and that he gained 'her consent, upon condition that the prince might assume the 'royal power with her, and be crowned before her.'

As the history of his own time was as yet only in embryo, Hickes depended for the authentication of this story on such witnesses as had heard it from the doctor's own lips, but we think the reader who will take the trouble to refer to that work, and read the narrative as there given by one of the two parties to the transaction, will have no reason to complain either that Burnet had not given a clear and concise account of what passed, or that Hickes, narrating the same matter from hearsay, has given an unfaithful account of it.

However, Hickes gives his vouchers as follows, but does not venture on the pleasant form of dialogue invented by Macaulay for the occasion:—

'He told it to this purpose in the deanery house of St. Paul's, 'and for the truth of it I appeal to the then dean of that church, 'Dr. Stillingfleet, and to the worthy bishop of Peterborough, I 'mean Dr. White, who was present when he spoke to that effect, 'and I make bold to mention his good name, because he hath 'spoken of it in many places; and to this authority I could add 'that of a right honourable person of great esteem, in whose 'hearing he spoke in another place to the same purpose. Let 'there be written up on his monument, and embalm his memory 'to posterity, that he was the man who persuaded the yet inno-'cent daughter, Absalom like, to conspire the destruction of her 'father, and to seize his throne. This he did against a king 'who, according to his own expression of the king his father, 'was by *a tract of undisputed succession what Saul was by imme-'diate revelation, God's anointed.* And after he had done it, he 'again promised fidelity to him to the last moment of his life, 'and after that again invaded his kingdom, and used him the 'worst of all his enemies.'

We need not at present proceed further with Hickes's account of this matter. Supposing there were no more to be said about it, it is plain that, granting the circumstances which Hickes only had, we repeat, upon hearsay, Burnet stands committed of monstrous inconsistency. The inconsistency remains exactly in

statu quo after reading Burnet's own record of the transaction in the most unsuspicious of all testimonies, his history of his own times. But we have already frequently had to refer both to Hickes's invective and Burnet's vindication of himself, which came out but a few weeks later; and we have no doubt the reader will be curious to hear how the matter is treated in the vindication. It was not an accusation which could be easily merged in something else that was something like it, and it would seem that nothing remained but for the author to ignore it altogether, and lay the more stress upon some other charge which it was easier to answer. Nothing of the kind; there was yet a mode of reply that the reader has not thought of. Burnet denied the charge point blank; and his denial must have been thought more worthy of credit than an assertion made by his antagonist upon hearsay, if he were not convicted by his own confession, detailed in what may be almost considered as his own private journal.

The following is the denial as printed in 'The Bishop of Sarum's Vindication:'—

'He charges me as if I had owned in company that I was 'pitched upon to break the design of deposing the late king to 'our late blessed queen two years before the Revolution. He 'vouches witnesses for this, the Bishop of Worcester, whom he 'very modestly and gratefully calls Dr. Stillingfleet, and Bishop 'White. I will not foretel what either of those reverend persons 'may say, but I will assure our author that it is all a downright 'forgery of the blackest sort. This and all the circumstances 'that either here or in any other part of these discourses are 'brought to adorn it are all false. I had not the honour to see 'or speak with our late blessed queen for two years together 'before the Revolution. Mr. d'Albeville had it in commission 'to gain that point, of her not seeing me, before he entered upon 'other business, and it was granted. And she was a princess so 'strict to truth that having once said that she would not see me, 'she adhered exactly to it. So till a few days before we left the 'Hague I saw her no more. And then there was no occasion 'for persuasion; the matter was all settled. Nor did I ever 'enter upon that argument with her till two years after she was 'Queen of England. Then I did it upon an occasion that led 'to the discourse. I saw that she had considered it on all its 'sides and in all its branches. In any other person I should have 'been amazed at it, but I had been accustomed to see so great 'an exactness in every particular through her whole conduct 'that nothing of that kind from her could surprise me. I did 'once in September, 1686, speak to her of matters relating to 'this, but it was upon another key. Upon the setting up the 'h commission, and the prosecution of my lord bishop of

'London, some began to think that all was gone, and that 'violent remedies were necessary. Upon that I delivered my 'sense very fully to her, according to what I set down in the 'former part of this discourse, that I made a great difference 'between illegal acts and subversion. I was afraid things would 'grow to a subversion, but till that appeared I could not think it 'lawful to go into violent methods. And I can assure the world 'that in the list of the divines who were represented as writing 'that the (then) prince would engage in our defence, the late 'dean of Worcester was named for one, how truly he best 'knows. When I heard that upon the business of Magdalen 'College, many thought then it was high time to interpose. I 'then writ (for I saw not the late queen all that while) that 'even upon that incident I did not judge resistance lawful. Then 'I drew up a paper, in substance the same with the general part 'of that which was afterwards published under the title of "The 'Measures of Submission," and that was all the share I had in 'that matter.'

The expressions used in the Vindication do not in logical terms exactly contradict those which the same person employs in his history to describe the same transaction. But it is as near a logical contradiction, perhaps, as ever a single witness was convicted of.

To continue the account of our author's life at this period,—whilst he was residing in Holland he published from twenty to thirty historical or political books and pamphlets. 'The inquiry into the Measures of Submission to the supreme authority' is perhaps the best known of these, probably because it exhibits the author's change of opinion in the most striking light. From the 'divine right of kings, founded on a tract of undisputed succession of God's anointed,' he has here come down to the tame prosaic doctrine that 'though a man has no divine 'right to his property, but has acquired it by human means, such 'as succession, or industry; yet he has a security for the enjoy-'ment of it from a divine right: so though princes have no imme-'diate warrants from heaven, either for their original titles or 'for the extent of them, yet they are secured in the possession 'of them by the principles and rules of Natural Religion.' Whilst as regards maxims of policy the expectant bishop proves himself an apt disciple of Hobbes of Malmesbury, in the unblushing avowal that in all the disputes between power and liberty, power must always be proved, but liberty proves itself—the one being founded only upon a positive law, and the other upon the law of nature.

To square the duty of submission, which he still professes to hold to, with the right of resistance, the author proceeds further

in this pamphlet to observe that general rules, how large soever, are still supposed to have a tacit exception and reserve in them, and this is illustrated by the neat example, that though in a marriage the parties do swear to one another, *till death us do part*, yet few doubt but that this bond is dissolved by adultery, though it is not named. The rest of this pamphlet, which it must be remembered was written in 1688, though the English reprint did not appear till after Easter Sunday, 1689, when its author was consecrated bishop of Salisbury, is occupied with demonstrating that the present is just that exceptional case which does justify rebellion. And to pave the way for the Prince and Princess of Orange taking precedence of the newly born (June 10th, 1688), Prince of Wales, we have the following allegation.

'If thus all the several branches of our constitution are dis-
'solved, it might at least be expected that one part should be left
'entire, and that is the royal dignity. And yet even that is pros-
'tituted when we see a young child put in the reversion of it, and
'pretended to be the Prince of Wales: concerning whose being
'born of the Queen, there appears to be not only no certain
'proofs, but there are all the presumptions that can possibly be
'imagined to the contrary. No proofs were ever given to the
'Princess of Denmark or to any other protestant ladies, in whom
'we ought to repose any confidence, that the Queen was ever
'with child, that whole matter being managed with so much
'mysteriousness that there were violent and public suspicions of
'it before the birth. But the whole contrivance of the birth,
'the sending away the Princess of Denmark, the sudden shorten-
'ing of the reckoning, the Queen's sudden going to St. James',
'her no less sudden pretended delivery; the hurrying the child
'into another room without showing it to those present, and with-
'out their hearing it cry, and the mysterious conduct of all since
'that time; no satisfaction being given to the Princess of Den-
'mark upon her return from the bath, nor to any other protestant
'ladies, of the Queen's having been really brought to bed. These
'are all such evident indications of a base imposture in this
'matter, that as the nation has the justest reason in the world to
'doubt of it, so they have all possible reason to be at no quiet
'till they see a loyal and free parliament assembled, which may
'impartially and without either fear or corruption, examine that
'whole matter. If all these matters are true in fact, then I
'suppose no man will doubt that the whole foundations of this
'government and all the most sacred parts of it are overturned.
'And as to the truth of all these suppositions, that is left to
'every Englishman's judgment and sense.'

Perhaps there is no part of Burnet's conduct so mean and disgraceful as the attempt to foist upon others the belief which

no person in his position could possibly have entertained that the child whose birth was professed to be June 10, 1688, was supposititious. There was indeed an obvious motive for so representing matters—for if it could be once believed, it would pave the way for Mary's succession to the crown as the next heir, and would tend to reconcile the nation to the plan already commenced of placing William and Mary on the throne: but probably no politician was ever dishonest in so blundering a way as Burnet. In the English reprint of this pamphlet, reprinted with seventeen other tracts, the title-page of which announced that their author was Gilbert Burnet, D.D. consecrated Bishop of Sarum, Easter Day, 1689—as well as in its re-issue in 1693, all this suggestion of the parliamentary inquiry into the birth was still printed, though the success of the invasion appears to have dispensed with the necessity for the inquiry. With the same unaccountable absurdity he reprinted in the same volume a little pamphlet of nine pages, containing an edict in the Roman law as concerning the visiting of a big-bellied woman and the looking after what may be born of her. The absurdity of this publication consists in this, that the edict was framed specially for the case of a posthumous child who should be heir to an estate, in order to provide against deception of any kind. But to accommodate it to the supposed present state of things, the edict is followed by a long extract from the Thesmophoriazusæ of Aristophanes, which represents a woman pretending to be in labour, and a child brought to her in a pan with its mouth stopped up with wax, the midwife immediately afterwards informing the husband that a son had been born to him like a lion, and in all respects his very image! This is followed by two quotations from Cicero, intended to show that in interpreting a law the intention of the lawgiver must be looked to rather than the letter of the law. That is to say, the argument of the pamphlet is to throw doubts on the legitimacy of the prince's birth by applying to the case a Roman law which has nothing to do with it.

This paper, too, was reprinted after it had been settled that the Stuarts should be excluded, and when the false hypothesis on which it was based was no longer of any value for the security of the succession to the crown. About the same time there came out at the Hague a paper which Burnet never thought proper to avow, but which there can be no doubt emanated from his pen. It professed to be a Memorial presented by the Protestants of England to the States, requesting William not to allow his wife's claim to the throne to be set aside in favour of a child against whom there were so many presumptions. It was exactly contemporaneous with William's Decla-

rations to the people of England and Scotland, which appeared October 10, and had been drawn up by Burnet himself, and takes precisely the same ground which Burnet in his other pamphlets took. He must have been at this time continually employed in writing. Immediately upon the appearance of the Declaration some reflections upon it were printed, which were instantly reviewed by Burnet. This review was published after the landing was effected, November 5, 1688. In this he repeats with almost more vehemence than before his assertion that the pretended prince was a supposititious child. The writer had spoken of the king's condescension in stooping so low as to offer proofs of the genuineness of the birth. Burnet observes upon it:—'He 'almost blames the king for the low step he lately made to 'prove that birth. It was a low one indeed to make so much 'ado, and to bring together such a solemn appearance to hear so 'slight a proof produced which could have no other effect but to 'make the imposture so much the more visible, when the utmost 'attempts to support it appear to be now so feeble that as to 'the main point of the queen's bearing the child there is not so 'much as a colour of a proof produced. And it is certain that 'if this had been a fair thing the court would have so managed 'it that it should not have been in the power of any mortal to 'have called it in question. And on the other hand they have 'so managed it that one must need see in every step of it broad 'marks of an imposture. It will not be half-proofs nor suborned 'witnesses that will satisfy the nation in so great a point. But 'I will enter into no particulars relating to this business, which 'will be better laid open when a free parliament meets to 'examine it.'

The importance of the birth of the Prince of Wales, and the necessity for a free parliamentary inquiry into the matter, was Burnet's great point during the six months that followed the birth. We need not detail the frivolous arguments adduced in favour of his conclusion. They appear with all their absurdity in the author's celebrated posthumous work. The *total subversion* theory was evidently felt to be a weak case, and though the No-Popery question could be worked hard, yet that had no direct tendency to reconcile the contradictory doctrines of passive obedience and the subject's right of resistance. There were of course very many, perhaps they constituted the mass of the nation, who never had held the untenable doctrine of the king being possessed of arbitrary power. And there were many, and these chiefly among the better class of churchmen, who had adopted these views, and had, as they became more experienced in political life, changed them, and avowed their change of opinion. Persons whose change of opinion is coincident in time

with, and is necessary for, their worldly preferment, lay themselves open to suspicion. But we are not obliged to consider all the High Church Clergy who fell in with the new state of things after the Revolution as dishonest, although we may feel that the Non-jurors are entitled to our respect for adhering to their principles, when the doing so deprived them of rank and influence, and in many cases even of the means of subsistence. But Burnet belonged exactly to none of these classes. He had changed his opinions, but he would not avow such change. He pretended that he had always been of the same opinion, that resistance was not allowable except in the extreme case of a *total subversion*, and in order to justify his conduct he had to make out a case which could fairly be called *a total subversion*. Now he expressly allows that he did not think the illegal proceedings in the case of the king's forcing a president of his own choice on Magdalen College amounted to a total subversion. It was therefore very difficult for him to make out any case, but if doubts could be thrown on the reality of the birth of a Prince of Wales the case was complete. Not only was the way paved for the Prince of Orange, whose wife was the heir presumptive, but he would have carried the nation with him in what must be considered an attempt utterly to overthrow their liberties by forcing a pretender of the Romish religion upon the throne. The argument would have been good in logic and triumphant in result, if only the facts could be made to bear the stress of it. And hence Burnet's unvarying consistency to the end of his life in his attempts to throw doubts upon the birth.

The account of the matter given in the 'History of His Own Times' can only be compared with that celebrated imaginary speech, made in defence of a client who had damaged a kettle which had been lent him by his neighbour; where the defence consisted of three parts:—First, the learned advocate would prove that the kettle had been returned whole and sound; secondly, that the kettle had the hole in it when it was hired; and, thirdly, he should be able to convince the jury that the kettle had never been borrowed at all.

The story as given by Burnet amounts to this, that the Queen never was with child at all; that, when her child was born, it was so unhealthy that it died immediately; thirdly, that the child was so healthy that it could not be James the Second's child. Burnet was not in the country when these monstrous lies were first propagated, but, many years afterwards, when there was no other object in view than the defence of the consistency of him who invented them, he stuck to his story of the supposititious child. Probably in 1713, when he published his new book of homilies, he was the only person in the country who, we will

not say believed, but who professed to believe in the story which he so industriously propagated about the time of the Revolution, and which, to his enduring disgrace, he detailed at length, and left to be published after his death in his 'History of His Own Times.'

The preface to this volume is probably more off the point than any preface that was ever written, but it is not the less interesting on that account. Burnet's love of gossiping and detailing the particulars of what he had been engaged in, never failed him to the last, and to this propensity of his we are indebted for this last polish given to his history of his own proceedings and share in the Revolution, and the motives that actuated him in taking part in it. Why this self-justification is prefixed to a volume of sermons does not appear; but there it stands, and bears witness for its author that, whatever changes of opinion he had gone through up to the close of the year 1688, for the quarter of a century which followed, the Bishop of Salisbury had consistently stuck to the principles which he avowed at the time of the Revolution, and was prepared to justify all that he and his Dutch patron had plotted together—the one against his sovereign, the other against his father-in-law. The probable accession of George I. which might now be looked for at any time, brought before the minds of people again the question of the lawfulness of the Revolution. It had so far prospered; but the accession of Queen Anne was, after all, not so great a departure from precedent as that of one who had so remote a title as George. At any rate, Burnet thought that, whilst many were endeavouring to undermine the principles of the Revolution, others were but feebly defending and justifying it, and that those who, like himself, had a full knowledge of the whole progress of it, and all the share in it that their capacity and station admitted, were now called upon to review that whole matter, with the share that they themselves had in it. Accordingly, he gives a concise history of the case of *total subversion* which seemed to him still, as it formerly did, to justify the Revolution. He tells us how the king, in April, 1687, set out a declaration suspending, which, as he says, virtually, was repealing, the famous test Act of 1673, just fourteen years old. This Act obliged all who were to be admitted to certain offices, enumerated, 'to receive the sacrament in a parish church, 'and to take the test renouncing transubstantiation in a public 'court.' At the time of the Declaration Dr. Burnet's opinion was, that things had not gone far enough to justify a rebellion; that is to say, they had not proceeded to such lengths as to make a rebellion safe; but in 1713 he tells us, 'This was an 'open and avowed subversion of our constitution; the essence of

'which is, that the legislature is in the king with the two Houses 'of Parliament, and the execution of the laws so made is in the 'crown.' However, for fear it should not seem to others so conclusive as it does to himself, he reminds us (in 1713) of many other breaches of law, such as the Ecclesiastical Commission, set up in the face of a law made expressly against it; the proceedings against Magdalen College, and an open treaty set on foot with Rome, the sending Popish bishops and priests about the country, and making a Jesuit a privy-councillor. All these were great invasions of law, but did not seem to amount to such an open subversion of our Constitution as the Declaration did. The Declaration clenched the matter. By that time information had reached the States which rendered delay no longer prudent. At this distance of time it seems difficult to distinguish between the illegality of these previous Acts and that of the Declaration which both emanated from the exercising of the king's arbitrary power in violation of law. If any distinction is to be drawn, it must be in favour of the Declaration, which infringed a law of fourteen years' growth only, while the other Acts were in flagrant violation of the rights of individuals, secured to them by ancient laws. Even when the Declaration was first repeated, the iron was not hot enough to strike; it was not till its second proclamation, in other words, till the expedition to England had been made ready, that the court's resolution to pursue it was proved, and the intention to strike at all, and to alter our whole constitution, was made manifest. We have, after this, a little dissertation on the origin of all government, which the bishop traces to the authority exercised by parents over their children, the exceptional case of which is the parent attempting to destroy his child; and hence is derived an *à fortiori* argument in favour of subjects who are only under a legal, and not a moral tie, being released from their obligation to obedience when a *total subversion* is intended. 'Upon these reasons,' says he, 'I thought it was lawful for the Prince of Orange to come 'over and protect and secure us, and to maintain our laws; he 'being earnestly called by men of all ranks and sorts, who saw 'our laws trod on, and our Constitution subverted, and looked 'on him as the only person that could save us.' Such is the justification of the Prince of Orange so far as he was personally concerned in the adventure; but it was necessary to invent an excuse for the army of the States which accompanied him on his errand of peace. The justification of this is very neatly put together, and the invasion is described as merely an act of self-defence. This is made out by alleging the unauthorised attempt of Castlemaine, the ambassador at Rome, to get the King of England to mediate a reconciliation between the

courts of Rome and Versailles, which reconciliation, should it be once brought about, the two kings would effectually serve the cause of the Church by the destruction of Holland. This the Pope told the emperor's ambassador. The emperor's ambassador wrote it to the emperor, and the emperor wrote it to the Prince of Orange. So the States saw that a war with France was inevitable, and France and England being believed to be in strict alliance, the States thought themselves free to begin the war where the enemy was weakest, by attacking England; that is to say, the Prince of Orange came with a peaceable intent, and his army came meditating warfare. And thus Burnet as usual fell into one of his hopeless contradictions. He never could give two reasons for anything without one of them contradicting the other.

Ever after the expedition had come to a successful termination, *viz.* the placing the Prince on the throne of England, and Burnet in the see of Salisbury, the latter had taken upon himself the office of representing the signal providences of God in granting them success. His court sermons are full of this topic, as well as of abject flattery to William and Mary; and even in this preface he breaks off from the thread of his argument to give in detail the account of the expedition as indicative of the favour of God accompanying it.

From the 19th to the 29th of October they encountered a violent storm, but, just as they thought they should be obliged to put into Falmouth, the wind shifted, and landed them at the most convenient landing place for a body of horse to be found in the whole island; and in three hours time, on the memorable 5th of November, 1688, as many as 7,000 horse were landed, and the next day they were on their march. Meanwhile, the west wind had played such havoc with the Earl of Dartmouth's fleet, that he was forced into Plymouth, and thus prevented from attacking them. And these signal turns of the wind made a great impression on all who observed them. Having given these particulars, not for the first, or second, or third time in his life, Burnet continues his justification of the whole proceeding by endeavouring to represent that the king had abdicated the government, and left the throne vacant. This position is established by showing that the prince had replied to the three lords whom the king had sent to Hungerford to ask him what his demands were, that he desired a free parliament, and that James, seeing that if a free parliament assembled, there would be no chance of establishing Popery, yielded to the suggestions of the priests and the jesuit at the head of them, and fled, throwing the great seal into the Thames as he crossed the river. Probably the intention of doing this,

was in order to prevent the seal being used by the prince. Burnet's explanation of it is, that this 'being the great instrument that sets all things a-going in this government, the 'throwing it away in such a manner seemed to show a resolution 'to govern no more by law, if he should return, but by the 'sword.' And this arrant nonsense Burnet was content to print after an interval of twenty-five years from the occurrence.

If any one should doubt whether Burnet believed this extraordinary absurdity that the king's throwing away the great seal was an indication that he did not intend hereafter to govern according to law, we will beg attention to the following passage from 'His Own Times.' The assertion of this opinion was made, be it remembered, within the year after the great seal was thrown away, and it was repeated in 1713, when the new book of homilies was printed. Fortunately we have stated in the diary what was really Burnet's opinion in the matter; and, unfortunately for his reputation for candour and fairness, he has himself given us the date at which it was written, the beginning of May 1705. It was at this part of the work that Dartmouth wrote, 'I wrote in the first volume of this book that I did not 'believe the Bishop designedly published anything he believed 'to be false; therefore think myself obliged to write in this, 'that I am fully satisfied that he published many things that he 'knew to be so.' The following passage shows that Burnet had no scruple in using an argument which he knew to be fallacious:—

'One accident happened this summer of a pretty extraordinary 'nature, that deserves to be remembered. A fisherman between 'Lambeth and Vauxhall was drawing a net pretty close to the 'channel, and a great weight was, not without some difficulty, 'drawn to the shore, which, when taken up, was found to be the 'great seal of England. King James had called for it from the 'Lord Jefferies the night before he went away, as intending to 'make secret use of it for pardons or grants. But it seems, when 'he went away, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it 'made it inconvenient to be carried off, or that it was to be 'hereafter of no more use to him, and, therefore, that it might 'not be made use of against him, he threw it into the Thames. 'The fisherman was well rewarded when he brought the great 'seal to the king, and by his order it was broke.'—(p. 17.)

He adds that this was as true a disregard and enforced desertion of the government, and an exposing the nation to all the mischief that he could throw it into. Well, one would think that if this conclusion were once proved the author had gained all he desired; but in the next page we find that the king had exposed the nation to all the mischief he could throw it into, and a little more, for it seems he ran away twice; and here was

desertion upon desertion, and now the nation was either to continue in an unsettled state, or to call him back and throw all up to him and be at his mercy, or they were to consider how to arrive at a settlement as near the constitution as was possible.

Possibly some of our readers may not be sufficiently well read in Macaulay to know the history of these two desertions, which, in the Bishop of Salisbury's opinion in 1713, seemed so to aggravate the king's offence, and to afford an additional pretext for the line of policy adopted. It may be as well to observe, therefore, that William's policy had been to let James escape, and for that purpose every facility for his doing so was afforded, and every means adopted to make James think his life was in danger, whilst there should not appear to others the smallest suspicion of any such danger. On Sunday, the 11th of December, he had made his first escape from London. Two days later, the vessel in which he was sailing was taken by some Kentish fishermen for the sake of plunder, who upon discovering that the king was on board, took him prisoner; and thus, to the great disgust of William, he was detained in the kingdom, as whilst James was still in the country all William's plans were frustrated, for no abdication could be pretended. The king was released and removed to Rochester. This first flight, Burnet tells us in his own time, ended the king's reign. The Prince of Orange did not think this was so in point of fact, however much he may have wished it; for he let him loose, hoping he would continue his flight. It was James's return to London that complicated matters. Still, William would not listen to proposals of placing restraint upon the king; for to this measure the princess would not have consented, and it might have rallied the loyalty of the nation in favour of James. After some negotiations it was contrived that the king should go again to Rochester, and from this place James did exactly what William most desired—made his escape out of the country.

To establish an *Abdication* it was quite necessary that this step should appear absolutely voluntary, and this was an extremely difficult point to establish. The Revolution, as a fact, was virtually complete. The justification of the steps taken, and the parties who took them, was not so easy a matter, and was entrusted to the greatest blunderer who ever advocated a political case. Here we must go back to a publication of Burnet's, which bears the date of December, 1689. It is called 'Reflections on a paper entitled, His Majesty's Reasons for 'withdrawing himself from Rochester—published by authority.' It must be remembered that we are not now expressing any opinion on the results of the Revolution, nor estimating the

character of the Prince of Orange. It is Burnet's share of the transaction that is our proper business; it is his justification of his own part in the proceedings that we are commenting on; and this desertion upon desertion, which is lightly tripped over both in the volume of which we are speaking and in the history of his own times, is more elaborately handled in these 'Reflec-'tions published by authority.' This was, perhaps, one of the most insolent papers Burnet ever wrote, but he was now in for it. He had previously penned an engagement by which the prince's followers were bound to stick by him. At that time matters were doubtful, and it was necessary to secure the prince's adherents by the fear of detection in case they should lose heart in the expedition. Now, James had done what they wanted, and it was important to show what justification could be made of each proceeding as it happened. His Majesty's reason for withdrawing himself from Rochester had been widely spread over the town. The reasons were simply and truly these two—'That the prince had sent his guards at 11 o'clock 'at night to take possession of the posts at Whitehall, without 'advertising him of it in the least.' And, 'that the prince 'had sent an order by three lords to be gone out of his own 'palace before 12 o'clock that morning.' It was very curious that Burnet, in his attempt to answer this paper, does nothing else but repeat the same statements in other wo ds, with additional particulars in explanation. We will quote his exact words:—

'The matter of fact is, that upon the king being appre-'hended when he was going out of the kingdom, and afterwards 'being brought to Rochester, whither his servants and escort 'were sent for by him to bring him up to London, the prince, 'who had upon that taken his measures to hasten up the town, 'and being fixed in his opinion that it was in every respect im-'proper for the king and him to be there at the same time in 'the present state of affairs, sent Monsieur Zulestein to meet 'him on the way, and to desire him to return to Rochester; but 'Monsieur Zulestein missing him by going another way than 'that by which he came, the king arrived at Whitehall, and at 'the same time sent a message by my Lord Feversham to the 'prince, inviting him to come to St. James's with what number 'of troops he should think fit to bring with him.

'The prince, upon this, deliberated with the lords then at 'Windsor, and having left them to debate the whole matter, it 'was agreed that it was in no kind advisable for the prince to 'accept the invitation; and, on the other side, there being a 'necessity that the prince should be in town next day, the lords 'thought that the shortness of time would admit no better

'expedient than that the king might be desired to remove to 'some place within a reasonable distance from London; upon 'which Ham, a house belonging to the Duchess of Lauderdale, 'was pitched upon. In order to this, a paper was drawn in 'these words and signed by the prince:—

'We desire you, the Lord Marquis of Halifax, the Earl of 'Shrewsbury, and the Lord Delamere, to tell the king that it 'is thought convenient for the great quiet of the city, and for 'the greater safety of his person, that he do remove to Ham, 'where he shall be attended by guards who will be ready to pre-'serve him from any disturbance,

'Given at Windsor, the 17th day of December, 1688.

'PRINCE DE ORANGE.'

'It was resolved that before the delivery the prince's guards 'should be possessed of all the posts at Whitehall, to prevent 'the possibility of a disturbance from guards belonging to seve-'ral masters, which, besides other ill consequences, might per-'haps have involved even the king's own person in the danger 'that might have arisen from any dispute. It was past ten be-'fore they all arrived, and it was past twelve of the clock before 'the lords could proceed on their message; in which, that they 'might preserve all possible decency and respect, and that they 'might not suddenly break in upon the king with a message 'of this kind, they sent to my Lord Middleton, his principal 'Secretary of State, the following letter:—

'MY LORD,

'There is a message to be delivered to His Majesty from the 'prince, which is of so great importance that we, who are 'charged with it, desire we may be immediately admitted, and 'therefore desire to know where we may find your lordship, 'that you may introduce,

'My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most humble servants,

'HALIFAX,

'SHREWSBURY,

'DELAMERE.'

'The Lord Middleton told the messengers he would be ready 'at the stairs of the guard chamber to carry the lords to the 'king. Upon this they went, and finding my Lord Middle-'ton at the place he had appointed, he brought them to the 'king, whom they found in bed. The prince's message was 'delivered to him, which he said he would comply with. Then 'the lords humbly desired that he would be pleased to be at 'Ham by noon; by this means to prevent the meeting the prince 'on his way to London. His Majesty agreed to it. When they

'were gone as far as the privy chamber, the king sent for them 'again, and told them, that he had forgot to acquaint them with 'his resolutions before the message came—to send my Lord 'Godolphin next morning to the prince to propose his going 'back to Rochester, he finding by the message that Monsieur 'Zulestein was charged with, that the prince had no mind he 'should be in London, and therefore he was desired that he 'might rather return to Rochester than go to any other place. 'The lords sent presently to the prince to inform him of all that 'had passed, and before eight o'clock in the morning had a let-'ter from Monsieur Benting, by the prince's order, agreeing 'with the king's proposal to go to Rochester.'

We think our readers will agree with us that Burnet, whether he wished to confirm the statements of the king or not, has entirely endorsed them. That, such as it is, is the account given by the doctor, and the reflections which naturally arise from the whole matter, occupy the last two pages of the sheet. They are first, that 'This message could not possibly be a surprise to the king.' Secondly, as to the complaint of the arrival of the guards, 'Let it be considered whether, 'since a thing of this kind was judged necessary to be done, 'it had not better grace even in respect to the king himself 'to do it upon short warning, rather than expose him more 'by treating and proposing formally that which his majesty 'was in no condition to deny. In all cases where the means 'of contesting fail, it is sure a respect to those who are under 'such a disadvantage, not to add to their mortification by 'drawing it out in length by the deceitful ceremony of treating 'when no power is left to dispute.' Probably this was the first and last time that ever a plea was made in defence of the considerateness evinced by the phlegmatic Prince of Orange, and perhaps there was but one person living so entirely obtuse to all feelings of delicacy as either to believe in it or profess to believe in it.

Lastly, for the unseasonableness of the hour:—

'Would those who make the objection have been content 'a thing of this nature should have been done in broad day-'light, and by sound of drum and trumpet? No doubt they 'would then have, with more reason, complained that a king in 'these unhappy circumstances should be exposed to such an ap-'pearance of triumph; the thing in the world the prince is the 'least inclined to, and in that respect hath upset the fairest con-'struction such a proceeding will admit. Whoever will compare 'the power of the prince with the use he maketh of it, must be 'sufficiently convinced of his moderation; and in this particular 'instance, allowing the necessity of the prince coming to town 'that very day, of which he was the best judge, and admitting

'the consequence, which cannot reasonably be denied, that the 'king's remaining there at that time might not only have given 'an interruption to the peace of the town, but to the respect 'that ought to be preserved to his person; it was not possible to 'execute what was thought so necessary with more decency and 'precaution than was observed; and impartial judges, who are 'not carried away by the sound of things against the reason of 'them, will no doubt give their opinion that the proceeding 'doth not deserve any part of the censure that hath been put 'upon it by those who did not know the truth of it.'

Everybody knows the story of Brennus contemptuously throwing the scabbard of his sword into the scale, with the exclamation *Væ victis;* but our author outstripped the Gaul in assurance, when he ventured deliberately to justify the very same proceeding in print.

Burnet, after being employed to do the paper-work of the Revolution, and having thus contributed to the result which the Prince of Orange had so much at heart, viz., the making James's flight look as much like an abdication as possible, next came out with 'An inquiry into the present state of affairs, 'and in particular, whether we owe allegiance to the king in 'these circumstances; and whether we are bound to treat with 'him, and call him back again or not.' This pamphlet also bears on its title 'Published by Authority,' *i.e.* of course, the authority of the Prince. It commences with the old story of the father's right over his children, and the exceptional case of his attempting to kill them, which releases them from their obligation. And as a parallel to this case, we have the following:—

'A king's deserting his people and withdrawing both his 'person and his seals, by which the peace, justice, and order of 'the nation are preserved, does certainly warrant them to look 'to their own safety and preservation; and when they are 'obliged to do this by ways and methods that are inconsistent 'with his authority, and that are so many crimes, if they 'stood still under any engagements to him, then they must 'be considered as acquitted from all their ties to him. It is the 'great seal which is the dead spring of our government, as the 'king's presence, or the presence of any that are deputed by 'him, gives life to it; when then this disappears, and the king 'withdraws himself without naming any person to represent 'him, the government is certainly laid down and forsaken by 'him. Indeed, if any eminent present danger or just fears '(though a king can never be decently suspected of that), had 'driven the king away, it might seem a little too hard to urge 'this too much. But when a treaty was set on foot,' &c., &c. (and here the proposals of the prince are given in detail),

'all this being laid together, it is plain that the king had no 'just visible cause of fear upon him; and that, therefore, the 'withdrawing himself was the forsaking of his people, which 'put them on the necessity of looking to their own safety in 'the best manner they could.'

And now it is worth observing that we hear for the first time of the opinion that no half measures were possible, as things had gone too far for the prince to recede. We have the alternative proposed in logic which was worthy of a better cause, and which we may add is very rarely found in this author. The argument was in reality simply this: Our allegiance is gone, we had better therefore make the prince king. This was what both the prince and Burnet had all along meant; but the proposal of a free parliament was used as a blind, till they had driven the king away—and now provision had to be made for the crown as best it might without discussing the awkward pretensions of the pretended prince; for by this epithet Burnet invariably, both at this time and in 1713, speaks of the young Prince of Wales. Now it is that we have the logical alternative proposed, that either our allegiance is entirely dissolved or it subsists still in its full vigour and force. If the latter is the case, then the king ought to be recalled, and the invaders must implore his pardon for the past; but there was yet another branch of this side of the alternative. The allegiance perhaps remained, but was under suspension. This, of course, would not suit the ambitious views of the Prince of Orange. So Burnet provides for this by arguing that 'it will look like condemning our own actions to 'allow' James 'the honour, and to take from him the power of 'a king; so that if the oath may be slackened in one point, I do 'not see why it must of necessity bind us in another. In a word, 'we do either too little or too much if we allow him to be king, 'and do not likewise vest him with the whole extent of the Royal 'Authority!'

The reverend author of the pamphlet knew full well that if this were the dilemma, there could be no doubt which choice people would make; yet he strengthens his case against making any terms with the king, by throwing into the argument the old assertion that 'Promises and oaths are insignifi- 'cant, when Popery is in the other scale.' And now by way of conciliating the Nonconformists, we have it insisted upon that—when offers of conciliation are made in general terms, when once the point is gained, the offers are forgotten. As an instance in point, the author quotes the following:—'To make 'way for the king's restoration, nothing was so much talked of 'as the terms on which he should be restored; but the point 'was no sooner gained than the terms were not only forgot, but

'all things were carried higher than before.' And so he continues, 'if a treaty were once opened, and the king were to 'be brought back again, on what terms soever it might be, 'we should probably see the whole design of Popery and 'arbitrary government return upon us with more fury than 'ever; and we should find ourselves in no possibility of resist-'ing it, or being redeemed from it; for this deliverance was no 'such easy performance as to make us think that such another 'could easily be compassed, or that God will work new miracles 'for our preservation, after we have thrown ourselves back into 'that miserable condition out of which he has rescued us.'

It was a favourite topic with Burnet, that the Almighty had visibly interposed for the preservation of the fleet of the Prince of Orange—and the protection of his enterprise. This is one of the principal topics urged in the preface to the volume of sermons which we have so often referred to. The account which he gives of the expedition and the representation of the entire success, which shewed the interposition of Providence in its favour, forcibly reminds us of certain American Thanksgiving Days, where, if grateful thanks had been returned to God for certain humiliations in the place of what were called victories, the setting apart the day, would have been more intelligible to the European mind. Successful as the expedition undoubtedly was in the event, it commenced under what most people would have thought very disastrous auspices. It first encountered a violent storm of three days, which drove it back into port, though without the loss of a single vessel, and rendered a delay of ten days necessary. They were afterwards beaten off from the Humber, where it was intended they should land, and were very nearly driven into Falmouth, when a sudden change of wind carried them into Torbay—and here their successes may be said to have commenced. 'Those signal 'turns of the wind in the critical minutes as we wanted them, 'made a great impression on all who observed them, and though 'happy providences alone are not to be looked on as certain 'evidences of God's favour, yet when one is assured the cause is 'just and good, he may well look on them as the special blessings 'of heaven. I thought it not unfit to set this out so particularly, 'because on many other occasions, I have reflected on it in 'general words; and now the reader may see what ground there 'was for such reflections.' What Burnet meant to insinuate was that there had been an evident interference with the laws of nature on behalf of the Prince of Orange, and that if the people did not make him king at once, and exclude James and his son, there would be no reason to expect any other such deliverer, or at least any other such providential interferencein his behalf.

Then the oath of allegiance was a terrible difficulty to get over, and to this Burnet next addressed himself.

'If it be insisted on that the oaths of supremacy and allegi-'ance are conceived in such terms, that there is no breaking 'through them, and that we have sworn that we shall never 'take arms against the king, that we have renounced the posi-'tion as traitorous of making a distinction between the king's 'person and his power; in short, that we are under the most 'express ties that can be put in words, never to rebel against 'the king, nor to shake off his authority. To all this it is to be 'answered,' that we are already in for it, and that you may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. These are not Burnet's words, but the substance of them. They run as follows: 'To 'all this it may be answered, that the end and design of those 'oaths was to secure us against the dangers of Popery; and 'though all these oaths are still to the king, yet that is to a 'prince who rules by law; and, therefore, if the king cease to 'be king, by subverting our constitution first, and deserting us 'next, then all our oaths fall to the ground; as the matrimonial 'oath, though made for term of life, yet is capable of being 'dissolved, when that which is the essence of the bond is broke. 'And if the king cease to be king, *then the next heir becomes 'the only lawful and rightful king;* and if the next is a *femme 'covert*, then by the law of nations, which creates a communica-'tion of all the rights of the wife to the husband, this is like-'wise communicated, so that here we may have still a lawful 'and rightful king. And after all, it is plain, that if any diminu-'tion of the royal authority be imposed on the king, as the 'condition upon which only he can be admitted, this imposition 'is as real a breach of the oath, as a total shaking him off. 'This makes a vast difference between the king's person and 'power, though that is a point expressly renounced in the oaths 'that we swear—so that it is plain, after all, that if the oath of 'allegiance bind us still, it binds us to a great deal more than 'those that are for treating, seem willing to allow.'

It was still convenient to adhere to the fiction that the birth of the pretended prince was to be inquired into. Indeed, the whole argument of the last passage falls to the ground, unless it could be distinctly proved that the child was supposititious. It never was intended there should be any real inquiry; but William's claim could not be made good without first disposing of this awkward claimant to the throne. The argument took for granted that there was no heir male to the crown; and, consequently, it was necessary at the present moment to make a parade of this investigation, and Burnet laboured next to show that this inquiry could not properly go on, if thoughts

were entertained of treating with the king. The proofs of the birth to which the king had condescended were irrefragable. Or, as Burnet puts the matter—'The king hath gone so far in 'what he has averred, with relation to that matter, that it is 'impossible to judge it an imposture, without giving him a large 'share in it; and no man can think that it is possible to main- 'tain the common decencies of respect to the king, if any steps 'are made in that matter, for even an inquiry into it is the 'calling his honour into question, in so sensible a point, that no 'man that can make a discovery is safe to make it, nor are any 'safe who pretend to examine it, as long as there are any 'thoughts of treating with him; which will never be believed 'to be quite laid down as long as the title of king is acknow- 'ledged to be still in him. Men that condemn the errors in 'government committed by him, may flatter themselves with the 'possibility of his pardoning them; but there is no mercy when 'the matter is personal on which his honour is immediately 'concerned, and where a judgment against the child casts so 'black and so indelible a stain on himself.'

The argument of the rest of the pamphlet may be summed up in the few words—'It is better not to stick at truths, or to 'attempt to varnish over matters now that the having got rid of 'the king gives it to us to have everything our own way. It is 'more suitable, now that deception is no longer necessary, to act 'frankly and above-board. The obvious method of proceeding, 'is to declare that the nation is a Protestant kingdom, incom- 'patible with Popery or a Popish king, to put out generally the 'course of the king's government, as it has been shewn in 'notorious public transactions, and most especially that he has 'quitted the realm in a storm, and abandoned those who would 'have sacrificed everything for him; for as to that return to 'Whitehall, when he was really driven away by the prince '(which, in 1713, is called the desertion upon desertion, and is 'urged as an additional reason for having declared the throne 'vacant), as that cannot so conveniently be spoken of as a 'voluntary abdication, we must lay stress on his first quitting 'London, and attempting to leave the country in the fishing- 'boat which was captured off Feversham. And upon all these 'considerations, it is not to be imagined that the clergy, and 'much less the laity, will care for the strict interpretation of 'the words of an oath, when the fears for the return of Popery 'into this kingdom are weighed against it.'

This was the last and crowning effort of Burnet's pen, which was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. He had certainly earned all that William could give him. That he was not placed in Sancroft's place, was probably owing to the sagacity

of the Dutch adventurer, too who knew Burnet well, to trust him in a place of such importance; and when it was finally settled that a new Archbishop must be created, his latitudinarian friend Tillotson was appointed, because he would go as far as Burnet in all the projects for schemes of comprehension, and would abstain from proclaiming to the world what the intentions of the government were.

So far, we have traced Burnet to the Easter of 1689, on which day, March 31, he was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury by the Bishops of London, S. Asaph, Winchester, and Llandaff. Whilst the see of Canterbury was in abeyance, four bishops, according to the practice, if not the rule of the Church of England, were engaged in the consecration. Compton was at that time Bishop of London, and Burnet's friend, Lloyd, was at S. Asaph, but had taken the oaths, and was naturally fixed on for one of his consecrators. Horneck, a latitudinarian divine, probably agreeing exactly in Burnet's views, preached his consecration sermon.

And now Burnet's work was to persuade the clergy of his diocese, and the people of the country at large, to fall in with the new government. Accordingly, his first publication, after his elevation to the episcopate, was his Pastoral Letter which was licensed May 16, 1689.

It is a skilful appeal to them, not to scan too jealously their motives in a case where duty and interest coincided, but to 'consider well the grounds upon which they go, before they 'venture on the setting themselves against a work, which, in the 'whole progress of it has had many signal characters of a favour-'able providence conducting it; and that gives us the fairest 'beginning of the most desirable things that we can hope or wish 'for on earth.' It then proceeds to hold up *in terrorem* the dreadful apprehensions of (1) Popish tyranny; (2) an Irish conquest and massacre; (3) French barbarity and cruelty. 'If our Saviour,' he says 'has denounced a terrible woe against 'those who lay a stumbling block before one of his little ones, 'under how much greater damnation do they fall, who lay such 'a stumbling block, as the refusing the oaths will be before a 'whole nation, and a nation in whose strength and union the 'security, both of religion and liberty consists.'

The first argument put forth to catch the country clergy was, 'that we have a throne filled, and a king and queen in posses-'sion. There is no dispute in this, that they are actually in 'possession of the throne, that they protect us, and that we, 'by living under their protection, and enjoying the benefit 'of it, are therefore bound to make some returns to them for it.' From this, the writer rises to a higher strain, and argues that

'a man may lawfully promise to do everything which he may 'lawfully do; so that if it be lawful to obey the king, it is also 'lawful to promise to do it. And, therefore, since it does not 'appear that any persons do doubt of the lawfulness of obeying, 'it cannot, with any colour of reason, be said to be unlawful to 'promise it. If it is lawful to promise it, it is also lawful to 'swear it, for an oath being only the sacred confirmation of a 'promise, we may lawfully swear everything that we may law- 'fully promise.' After follows the scriptural argument for submission to the powers that be, in the midst of which the author has the effrontery to insert the following, as applicable to the circumstances of the year 1689, though of course they have no possible sphere of application, in 1688, whilst James was in possession:—

'We also see from all that remains of Tiberius' reign in 'Tacitus that the design which he constantly pursued was to 'overthrow all that was left of their freedom, and to rob the 'people of such of their liberties as yet remained in their hands.' (And this, be it remembered, exactly represents Burnet's own description of James's case, when he argued for the rights of subjects against their sovereign:) 'so that it was a constant progress 'of usurpation and tyranny, and this was yet more barefaced and 'blacker under Caligula, yet when St. Paul writ to the Christians 'of Rome he is express in this, that they should not trouble 'themselves, with inquiries into titles, but should take things as 'they found them, and consider the state of the empire under 'which they lived as such an effect of the Providence of God, that 'they ought to be subject to it and not resist it; so that unless we 'will think that the Holy Ghost approved of the blackest and 'cruellest usurpation that ever was, we must conclude that it is 'the will of God that all private persons ought to be subject to 'that authority which is in possession, and that prevails in the 'places and times in which we live.' It might be thought a deliberate attempt to impose upon the simplicity of the clergy, for whom, generally, Burnet entertained a great contempt, if this had been of the nature of a private communication to them; but, instead of that, it was printed and circulated through the country, with a simplicity worthy of Mr. Skimpôle himself, or else the writer was so blinded and prejudiced that he could not see how completely he was writing his own condemnation. He seldom looked beyond the exigency of the moment, and, probably, it never once occurred to him that the argument for submission to the powers that be, though it might safely be urged now that William and Mary were in quiet possession, admitted of being thrown up against himself in evidence of his own gross inconsistency.

After advancing all the scriptural evidence both in precept and example for the duty of submitting to the powers that be, the author proceeds to 'advance the state of the question, 'beyond that of a bare possession, into that of a title declared 'by those who only can be supposed to be the proper judges of 'it;' and here he very skilfully argues that, though in speculative opinions a man is not bound to change his opinion because he belongs to a court which has ruled anything counter to his opinion, yet in matter of fact, 'if a man belong to any body 'that makes any decision relating to them, he must agree to it— 'acquiesce in it—though he thinks it wrong. Now, with relation 'to the subject now under consideration, there are two questions: 'the first is a point of speculation how far subjects are bound to 'obey or submit to the supreme power, and as to this there is 'no debate at present. The second relates to the history and 'policy of England, whether the king derives his power from 'God, or if he hold it by an original contract with his people, so 'that upon breaking it they likewise may be acquitted from all 'obligations to him.' On this question, 'whatsoever decision was 'made by those who are the only competent judges, it must 'oblige all persons, not excepting even those who, being of that 'body, opposed it while it was a-making; and, therefore, all 'Englishmen are bound to act according to that judgment and, 'by consequence, to swear that they will do it.'

The Bishop of Salisbury is a little obscure here, but the reason of the obscurity is simply this, that whereas in the first argument of the pamphlet, the abstract word, king, was, as we observed, meant to apply only to William; the same word in the second argument means James.

And now we have got thus far, that William and Mary ought to be obeyed because they are in possession; and submission to the powers that be is the law of Christianity. And certain competent persons have determined that King James did not hold his power from God, but by an original contract with his people, so that all those who did not think so are bound by the opinion of the majority, because it is a question of fact, and, therefore, all people are bound (to acquiesce in the judgment. Not at all; but) to withdraw from their allegiance to James, and take the oath to William and Mary. But this is not all: the writer proceeds to carry his argument still further, and justify the present settlement as a thing right and lawful in itself. And here we have a piece of chicanery that goes beyond even Burnet's ordinary audacity.

'The king, when he was Prince of Orange, had a just cause of 'war when he first undertook this business, for even at common 'law an heir, in remainder, has just cause to sue him that is in

'possession if he makes waste on the inheritance which is his in 'reversion. It is much more reasonable that the heir of a crown 'should interpose when he sees him that is in possession hurried 'on blindfold to subject an independent kingdom to a foreign 'jurisdiction.' To establish this argument, William must, of course, be the heir-presumptive; so, to provide for this, the writer goes on to say, 'And when a pretended heir was set up, 'in such a manner that the whole kingdom believed him spurious, 'in such a case, it cannot be denied, even according to the 'highest principles of passive obedience, that another sovereign 'might make war on a king so abusing his power. So, then, 'here was a war begun upon just and lawful grounds, and a 'war being so begun, it is the uncontroverted opinion of all 'lawyers, *That the success of a just war gives a lawful title to 'that which is acquired in the progress of it.*' Speaking of James's desertion he continues: 'if he was forced to it, then 'here was a conquest—and if it was voluntary, then it was a 'wilful desertion; the great seal's being cast into the Thames 'is an unaccountable part of it, and seems to imply this, at 'least, that either he did not think of returning again, or that, 'if he should return, he would no more govern by the show 'of law, of which the great seal seems always to carry some 'prints.' And, supposing a regency had been proclaimed, there was no legal security in it to conduct the government. 'And 'in all extremities relating to the government that is always 'best which is safest, and every resolution which is necessary to 'the peace and happiness of the nation is, upon that very 'account, just and good because it is necessary.'

In the last argument it will be observed it is necessary for its conclusiveness to assume that William was the rightful heir, and the commonly believed spuriousness of the child (of the investigation into whose birth, by the way, we now hear not a word) is made to do duty in that relation. But unfortunately there were pig-headed people who seemed, after all, to be likely to be scrupulous about the oaths and engagements by which they were bound to King James and his heirs. As far as James himself was concerned, 'Allegiance was a tie to a prince in 'consideration of the protection which he gives, and when he can 'no more protect those who owed him allegiance, they can be no 'longer bound to him, but must give their allegiance to him that 'protects them.' And as to that trifling matter about allegiance to his heirs '*the tie arising from the word* HEIR *can signify nothing till the inheritance be opened by death.*'

This pastoral letter passed unnoticed for some time. We have never heard that it made a single convert. The patent fallacies of the whole argument could have deceived neither the

writer nor his readers—but three years afterwards it was publicly burned by order of Parliament, because it had in one passage rested the prince's claims on the right of conquest.

The Pastoral Letter was not the first piece of dirty work done by the chaplain of the Prince of Orange, after he had assumed the title of king. We have described its contents in this order, because, being of a directly controversial nature, it seemed more natural to consider it in connexion with the pamphlets which immediately preceded it.

We proceed now to throw some light upon the bishop's character, by reference to his published sermons, preached after the landing of the Dutch Expedition—two of which have an earlier date than the Pastoral letter.

The first of these was preached before his highness the Prince of Orange, Dec. 23, 1688, on the text, '*It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*' It was the very day after James had sent out his declaration of his reasons for withdrawing from Rochester. The sermon contains much about the 'amazing concurrence of providences which have conspired to 'hatch and bring forth and perfect this extraordinary Revolution, 'a work about which providence has watched in so peculiar 'a manner, that a mind must be far gone in Atheism that can 'resist so full a conviction as this offers us in favour of that 'truth.' It enlarges much upon the 'transaction now before us,' being 'God's doing,' and speaks of the late king as the persecutor of religion, and the ravisher of liberty, and the scourge of the age; who, 'after his having been so long a plague 'to all his neighbours, may probably be brought to feel a little 'of those miseries which he has laid on others.' After writing on the evils of Popery, and skilfully exaggerating the amount of agreement in the country in favour of the Prince of Orange, the preacher proceeds to utter his panegyric on his principal hearer, who seemed to him 'born to be the greatest blessing of 'the age. . . . His first appearance in the world carried with it a 'deliverance to those happy provinces, for happy they were 'from the time that they came under his protection. We, that 'saw their peace and plenty, and the order and justice that 'reigned among them, and the sense that they have of that 'conduct that procures it, saw an earnest of those blessings 'that seem to lie before us. And indeed the passion that they 'all expressed at his leaving them, was to us the truest indication 'of the joy and confidence with which we ought to receive him 'here, and of the hopes that we may promise ourselves under so 'glorious a protection.' And now comes the most delicate part of the sermon—*viz.* to insinuate, without implying in direct words, that no regency would do, but that the blessed deliverer must instantly be invested with kingly power.

'If this work of God does possess us with that veneration 'which is due to it, we ought not to stop the course of it, *till it* 'has had its full effects, nor to daub matters by slight and 'palliating remedies. We see now before us the most glorious 'beginning of a noble change of the whole face of affairs, both 'with relation to religion and the peace of Europe that we could 'have wished for. It is so far beyond our hopes that we durst 'scarce let our wishes go so far; we may, if we are not wanting 'to ourselves and to the conjunction before us, hope to see that 'which may be according to the prophetic style, termed *a new* 'heaven and a new earth.' He then goes on with a tirade against the licentiousness that followed the Restoration, and the spirit of Atheism which was encouraged by those who 'hoped that it 'would make way for a religion which in some respects is worse 'than no religion at all.' Upon the whole matter, then, under God, '*let us pay all the returns possible* of respect and gratitude to that blessed instrument on whom he has laid so much glory.'

Burnet had done his part on the 23rd. On the 30th his friend, Lloyd, at that time bishop of S. Asaph, publicly signified his adhesion to the cause by preaching before the Prince—Burnet taking the service, and Compton, bishop of London, celebrating and administering to the Prince; which open professing his membership of the Church of England, we are told, won him the hearts of many people.

Thursday, the 31st of January, 1689, was appointed as the day of thanksgiving for the deliverance of the kingdom from Popery and arbitrary power by his highness the Prince of Orange's means, and Gilbert Burnet, D.D. chaplain to his highness, was appointed preacher for the occasion. And on this occasion we have a commentary upon the passage in the Psalm, 'Happy is the people that is in such a case.'

In the sermon, too, the preacher dilates on 'the prodigies and miracles that have attended our deliverance'—the bondage of Popery, the necessity for union in counsels—and then proceeds, 'for now those who are the truest patriots and the best friends 'to their religion and their country must reckon to be the most 'acceptable to the glorious instrument of our deliverance, who 'carries in his heart the words that he ordered to be put on his 'standard, *The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England,* 'and who will be the forwardest in every proposition that may 'secure and establish both.' A hint is then given that there ought to be 'a perpetual and entire conjunction with those Pro-'vinces that have in so noble and, indeed, unparalleled a manner 'supported and assisted our great deliverer in so vast an under-'taking.' And the practical conclusion of the whole is to endeavour 'to secure us for ever from ever falling under the just

'apprehensions of the return of Idolatry any more amongst us, 'and the making the best provision possible against those dangers 'that lay upon us so lately.' 'And in the last place you ought 'to put such marks of acknowledgment for the great deliverance, 'both with relation to that God who has wrought it and to the 'Happy Instrument by whom He has wrought it, that there may 'be a frequent return of the full discharges of our gratitude. 'Now our fifth of November is to be enriched by a second 'service, since God has ennobled it so far as to be the beginning 'of that which we may justly hope shall be our complete 'deliverance from all plots and conspiracies, and that the second 'blessing which has fallen on that day shall darken, if not quite 'wear out, the former. Let us sing a new song to God, who has 'hitherto delivered one that we hope shall be to us a David 'from the hurtful sword. Let us meditate a little on this 'great salvation that He has wrought for us, and let us carry it 'on to those glorious ends of settling our religion and delivering 'our nation not only from all oppression and injustice at present, 'but from the danger of falling under it for the future.' The flourish of trumpets with which the sermon concludes is as follows: 'And then let us celebrate with the highest acknow-'ledgments and the justest and gratefullest returns possible, 'Him through whose means we enjoy our quiet, and you the 'liberty of this free and august assembly. Neither the vastness 'nor the dangers of the undertaking could shake a mind that is 'above fear, and yet beyond the restless ambition that pushes on 'an unquiet spirit. He has saved the nation, but leaves it 'the entire liberty of securing itself, and you know best how 'this is to be performed, that there be no *breaking in nor going* '*out, nor complaining in our streets; for happy is the people that* '*is in such a case, yea and happy is the people whose God is the* '*Lord.*'

Seth Ward, bishop of Salisbury, had died about three weeks before; and this was the crowning effort, so far as preaching and printing are concerned, which won from the phlegmatic Dutchman the hard-earned succession to that bishopric. On Ash Wednesday, February 3d, William and Mary were solemnly declared king and queen. On some day subsequently, if an adversary's report is to be believed, Gilbert Burnet was seen on his knees supplicating for the vacant see. However that may be, he was consecrated on the 31st, and preached the coronation sermon on the 11th of April, in the Abbey Church of Westminster. In this sermon we have an instance of Bishop Burnet's highest style of oratory. Few Churchmen of the age could have produced such a sermon, and the advice to the 'Great Sovereigns' who occupied the throne was worthy of being preached

on any such occasion. It is only tarnished by the defect of title, which it was of course necessary for the preacher to slur over when he, in his concluding words, invited 'not only the auditory, but the whole nation,' to join with united voice and inflamed hearts in saying, 'God save King William and Queen Mary.'

On the 5th of November in this year, the bishop again appeared in public, preaching the thanksgiving sermon for the second anniversary of that auspicious deliverance. And here, of course, it was impossible for our bishop to avoid his accustomed tirade against Popery, and his congratulations to the nation on its double blessing. God 'has given us a plain and simple reli-'gion; he has delivered us from all bondage both in our spiritual 'and our temporal concerns, and he has sent us mighty deliverers, 'Aarons in the Church, and Moses and Miriam in the State, an 'Elizabeth and a MARY, as well as an Edward, a Charles, and a 'WILLIAM.' In contrasting the two events of the day, the 'bishop tells the House of Lords that, 'without degenerating 'from the blessing of such a wonderful preservation, it may be 'affirmed that as the danger which we lately run was greater, 'so, by consequence, the deliverance which had its beginning this 'day, is not only the greater blessing, and so the more sensible 'to us, but is likewise the more important of the two. The 'Gunpowder treason was a general thing, but the late conspiracy 'was national. The former was levelled at the person of the 'king, and some of the branches of the royal family, but the 'latter was against the crown itself, by which one half of 'that authority which belongs to it was to have been sur-'rendered up to Rome, and the other half must have become 'tributary to France. Our religion must, indeed, have suffered 'highly by the one—but it was to have been quite extirpated by 'the other. A great many had perished in a quick and sudden fire 'by the one; whereas, the end of the other would have been, 'that we must all have languished in such slow fires as inquisi-'tors might have made for us, or under the studied cruelties of 'dragoons; according to the French pattern, if we would not 'have consigned ourselves over to everlasting burnings by re-'nouncing our religion. Our laws and liberties might have 'suffered in the one, though Spain, at that time, was not in a 'condition to have made so great a conquest; but all must have 'gone now, when they had so vast a power so near them as 'France is, to have supported and completed that destruction of 'our liberties which was so barefacedly begun, and that had already 'made so great a progress among us.' It is not probable that the author was acquainted with the Rhetoric of Aristotle, but he might have learned the grace of amplification from Quintilian, whose works he perhaps had read. Unquestionably he was a great

proficient in this study, and probably, the prolonged vacancy at Canterbury may have quickened his powers and sharpened his wits. There was no occasion to enlarge on the particular characters of the hand of God in our deliverance. These were too visible, not to have been observed by all men, and they are yet too fresh in our memories to be forgotten by any; neither did he venture before the lords to mention the mighty deliverers in the Church, lest the question should involuntarily suggest itself to every one of his audience, as to who were the ecclesiastical authorities alluded to. Stillingfleet and Patrick had just been consecrated to the sees of Worcester and Chichester, which had been opportunely left vacant by the deaths of two bishops, both of whom were amongst the stoutest of the non-jurors. Two other consecrations had taken place since the coronation, but the bishops of Bangor and of Bath and Wells, were too insignificant to be classed by Burnet, in the category of which Aaron was the type. And the lords would have been driven, by a process of exhaustion, to recognise the preacher himself, as at the head of the ecclesiastical party who had concurred in the changes completed but a few months before the sermon was delivered. It concludes the practical advice which arises upon the occasion, in the following words: 'And let us in a more particular manner 'rejoice in the goodness of God, who now gives us the hope of 'happy days under the man whom he has made so strong for 'Himself, whom he made first the instrument of saving the best 'church and people upon earth after our own, and who now 'again has been put on to preserve and rescue us, as if he were 'born to be the deliverer and darling of mankind.' Let us study to be peaceable and obedient to them, *i.e.* the king and queen, 'and then we need not fear.' 'For if we are at peace 'with God, and united at home, we may assure ourselves that 'the course of blessings which has hitherto followed him, whom 'God in his providence has set over us, shall not be interrupted; 'but by a glorious progress of triumphs it shall be carried on 'till both the Balak, that is now set on our destruction, shall fall 'before him, and the Balaams that divine for her, and that 'prophecy falsely be put to confusion; which God, of His 'great mercy, grant for the glory of His great name, through 'Jesus Christ. Amen.'

Two more sermons did this prolific divine preach and prepare for the press this year. The latter of the two was not printed till 1690, but was delivered at Whitehall, before the king and queen, on Christmas-day, 1689.

A reader unacquinted with the political movements and the attempted ecclesiastical changes of the day, would be surprised at reading the bishop's sermons in the order in which they

issued in quick succession from the press. It is not that the sermons at the close of the year 1689 and beginning of 1690 are wanting in felicitations on the late deliverance, or in panegyrics on William and Mary, but there is a remarkable urgency on the point of unity of Protestants, and explanation of mysteries in the way of reason, that perhaps might set a reader not acquainted with history upon the inquiry for its causes. He would not have far to seek. This was all the fruit of the commission of 1689 to review the Liturgy, with the view of comprehending various bodies of Protestant dissenters. In this scheme Burnet, Stillingfleet, and Tillotson, then Dean of St. Paul's, were the most conspicuous figures; and there can be little doubt that they would have succeeded in destroying the character of the Church of England if it had not been for the strenuous opposition of the lower house of Convocation, and the uncompromising bearing of Dr. William Jane, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, who plainly showed that he was determined to consent to no change whatever, and ended his Latin speech when presented as prolocutor to the Bishop of London, with the famous words, '*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*' Some account of this business was given by the Bishop of Salisbury in his triennial Visitation Charge of 1704. He then says that 'a previous resolution was taken to admit of no alterations,' and perhaps some such view may appear in the 'Concio ad Synodum,' which was preached by Beveridge, at that time Archdeacon of Colchester.

Views of this kind begin to appear in the Fast Sermon on the first Wednesday in June, 1689, for imploring a blessing on the war then begun with France. The writer dwells especially on the signal blessings that had attended first the United Provinces and then the country, the subsequent preservation of which depended upon their previous deliverance, and argues that in natural things, as distinguished from the visitation of individuals, God commonly 'does interpose signally in defence of the good side.' He insists upon the truth that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand; that we, in common with most of the Protestant Churches, had drunk deep of the cup of God's wrath. 'Consider now,' he continues, 'what blessings seem to be before 'us, and even in our hands. The securing the true reformed 'religion to us and to our posterities after us. The uniting us 'at home by making all reasonable concessions in order to peace 'amongst ourselves, yea, and unreasonable ones too, so they be 'not unlawful, if they can but procure us that invaluable 'blessing. Thus this Church, being united within itself, may 'soon get authority enough to unite all the Protestant Churches 'abroad, if not in an unity of doctrine and worship, yet at least 'in an unity of concord and brotherly love.'

This view of comprehension furnishes the account of the sermon preached on 'Peace and Unity' at S. Lawrence Jewry on Tuesday, November 26, 1689. The sermon contains a remarkable complaint that for a hundred years the Reformation had gained no ground. This is attributed to the divisions among Protestants, who quarrel among themselves about some uncertain and inconsiderable things, instead of carrying on a common cause, with an united strength. 'Those in Germany 'being broken, about the manner of the Presence in the Sacra-'ment, though all agree that neither the one nor the other 'opinion has any relation either to the worship of God, or to any 'practical duty; those in Holland have quarrelled about the 'decrees and counsels of God, though both sides acknowledge 'that it is a mystery past finding out. And we here in England 'have had a long and fierce contest about things which we all 'confess are indifferent in their own nature. This animosity 'works still so high among us that many take fire upon the 'smallest steps that can be made towards healing so great a 'breach, and fill all places with tragical outcries as if the Church 'of England were to be pulled down; while the chief promoters 'of these reports know well how false they are, and that, instead 'of offering at anything that can in any sort weaken our Church, 'everything which has been endeavoured must prove its strength 'as well as its glory if we are so happy as to weigh all in even 'balances. The things that are proposed are of themselves 'desirable, though there should not be one dissenter gained by 'them, and are such as will tend to the making all the parts of 'our offices both more unexceptionable and more edifying. But 'distempers are far gone when the patient rages at the first 'mention of a medicine. We have lost many happy opportunities 'since the first beginning of the Reformation among us for the 'healing our breaches. One is sorry to remember them, and 'wishes that such fatal errors could be covered from the know-'ledge of all succeeding ages for the sake of the Church, and of 'those who have governed it.' Further on he observes: 'And 'now here is a dawning to a happiness and a deliverance begun 'that carries with it all that is desirable to us. Whether that 'is a beginning of that great restitution of all things which is 'supposed to be held forth in prophecy, and to be near its 'accomplishment, is that which I will not undertake to affirm; 'but this is certain that, since the first beginnings of the Re-'formation, the face of the times never looked so bright towards 'that blessed work as it does at present. There was never such 'a happy conjunction of interests among those who professed it 'as there is at present; nor were ever these kingdoms and the 'United Provinces in such a close conjunction as at this day.

'. . . If the repeated interpositions of him to whom, under 'God, we owe our present quiet and our late deliverance, cannot 'inspire us with softer thoughts; if, I say, we continue firm to 'these ill-tempered resolutions, what must the conclusion of all 'this be but the ruin of religion and the loss of liberty. . . . 'Upon our behaviour at present depends all the prospect that, 'humanly speaking, we can possibly have of our religion's not 'being wholly extirpated, at least in all these parts of the world.' The remainder of the sermon contains a dismal foreboding of what would happen to the Church and nation if the latitudinarian scheme should fail. Truly Bishop Burnet was no prophet. If he could return on earth and see how strong the party of adherents to the Prayer Book is, he would probably want words to express his astonishment. At that time the Church party were represented by a few non-jurors deprived of influence and power. The party now numbers all the theologians, the greater portion of the earnest minded, whether of clergy or laity, and nearly all the intellectual clergy of the day. Numerically, they do not equal the evangelical party, and are perhaps not much more numerous than the party of latitude; but in moral weight they surpass them both in such degree that it seems tolerably certain in the coming conflict no new alterations will be effected, with the Church's sanction, in the liturgy and offices in the sense in which Burnet and his friends desired.

Let it be remembered that we are not attempting anything like a history of the Revolution, or even of the part which Burnet bore in it. This may be gathered both from general histories and from his own popular works. What we have undertaken to do is to throw some light upon his character from those minor publications which have now become so scarce that they are rarely, if ever, seen except in the great public libraries. Of these we have yet to notice two or three more sermons, which are full of the most fulsome flattery of the king or the queen, or both. The departure of William for Ireland afforded a desirable opportunity for extolling him to the skies in a Fast sermon preached before the queen, July 16, 1690. And here we have a rapid glance at the narrow escape Holland had had, owing to 'a young prince who, as he was the inheritor of the 'glory of four successive ancestors, every one of whom had 'lustre enough to have ennobled a whole race, so was he de-'signed by heaven for a much greater harvest of triumph and 'glory; till he, I say, stemmed this torrent by so small a hand-'ful at first that it seemed a tempting of Providence to have 'hoped for success when the force was so unequal. . . . This 'crisis went off, and there appeared such characters of the pro-

'tection of God over *the man whom he had made so strong for* '*Himself*, and the state which was then so gloriously preserved, 'that all the world looked on this as an essay of the great things 'that Heaven designed to the age by that hand whose first 'attempts proved so fortunate.'

The battle of the Boyne had been fought and won,—and William had narrowly escaped death by a shot in the arm. It had even been reported as far as Paris that he was killed. The preacher was almost overcome by this signal mercy, 'Can we 'reflect on the many dangers to which that sacred life, on which 'all ours depend, in so signal a manner, was so lately exposed 'without feeling a commotion within us that is both melting and 'tender? for though it is now past we still tremble to think 'that it was once so near, while a hand of Heaven seemed to 'lead the bullet that, though it was suffered to *touch His* '*anointed, yet could do him no harm.*

'Do not we look amazed on one another when we think in 'what a state we had been if it had gone deeper, while he that 'received it seemed to be the least concerned of all that beheld 'it? And thus, while other princes take care of their own 'safety, and grow proud upon the glory that their subjects pro- 'cure them, he does not think the royal dignity bright enough, 'but as it takes a fresh lustre from military glory. But while 'we take leave humbly to complain that he has so little regard 'to himself, we must with all thankfulness acknowledge that 'this defect of care in him is fully supplied by the watchful- 'ness of that Providence on which he does in so particular a 'manner depend. . . . What may we not hope from such an 'essay, but that angels watch over him, and that the head of 'angels covers him?'

The next sermon was preached three months later before both king and queen, after the return of the former from Ireland. It was on occasion of the 19th of October, 1690, being set apart for 'a day of Thanksgiving for his Majesty's preservation and suc- cess in Ireland.' If we may judge from the exordium of this sermon, the preacher must have received a hint not to be too fulsome in his language. If the hint was given, it certainly did not take effect, for the Bishop of Salisbury took occasion from it to enlarge on the praises of the king to an extent which scarcely appears in any other of his compositions.

'Those,' he says, 'whom he has made the blessed instruments 'of procuring deliverance and victory to us, do so entirely offer 'up the acknowledgments due for it to that Providence which 'they signally adore, that as they could not endure so sacrilegious 'a thought, as the putting the honour that belongs to them in 'the least degree of competition with the praises that are to be

'offered up to the great King of Kings, so by a modesty which' 'gives a peculiar grace to all they do, they cannot bear even that 'which is just, and in some sort necessary, upon such occasions. '.... Here we are so confused by orders which one knows as 'little how to obey as how to disobey, that how large soever the 'field, and how large soever the prospect is, it must either be 'quite overlooked, or if it be suffered to be shown, it must be by 'reversing the telescope, as little and contracted. Princes whose 'actions are their own panegyrics, cannot bear that others should 'make any for them; for what they themselves do, exceeds all 'that can be said by others..... How many a reproach must 'the sun have endured in some courts, if when the day is at its 'longest, the prince had for some hours prevented his rising, and 'continued his watchful fatigue till after he was set, and that a 'wound which made so wide a breach upon him by the certainest 'instrument of death could scarce interrupt his motion. The 'sun would have been for ever after that despised as a diminu-'tion to their prince's glory when compared to him. Impious 'attempts, which were once begun, would have been pursued, 'of *calling him the king of glory, who is strong and mighty in* 'battle. But to us, as all that approaches to such irreligious ex-'cess is a matter of horror, so the princes we serve make this an 'easy duty to us, they being as deeply possessed with the belief 'of Providence as they are free from all those swellings which 'must be fed with gross and exorbitant flattery.'

This sermon enlarges much upon Burnet's favourite topic of the success of national affairs indicating God's providence on the side of the successful. The position that 'there are other more 'solemn occasions in which some second causes are raised above 'their own pitch, and are animated beyond the ordinary rate, 'and others are at the same time as far depressed below them-'selves, the spirits of the one abating, as those of the other are 'elevated,' is copiously illustrated by various examples from ancient and modern history, the most remarkable of which, after all, was the particular instance so recently brought before men's minds. 'We have seen a prince, by a series of steps 'which need not be reckoned up, raised from a plant that seemed 'to rise out of a dry ground to be a great tree, under whose 'shade all the beasts of the field come for shelter, and in whose 'boughs all the fowls of the air come now to lodge. It is this 'very day two full years since, he first set to sea to calm our 'storms. The beginning was rough and inauspicious; yet even 'that seemed to be intended only to teach those about him a 'lesson which he had long before well learned, of observing Pro-'vidence and depending upon it. Since that time, fair winds, 'good seasons, prosperous undertakings, happy discoveries, suc-

'cess, and victory, seem to have been chained to him and bound 'to follow him, and now he has not only the necks of his enemies 'but the hearts of all his people, as well as the hopes of all 'Europe fastened on him. . . . And what can we now think but 'that a life which has been a sequel of wonders will be carried 'on and concluded as it hath been hitherto advanced; and if 'there is a Nebuchadnezzar or an Antiochus Epiphanius, a 'Galerius or a Maximinian now in being, that God is by their 'hand to deliver His Church from them.'[1]

Further on in this sermon we have an enlargement of the comparison between David and the Prince of Orange as follows:—

'So much of the *David in my text*, which leads me to say 'somewhat of the *David of the day*. Is it nothing to you all 'that see and hear the signal steps of Providence that have so 'gloriously watched over and conducted this our *David?* I 'reckon not among the greatest of these, his being raised up to 'a throne of such high dignity among the kingdoms of the earth, 'by a title that, let ungrateful men say what they will, has more 'both from God and man in it, than any the world has seen for 'many ages. . . . To be a deliverer of mankind, a preserver of 'religion, a fence against tyranny and cruelty; to have for his 'first essay saved his own country from utter ruin when it 'seemed to be in its last agonies; to have stopt the blackest de-'signs that were formed against religion and liberty both here 'and there; all this, I say, one should think was greatness and 'glory enough to have fallen to any one man's share. But that 'a reserve of blessings should yet be kept in store for the same 'person, is a peculiar favour of heaven, and shows us that *this is 'the man whom God delights to honour, and whom He has made 'strong for Himself.*' And here we have the repetition of the concurrence of seas, and winds, and seasons, in favour of the expedition of the Prince of Orange, to which is now added the view of 'the second scene of God's raising his glory on this 'stage,' when 'our *David* resolved to be no longer a spectator 'and a director of his forces and to make war by proxy, but 'again to venture that sacred life,' which he exposed too prodigally, inasmuch as it was a life, 'by which as we all live, so 'all *Europe* is kept united against the great destroyer and enemy 'of mankind.' And here again the preacher dilates on the concurrence of providential circumstances, and gives the history of the wound received by William at the battle of the Boyne. 'Invention could hardly be so bold or so fruitful as to represent 'just on the eve of a day upon which not only the security of 'his throne, but that which to a mind like his is much more 'valuable, the preservation and happiness of his people depended,

[1] The spelling of the proper names is copied exactly from the original.

'receiving a wound by that which of all the inventions of giving 'death, is the most infallible, and yet so slight a wound that it 'seemed sent upon no other intent but that the firmness of his 'mind upon so extraordinary an incident, and the care of heaven 'in so critical a minute, might be showed in the properest time 'and in the sight of all his army, both for animating and assuring 'them that there was an invisible guard watching about the per-'son of him under whose standard they were to triumph next 'day.' It must be remembered that this sermon was preached before both king and queen, and as the sun has done his part, the moon is next brought in to do duty for the princess. 'Some 'feared that in the absence of our sun we should have only had 'a faint moon-light to guide us, and that the gentle hand which 'then held the rudder should have proved too feeble for such 'rough work. . . . But to our admiration, we found we had 'another sun in our firmament, and that spirit which till then, 'gentleness and modesty had shut in, now finding that the con-'junction required it, showed itself with so much firmness and 'so bright a lustre, that we began to doubt whether one soul 'did not animate both, and give its influences equally in both.' After this follows an apostrophe to the *Dread Sovereign*, in which, after repeating the most fulsome flattery, the preacher goes on to give them some good advice about the reforming the morals of the clergy, &c., but gives no hint that there is anything amiss in the life of the one who was still carrying on his intrigue with Mary Villiers.

Burnet's published sermons seemed on an average to come out quarterly. The next instalment is the funeral sermon on Lady Brook, preached February 19, 1691. With this we are not concerned at present, but we pass on to the next, which was preached at Whitehall, April 29, 1691, on an appointed fast-day, within the week after Tillotson had been nominated by the king in Council to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Burnet had, perhaps, overdone his part, or perhaps William was wise enough to see that an Archbishop of Canterbury ought to be a man who could control his tongue as well as his pen. And the polished inanity of the new Dean of St. Paul's was deemed fitter for the post than the blundering vivacity of the Bishop of Salisbury.

Tillotson had indeed followed in the steps of Burnet. He had written for, and preached up the doctrine of Passive Obedience, but when he preached the Thanksgiving Sermon at Lincoln's Inn, for the completion of the glorious Revolution, January 31, 1688, he was content to ignore his former opinions quietly, and to pronounce that those who spoke slightingly of the enterprise of the Prince of Orange, 'were guilty of the foulest and blackest ingratitude' against God and man. There was but one

point in which Tillotson's case was weaker than Burnet's. It was that he occupied Sancroft's place for disavowing the very doctrines which he had in print advocated, and which Sancroft was deprived for adhering to. Probably the expressing 'a hope 'that at the day of judgment those men who are not admitted 'to happiness, may be so dealt with as that the perverted may 'be restored, and all, both small and great, may ultimately find 'a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent,' was an acceptable doctrine to the Prince of Orange.

Tillotson's mode of expressing himself was singularly like the style of the revivers of the doctrine in modern times. 'God,' he says, 'keeps the right of punishing in his own hand, and is not 'obliged to execute what he threatens; he may remit and abate 'as much as he pleaseth of the punishment that he hath 'threatened.' Hickes tells us that when this sermon was first printed, the Atheists, and Deists, and Socinians of the town carried it about them to show it in all places, glorying everywhere in the doctrines of it, and extolling the author for a man who durst speak truth, and set mankind free from the slavish notion of eternal torments, and saying they believed most of our clergymen were of the same opinion, if they durst speak out. One of Hickes's observations upon this sermon is so cutting, and in itself so useful, that though we can scarcely altogether approve of the Non-juror's tone, we will transcribe it. Speaking of Tillotson's sermon, he says:—

'He tells us that if God intended his threatenings of hell tor-'ments should have their effect to deter men from sinning, it 'cannot be imagined that in the same revelation which declares 'these threatenings, any intimation should be given of the abate-'ment or non-execution of them. But for God's sake, what 'need God be so careful not to intimate that which this man 'could find out? Or why would it weaken his laws more, or 'take off the edge and terror of his threatenings, for him to in-'timate this abatement, than for his ministers to do it? And 'therefore, to turn his own conclusion in his own phrases upon 'himself: was it not *a very impious design* in him, and *a betray-'ing men into misery*, not only to intimate this abatement, but 'to teach it, and by arguments in a set discourse to go about to 'persuade men into a belief of it? Had he lived in the days of 'that great and apostolic archbishop, whose works he hath 'licensed to be published with the just and glorious title of 'martyr, he and his sermon had not passed so free from censure. 'Oh, may that English Cyprian's primitive apostolical spirit of 'orthodoxy and discipline fall upon our English clergy, that 'God may bless them, and delight to do them and the church 'good, and make them as much the veneration and glory, as

'latitude in projects and opinions, looseness in discipline, and 'departing in practice from their principles have made them the 'scorn and contempt of the world.' We have been drawn away from our subject to say a few words of Tillotson, whom the king had probably always intended to promote. He may possibly, as has been suggested, have informed him of his intentions, but certainly Burnet knew nothing of them, or we should have heard something about it in the posthumous 'History of his own Times.'

And now to recur to Burnet. The quarterly publications still went on with tolerable regularity. The sermon on the Fast day takes a considerably lower tone. Possibly the preacher thought compliments and flattery were out of place on a day of humiliation. But whatever was the cause of the alteration of the style of his sermon, it did not last long, for seven months later we meet with a recurrence to the same tone of adulation which had characterized his previous discourses. Only now we have gentle hints concerning conduct insinuated. Thus, 'a true 'picture of the Deity is a prince that loves his people, and is 'tender of them . . . is gentle to offences against himself, except 'when his care of the public obliges him to let the law take its 'course. And even then, private revenge is so far from being 'his motive, that he is forced to do violence to his own inclina-'tions, which are always gentle and compassionate.' The advice is expressed, it is true, rather in the form of commendation, and perhaps the preacher is not to be blamed for gently hinting a line of conduct as regards a point of character which he must have by this time pretty well understood, and which soon showed itself in the apathy and indifference which William exhibited in the affair of the massacre of Glencoe. Of course, the recent danger to which the king had been exposed is magnified, in order to represent the special interference of Providence for the preservation of his life in the more striking light. 'The cannon-ball 'upon the Boyne, and the bombs upon the Eure, are instances 'vieing one with another, both in the nearness of the danger, 'and in the greater nearness of that favour which compasses 'the king about as with a shield. Such an extraordinary pre-'servation may justly swallow up one's thoughts so entirely that 'other things may be forgot by the transport it raises. Yet 'upon due recollection, though this is enough to fill us with 'deep acknowledgments, we have another scene of wonder 'before us.'

Burnet must certainly have the credit of recommending mercy in this sermon with all the powers of oratory he could command. After enforcing it by a number of instances from sacred and profane history, he turns himself to the king and queen, and

addresses them as follows:—'Shine then, great princes, with your 'own glory, which makes you look brighter now, than you did 'in all the attire of majesty at your coronation. This is a lustre 'that you give yourselves, and borrow not from ceremony. 'Triumph in the hearts of your people by your virtues, and over 'your enemies by your *mercy*. This will cover them with 'shame and you with honours, and though it may not be due to 'them, yet it is due to yourselves. This shows that you were 'born for crowns, that you well deserve those you wear, but 'that greater ones are reserved for you. This gives you the 'love of your people, which to you will be always instead of 'treasures, fleets, and armies, for it will always supply you with 'everything that you need. May the greatness of your own 'minds be your constant guides, rather than the peevishness of 'spiteful men, who may, as Parmenio did, suggest what was 'fit for Parmenio to do, but your royal hearts will always move 'you to do what becomes an Alexander, or, to speak truer Eng-'lish, what becomes WILLIAM and MARY.' The sermon ends with the words, 'And to conclude all, for I can rise no higher: 'May the happy and glorious days of Queen Elizabeth be dar-'kened and eclipsed by the more happy and glorious reign of 'KING WILLIAM and QUEEN MARY.'

We must hasten to conclude this already too long article; so we omit all notice of the other court sermons preached during the two or three following years. On the 22nd of November, 1694, Archbishop Tillotson died, and the funeral sermon over the 'blessed saint' was preached by his friend, but not his successor, the Bishop of Salisbury. Burnet was too obtuse to understand the reasons for his being passed over, but the king seems to have had no difficulty in declaring within a week in council that he had fixed on Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, for the vacant primacy. The queen lived just long enough to show that she had not the power if she had the desire to promote her confidential chaplain and adviser, for she unsuccessfully advocated the claims of Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. Stillingfleet had the one disadvantage of being too marked and distinguished as a divine, and Tenison justified the sagacity of William's choice by living quietly at Lambeth for twenty years, and leaving an immense fortune to his family.

Burnet continued to preach before William from time to time, and to print the sermons which he delivered; but they for the most part contain none of the inflated language which we have extracted from his previously printed discourses. The topics that seem worthy to have occupied his mind at this time were the general insensibility of people to religious obligations, and the low state of the clergy as regards knowledge and

morality. There is but one exception to the remark, and it is observable that the sermon preached at Whitehall, December 2, 1697, is issued as 'published by His Majesty's special command;' and in this sermon the king is told over again the whole history of his miraculous preservations from danger, in language which. if we were to extract the passages, our readers would turn back to see whether they had not read the same before. There is one new idea in it. The text is the speech of the queen of Sheba to Solomon (2 Chron. ix. 8). After printing in large capitals, which we suppose represent the tone of voice in which the words were thundered out from the pulpit—THE RIGHTFUL AND LAWFUL KING OF THIS REALM, the contrast between King Solomon and King William is delicately drawn.

'And to make the parallel to my text run exactly, a much 'greater king, lying at a vaster distance, leaves his throne and 'dominions in the midst of war, struck with the fame and amazed 'at the actions of the prince. Instead of a little southern queen, 'a mighty northern emperor, covered with laurels and used to 'victories, resolving to raise his nation and enlarge his empire, 'comes to learn the best method of doing it, and goes away full 'of wonders, possessed with new notions of government.'

The author makes no attempt to reconcile the following statement of the preacher, with the announcement of the title-page that the sermon was printed and published by His Majesty's special command:—'The best princes are those who feel the 'pleasure of making their people happy most secretly, and yet 'are uneasy and in pain, when in compliance with what is not 'only decent, but almost necessary on solemn occasions they 'submit to hear it acknowledged, though in strains far below 'the dignity and majesty of the subject.'

And now we have done with the Bishop of Salisbury. He lived ten years longer, but was never raised to any higher station or a richer bishopric. The pamphlets, sermons, and tracts went on at the same rate as they had for more than twenty-five years previously, and his last great work, the third volume of the 'History of the Reformation,' came out within a few weeks of his death. We had hoped to say something of the charges of Sabellianism &c., which have been brought against him, but we have already far exceeded the ordinary limits of an article in this review, and we shall conclude with an anecdote which is worth preserving:—

The late venerable president of Magdalen was once asked why it was he had undertaken the task of re-publishing the 'History of my own Times.' He replied, that it was because he knew Burnet was a liar, and he was determined to prove him so. Without exactly endorsing the strong language of this

accomplished scholar and divine, we may leave the extracts we have made from his works to make their own impression on the reader's mind. Amongst 'Baxter's fifty reasons why the Pope was Antichrist,' the twenty-seventh is (we are quoting from memory, and cannot be responsible for the exact figure) 'be-'cause if the Pope be not Antichrist, he hath ill luck to be so 'like him.' We will adopt the form of expression and apply it to our author, and perhaps the reader will be able to follow us in our summary of the character of Bishop Burnet. We think the extracts we have collected together from his writings distinctly prove him to have been a dissembler, a time-server, and a sycophant—a man too prejudiced to understand the force of an argument when it told against him, too obtuse to see the point of a witticism, whether affecting himself or another, too selfish to venture to make sacrifices for himself, and too canny to be able to appreciate them in others. We might have made extracts from his history in evidence of the charge that he was a calumniator of his brethren, and especially of the meek and gentle Sancroft. But his character for assertion of calumnies which he could not prove is too evident to be denied. As to whether he believed what he said, we abstain from offering an opinion, and shall be content to say, that if he was not a deliberate liar, he had ill luck to be so like one.

ART. IV.— *The Catastrophe of Santiago.* The Weekly Register, February 13, 1864.

THE recent frightful calamity at Santiago has, from the first, refused to be classed among mere accidents—among those visitations of God before which we must hold our peace in awed uninquiring submission. Perhaps the mere vastness of the calamity accounts for this general sentiment. Perhaps it is simple human nature to trace to some cause, and to pursue to some end, any gigantic mischance, the consequence of human mistake or folly; but there are circumstances in this case, which undoubtedly quicken, and—as many say—justify this tendency; and which, from the first, asserted for it, alike in spectator and listener, a moral weight, as a thing full of teaching and of consequences. Not only were the two or three priests—who saw the flames spread with what must have seemed miraculous speed—and the lookers on—who in frenzied helplessness had to endure an ordeal only less terrible than what was passing within those doomed walls—engaged in the very moment of agony in seeking a meaning, accounting for, making resolutions, deriving some lessons from the hideous scene enacting under their eyes; but the world of men to whom the news was brought, received it in the same didactic attitude of mind, as a thing from which something was to be learnt; and (in direct opposition to the habit of thought belonging to our time), never for a moment entertained the idea merely as an inscrutable event, over which they could only sigh and wonder. By every one it has been received as something designed to convey a lesson; as something with a meaning, which it is given us to discover and to profit by. It has been assumed on every side that the lives of those two thousand victims cannot have been poured out in vain; they must effect some change in the world's mode of thinking and acting; there must be a purpose in this huge sacrifice—in this concentration of human suffering. An event so startling and appalling must needs, through the agency of pity and terror, enforce some conviction on men's minds, and compel to consideration. We are aware that this natural train of thought is open to grave abuse; that it may, to many persons, on consideration, appear even unreasonable; but this is no argument that it ought to be suppressed as wrong or unjust on the face of it, for we are constituted to look for a Providence in great events, using this word in marked distinction from a Divine judgment.

This need of being accounted for led the priests, in the very

sight of the conflagration, to attribute it to the direct favour and mercy of Heaven. Possibly apprehending that some might call it a judgment, they were driven to assert it a crowning and distinguishing grace; they were compelled to declare every sufferer a saint, and each death a martyrdom; and their country, which hitherto had wanted martyrs, an infinite gainer by this new army of intercessors. And we really do not see that there was anything else for them to say, not only to the miserable relatives, but to themselves. Such an event, happening on such a day, and in consequence of unparalleled exertions to do honour to that day's especial object of adoration, and befalling the particular class who had been most docile to their teaching —who had lived in the dogmas then celebrated, with absolute submission and a very passion of enthusiasm,—and, considering too, that the object there exalted had been systematically set forth to these victims as a more intelligible Providence, a more intimate and familiar guardian, tenderer and more indulgent to human infirmity than even the Redeemer of the world:—in such an event they ought, we repeat, to labour to trace the direct visible finger of Heaven, marking its approval. As honest men they ought to receive it as a strong confirmation of their faith, or it ought to shake their belief to its centre. We do not say that indifferent persons, or members of other communions, would be led to see any particular or supernatural intervention in this event, or that they need regard the catastrophe on that particular day as other than a mere coincidence; but men who teach of the Blessed Virgin as perpetually manifesting herself on especial occasions and crises of men's fate, and working always in mercy of the most intelligible character, and who saw the multitudes whom they had trained in these ideas, struck by death in the moment of prompt obedience and eagerest devotion, they must welcome it as a mark of, we will not vaguely say, Heaven's, but of the Virgin's signal and distinguishing sanction and grace, and of the Divine favour promised by her. This was on the one side a necessary interpretation of the event. The lay inference was as inevitable. If the men of Santiago had not devotion enough to be present at the magnificent celebration that had collected so vast a crowd of women, it is very certain that the sights and sounds of that terrific half-hour would not change indifference into belief; we may say, on the contrary, that coldness or contempt turned very naturally into fury towards all who were concerned in collecting that excited feminine gathering, whether by impassioned exhortation, or reckless splendour of decoration.

Some people have denounced the atheism of the enraged clamourers against priestcraft and 'idolatry,' as though this

were the worst feature of the whole tragedy, but the impartial reader feels that such a spectacle could not be witnessed in utter forgetfulness of the occasion which had lit up the disastrous conflagration; nor could the carelessness of a few subordinate officials, or the want of 'vomitories' for the imprisoned crowd, be reasonably expected to satisfy the cry for a reason and a cause, which the heart sends up under such terrible appeals. Thus, while the clergy were led by an inexorable logic to congratulate Chili on its new army of martyrs, the laity were led, by what they thought the logic of facts, to denounce fanaticism, and a blind obedience to fanatical teachers, as the very ground and source of their present anguish.

The British public, of course, has viewed the event as a warning against what it calls 'mariolatry,' which, it sees written with fingers of flame, without nicely considering whether this instruction can be logically deduced from it. The tone of 'enlightened public opinion,' which would interfere with no one's creed, and leaves every soul to the free exercise of its religious convictions, spoke in the *Times*. But here, again, accident was not allowed free scope as an agent. The event was made a lesson against extravagance and want of moderation: whatever is immoderate entails disaster; whatever we do, whatever we believe, let us be reasonable. A dogma it was explained may even be true in itself, but if held without moderation it ceases to be true, and sooner or later comes an explosion. It has not fallen in our way either to see or hear this calamity called a judgment: most people, indeed, carefully guard against this interpretation; for the most unreasonable Protestant cannot say that the priests' scholars were more guilty in the matter than the priests themselves, and yet these were the victims while the priests escaped. However, we are given to understand that, in certain obscure quarters, the event is made capital of as a judgment—a judgment upon poor ignorant women, maid-servants, and children.

The Christian Observer we see, in addition to the train of reflection obvious to a Protestant organ, uses the event as an occasion for (we suppose) backing Mr. Kingsley, without, however, falling into his snare—the snare fatal to rhetoricians, of proper names. It is not very easy to get at the exact truth in that confusion of horrors; but, choosing those reports which reflect most strongly on the priests—it declares its resolve not to be shaken by any counter-statement. It will believe no Roman Catholic priest in the world, even on his oath, in any matter affecting the interest of his Church.

The English Roman Catholic press, in a natural dilemma, finds it an occasion for saying a great many things. Indirectly,

the event gives an opportunity for the use of that copious and resounding vocabulary of abuse, which is its speciality. It is furious against every comment from without. Remarks which seem to us inevitable, they call blasphemous; and as in all public excitements, the second thought of everybody is the *Times*—they fly out into transports at that organ's comments; and, because the *Times* says that if the priests had wished to set the church on fire, they could not have laid their plans better, they assume that the *Times* charges the priests of Santiago with a deliberate plan for burning church and congregation together.

'It is hideous and horrible,' says the *Tablet;* 'it is revolting 'to the mind and degrading to our common nature, that a 'catastrophe so awful should have called forth such comments 'as the *Times* and many of the London newspapers have this 'week published.' 'The *Times* of Monday, February 1st, 'refreshed and edified the English public with all the resources 'of its hideous blasphemy; according to the diabolical sugges-'tion of the writer in that paper, the conflagration was more 'than an accident,' &c. 'Could the arch-fiend himself in-'sinuate better than this?' &c. Incidentally, this event furnishes an occasion to mark the difference of tone so constantly observable between Roman Catholics of the old stock, and the more zealous body of converts who must, one would think, not seldom disconcert their brothers older in the faith. Thus, in a letter signed 'Robert Canon Smith,' we find the Virgin's Post-office thus explained away:—

'Among other assertions of a Chilian writer, for the purpose of exciting hatred against the clergy, is one to the effect that there was a letter-box into which the superstitious women of Santiago were instructed by Father Ugarte to throw their letters to the Blessed Virgin. The Chilian who wrote this knew well, as the editor of the *Register* remarks, "that he was giving a maliciously false version of a very simple circumstance, which all Catholics understand." The editor gives a perfectly clear explanation, he says:—"We presume no Christian will deny the efficacy of prayer. We are told on Divine authority, that when two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, He is amongst them.

'"Catholics, it need not be said, believe in the communion and intercession of the saints. Novenas, in honour of particular saints in every country, and of the queen of all saints in all countries, are ordinary incidents of Catholic devotion.

'"On these occasions it is a common practice for the faithful to intimate in writing, but anonymously, to one of the priests of the church, their desire that the prayers of the flock might be requested in favour of the 'intention' (which is not expressed) of the writer, A.B. or C.D., or any other anonyme that the postulant may have chosen for the occasion; and before the commencement of divine service the officiating clergyman, whoever he may be, requests the prayers of the faithful for those unexpressed intentions accordingly." This is the whole mystery of the "Letter-box," which has called forth so many vile calumnies and blasphemies, both here and in South America.'—*Weekly Register, February 13th,* 1864, p. 106.

Yet in the same paper we have the 'Post-office' itself defended, and almost enforced, under the well-known signature H. W. W., in the following terms:—

'What is most remarkable in English Protestants, who write about Catholic countries, is not their ignorance or their profaneness, but their narrow-minded bigotry. The writers before us are a remarkable example. For instance, a devoted priest, named Ugarte, had introduced in Santiago what the Protestant writers call "The Virgin Mary's Post-office." The writer from the spot says that he would "outstrip the Catholic world, and had invented a celestial post-office, by which direct communication in writing was obtained with the Virgin Mary." This obviously points at something like that which Catholics well know to have existed in Europe. With regard to S. Aloysius, many of your readers must, like myself, have witnessed it at Rome, and some may remember an account of it published in the *Weekly Register*, in June, 1862. It was at first a pious imitation of a remarkable act of S. Stanislas. This saint (who, as all the world knows, died in the Jesuit noviciate at Rome) had drawn by lot, according to the custom of the house, the name of S. Laurence as his patron for the last month of his life. He was in perfect health and in the dawn of opening youth. But his desire of death was so strong that he wrote to S. Laurence a letter, entreating him to ask for him that he might be removed before the then approaching festival of the Assumption. It is not for us to criticize the acts of a saint, even when they depart from the ordinary course, and the result seems to show that in this instance he acted under a special exceptional direction, by which his own desire was moved to ask that which was the will of God for him. For, contrary to all appearance of probability, the suit was granted. When some years later the *cultus* of S. Aloysius was sanctioned by the Church, and introduced with general joy and thankfulness in the Roman College in which that saint died, and in the church belonging to which his relics still repose, one of the Fathers suggested to the pupils that those who had favours to ask should write letters to S. Aloysius, as S. Stanislas wrote to S. Laurence. To a Catholic, at least, all this seems most natural and graceful. The idea was immediately taken up, and from the Roman College, in which it is still kept up, it has spread, I may say, to the whole world. Many days before the festival of S. Aloysius, letters to him arrive from all quarters of the globe; many, I was glad to hear, from England. I need not say from more Catholic countries. The mass of them are brought in on the eve of the feast. They are of all sorts; some mere ordinary-looking letters; some enclosed in embroidered cases like purses or reticules. There is in front of the altar, under which lie the mortal remains of the saint, a large opening which, when I saw it, was completely filled with such letters, brought in (in a sort of procession) and placed there on the eve of the feast. Others, especially those more richly ornamented, were hung about the altar. I need hardly add that none of these letters are ever opened. They are kept till the last day of the term, and then burned, unopened, by the youths of the college, who amuse themselves by guessing, as they see how the flames ascend, whether the saint means to obtain what the writers have asked. To any Catholic it will seem so natural as to be in no way surprising that a devotion so full of faith and love, and which so much brings the writers into connexion with the unseen world, should be rewarded by marked answers to the prayers made. The only thing wonderful would be if it were not so. I heard many instances in which requests, conveyed in letters to S. Aloysius, had been obtained by him, contrary, as it seemed, to all hope and expectation. One instance, which I heard on good authority, I may repeat. The practice had been introduced in the Junior Seminary at Genoa, in which the late Cardinal Archbishop feared that it might lead to irreverence and superstition. He proposed to the Jesuit

Father, who had the charge, to open some of the letters, on the ground that all letters written by the boys in the seminary, were, by the rule, to be read. The father replied that this applied only to letters to people in this world. However, the archbishop took up one, the writer of which he knew, by the hand, and saying, "I am sure that this dear boy (who is one of my seminary) would wish me to read whatever he writes," took upon him to break the seal. I never heard any other instance in which such a letter was opened. It ran something thus, "O dear saint, help me, I am in great perplexity. My father wants me to be a priest, and I am sure I have no vocation. But he has put me into the seminary, and what makes the matter worse is, that the cardinal archbishop has shown me special kindness and promises me a benefice. O dear saint, do help me."

'I do not profess to know, but from the manner in which the Protestant writer describes "the Virgin Mary's Post-office," I cannot doubt that the good priest, who is the object of his abuse, has introduced at Santiago the custom of writing to Our Blessed Lady such letters as have so long been written to S. Aloysius. Neither do I doubt that like them, these letters are seen by no mortal eye. John Bull, will, of course, ask what then is the use of them? This is what I mean by speaking of narrow-mindedness and bigotry."—*Ibid.* p. 106.

We infer then that the natural teaching to the convert from the terrible catastrophe at Santiago is not warning, but example. It is clearly considered that this system of letters should be encouraged in England, and the man who carried it to an enormous pass at Santiago, is the 'good priest,' the 'devoted priest.' But we are not left to inference; the writer of this letter calls upon the Roman Catholics of England to follow the example of Santiago—

'I may call attention to a fact which I have not seen noticed. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception concludes at Santiago, "the Month of Mary." The same feeling which in our latitude has led to the devotion of the month of May to Our Blessed Mary, naturally induced pious people there to devote to her the month, which begins on the 8th of November, and closes December 8th, a season which corresponds to the last three weeks of May and the first week of June among us. How far this has been generally practised in the southern hemisphere I do not know. It would seem worthy of adoption, and has the additional advantage of combining the "Month of Mary" with the great Festival of the Immaculate Conception.'—*Ibid.*

Thus the lesson to be derived from this pregnant fact, according to the writer of this suggestion, is the expediency of doubling the period of time already devoted to the worship of the Blessed Virgin in our northern hemisphere: and, whereas, at present, there is only one month called by her name; henceforward, let there be two. We write the word *worship*, though we know we lay ourselves open to the testy remonstrance of another correspondent of the same paper, whom we take leave to suppose one born in the Church he defends, and who, in complaining of a sensational sermon preached to a Presbyterian congregation, says:—

'But Mr. Wood's logic is not the only thing at fault; for he (I beg his pardon for saying so, but I cannot help it) told a deliberate untruth—unless

he chooses to shelter himself under the plea of the grossest ignorance—when he told his people that the "celebration at Santiago had for its object the adoration of the Virgin;" "that the Virgin was an object of worship in the Romish Church, and the idolatry of the Virgin was set forth in her liturgy."

For have we not authority for the word *worship*, when the *Tablet*, on a solemn occasion, translated the words in the Pope's Decree of Dec. 8th, 1854, urging all Catholics '*colere, invocare,* '*exorare beatissimam Dei genitricem*,'—'Let all the children 'of the Catholic Church most dear to us, hear these our words, 'and with a most ardent zeal of piety and love, proceed to *worship*, 'invoke, and pray to the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother 'of God, conceived without original sin.'—(*Tablet, Jan. 27th*, 1855)—and, besides, can the writer of this remonstrance seriously maintain, that that vast crowd of women, wrought up to such a pitch of devotion to the Virgin on that particular day, did not worship her with all their hearts unreservedly, and in the fullest belief that they ought to do so? In what light would these poor women, and we venture to add, Ugarte himself, have regarded 'Catholicus's disclaimer?' English Roman Catholic papers, in speaking of the occasion, call it an 'act of religious homage to Almighty God,' and write that the doomed congregation had 'met for the last time on earth to worship God;' but would this language have described intelligibly to those women the nature of the service they were engaged in? We think not. They would have thought it applied to some other solemnity, not to that night's celebration. And here we are brought to the question which this deplorable loss of life has raised in our own minds, this sacrifice of *women;* and it is this—how far it is justifiable to adapt a religious system especially to the nature and sensibilities of women? What sanction is there for making use of feminine impressionableness, and, we may say, weakness? How far is it tolerable for men to force on a particular development, because it proves itself acceptable to minds both by training and nature slow to reason, eager for excitements, and ready to put implicit faith in what commends itself to their romance? This is a question which by no means confines itself to one creed or aspect of Christianity; wherever there is direct and exclusive appeal to the feelings, women respond most readily and implicitly; but in the present case the consideration is, certainly, the use made in the Roman Church of the Blessed Virgin's 'deified' womanhood to quicken and inflame the devotional instinct of women as such, to secure them in their allegiance, and to strengthen by a feminine phalanx the Church's position towards the world. All we have learnt of South America for thirty or forty years past has shown that, exclusive of the priesthood and the religious orders, the body of the devout has

consisted of women and the Indian population. The European blood itself is, we learn, pretty universally tinctured with the native element, constituting a race which, while proud of the dignity of their male ancestors, unites with it some of the characteristics which distinguish the aborigines of America. Of the Indians, it is hardly unfair, according to all accounts, to say that their original conversion was almost too easy a work. They seem to have at once accepted the adoration of Saints as a substitute for their previous worship. It has been said, that their Christianity is formed of the ruins of their mythology; and the reports of all travellers agree in raising a picture of a zealous, but material form of religion amongst them —an emotion that finds its most natural spontaneous expression in what appeals to the senses, in an object or objects short of the Divine Essence. Throughout the whole of Spanish and Portuguese America this is the case. Through Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, and Paraguay, the descriptions are given in identical language. We have a right to apply to any of these countries the words of a writer on Mexico,—

'But amongst the lower classes the worship is emphatically the worship of Her who Herself predicted, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Before her shrines, and at all hours, thousands are kneeling. With faces expressive of the most intense love and devotion, and with words of the most passionate adoration, they address the mild image of the Mother of God. To the Son their feeling seems composed of respectful piety; of humble but more distant adoration; while to the Virgin they appear to give all their confidence, and to look up to her as to a kind of bountiful Queen, who, dressed in her magnificent robes and jewelled diadem, yet mourning in all the agony of her divine sorrows, has condescended to admit the poorest beggar to participate in her woe, whilst in her turn she shares in the afflictions of the lowly, feels for their privations, and grants them her all-powerful intercession.'—*Life in Mexico. By Madame Calderon de la Barca.*

This reverence for the Blessed Virgin's person has been, by *whole* populations, concentrated on certain favourite images—party favourites and often rivals. Until lately, under the freer spread of European ideas, the men of South America were more wanting in devotion than in a certain sort of belief. When first stirred by the impulse of rebellion or of liberty, their idea was to engage these minor divinities on their side, not to disown them. Men educated up to the highest standard of their country, and taking leading parts in the important and stirring events of their day, thought it not incompatible with Christianity to pit Virgin against Virgin—the Virgin de los Remedios against our Lady of Guadaloupe—to believe that one supported Spanish interests, the other those of the liberal party; to dress up the *Gachupina*, the Spanish patroness, as a general; to cry, 'Ferdinand and the Virgin for ever!' under the teaching of the priest-soldier Hidalgo; and, when the opposite party prevailed,

to strip the revered image of sash and orders, and sign her passport to Spain. Under any political excitement, and the intense interests involved in it, these men were rather led to domineer over the saints, than to deny them a certain efficacy. Incredible transactions[1] show the terms on which

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[1] It is not out of place here, as giving some idea of the character of this political religion—this material view of spiritual agency—to insert the 'celebrated decree,' dictated by Rosas, entitled, the 'Destitution of S. Martin,' and accomplished by his leading men. It need not be explained that the 'Unitarians' were a political faction, or that the decree is to all appearances rank Erastianism.

'DESTITUTION OF S. MARTIN.

'Viva la confederacion!

'*Buenos Ayres, 21st July*, 1839, *the 30th year of Liberty, 24th of Independence, and 10th of the Argentine Confederation.*

'THE Government considering,—

'1st. That this town, placed, since its foundation, under the protection of the French saint, Martin, Bishop of Tours, has been hitherto unable to set itself free, either from periodical scarlet-fevers, or from continual droughts and epidemics, which have destroyed, on various occasions, our fields, our harvests, and our cattle; or from extraordinary risings of our river, which almost every year destroy a multitude of the works and buildings of the people along its banks—that although the small-pox has disappeared, it is owing solely to the discovery of vaccination, and not to any efficacious or sensible diligence on the part of the patron saint to free us from the dreadful calamity.

'2nd. That in the invasions of our frontier Indians, and in the civil and foreign wars by which we have been afflicted, we have been obliged to have recourse, in the first place, to our only Virgin of Lujau, and in the second place to the Virgin of Rosaico, and of Mercedès and to Santa Clara, also Virgin, by whose help alone we have triumphed, whilst our French patron has remained quiet in heaven, without affording us the slightest protection, as was his duty.

'3rd. That now, abandoned by him at a time when we are attacked by external and powerful enemies, when his protection in a military character would appear most proper, and when he should divest himself of all partiality for his own country, he has been careless of doing so in a marked manner; and it was therefore necessary that Saint Ignatius de Loyola, with that noble and chivalrous heroism which so distinguished him when he lived in the world, and influenced no less by his friendship for the soil, which he, together with his brother, had such a share in conquering and colonizing, and where his followers have since founded several lucrative missions for his order, and by well-grounded hope of their speedy restoration—should go forth in his turn in our defence on two consecutive occasions, in company with the Virgin of Rosaico, thus facilitating for us the destruction of an English army of eleven thousand men on the 5th July, 1807, and stranding the French vessels forming part of the unjust blockade, which we now suffer, as was the case last year, on the 31st July, the anniversary of his ascension to heaven.

'4th. That it is a duty of the Government, with that might and majesty of the public power with which it is invested, and in virtue of the high patronage which it has reserved to itself in all the Churches of the republic for these beneficial restorations alone to restore all matters, whether sacred or profane, civil or religious, for the benefit of the people, purifying the administration from evil foreign unitarian servants, whether alive or dead, and rewarding the good services of the good servants of the holy and national cause of the confederation.

'5th. That the services which have been rendered to us in this order in the year just past, as well as those which we hope may be continued to us present by the celebrated Spanish warrior Saint Ignatius de Loyola, are so much the more meritorious that they have been voluntary, thus emulating those which were rendered by his illustrious brother Don José M. de Loyola in the conquest of

the leaders of parties stood with their heavenly patrons, and the sort of religion that may grow out of a dogma materially received, and materially treated, by people who have not the slightest doubt that they are good Christians. Twenty or more years of unrestricted intercourse with Europe have modified these ideas, and probably changed them in the male portion of the community, such as are of rank and education to be affected

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Paraguay—and that, besides all these merits and services, he is now established and naturalized with his own house and family in the republic, which quality does not exist in the foreign patron whom we have had hitherto.

'For all these considerations it is decided that—

'1st. The French Unitarian, Saint Martin, Bishop of Tour, who has been hitherto patron of this city, having forgotten us for his own countrymen, for the traitor Reverra, and for the rest of the Unitarian savages, and having lost the confidence of the people and Government, shall be discharged for ever from his employment of Patron of Buenos Ayres, such arrangement corresponding to public security, and to the better and more efficacious protection of our rights in the holy cause of the confederation.

'2nd. Taking into consideration the length of his services, there shall be allowed him, for purposes of retirement and recreation, a yearly pension of four wax candles (one to the pound) and one mass, which shall be said on his own altar in the cathedral on his own day.

'3rd. The naturalized citizen, Saint Ignatius de Loyola, shall be named Patron of the city, with the rank and honours of Brigadier-general and the use of the Federal motto.

'4th. The same device shall be borne in future by his followers, who are to enjoy in perpetuity the pension of 800 dollars per month which is assigned to it.

'5th. The most excellent holy patron shall select yearly the same forty hours, with sermon, which were formerly celebrated by his predecessor, without prejudice to any that he may himself have previously celebrated.

'6th. There shall be every year, from the vigil until three days after his celebration, public illuminations, fireworks, climbing the pole, pea-shooting, and "*carne cuero*" in the square; and the negroes shall assist with their national dances of "Camdomba" and "Malambo."

'7th. His installation shall be solemnized this present year in the Cathedral Church, at which the Government, represented by its Minister of Foreign Affairs, as well as all civil and military corporations, shall assist on such day as the Government shall appoint, according to the following ceremonial:—On the eve and on the day itself the streets between the Jesuits' house and the Cathedral shall be lined with troops, under the command of the Inspector-General of Arms. The Reverend Father Jesuits shall conduct the bust of His Excellency the holy Federal Saint on a bier, in solemn procession, from their house to the Cathedral, accompanied by the Reverend Diocesan Bishop, by the Senate and Clergy, and all the religious communities, the schoolchildren with their masters, and by the African brotherhood of San Benito de Palermo. Four generals shall carry the bier, and the troops employed shall present arms as it passes, firing a general discharge at the entrance of the most excellent patron into his new church. The fortress and admiral shall also salute with reduced charges. My first *Aide de Camp* shall precede the bier, mounted on a horse caparisoned after the fashion of this country; the "pillow," surcingle, and other harness, to be of deep scarlet, and its head-gear of the same colour.

'He is to carry the *baton* of Brigadier for the holy patron, and a morocco case with gilt ornaments, containing this decree, which shall first be laid at the feet of the saint, and then placed in the Baptistery. The *baton* shall be placed in his hand, and one of my chief officers, who shall represent the Minister of the Interior and of Worship, shall pronounce an oration from memory on the occasion.

'This is hereby published and communicated to all whom it may concern.

'Signed, J. M. Rosas.'

by this intercourse, into a conscious scepticism. All reports of travellers speak of churches deserted by the men, or at least the gentlemen, of the population; or if they enter them, it is, we are told, to observe and comment on the kneeling groups of women. As far as we know, the real authority and influence of the Church of Rome in South America is recognised only by the poor of different casts and hues, and by the women of all classes; and we judge that the efforts of the priesthood are, whether in despair or not, confined to keeping those classes true to their allegiance, even to the point of indifference to the impression they may produce upon men who appeal to reason, and wish to share in the enlightenment of the age. The most sanguine advocate, for instance, can hardly expect, in the nineteenth century, to persuade a man of business, a man actively engaged in affairs, to write letters to the Virgin or the saints. He may even be devout; but there will be felt an incongruity between the man and the occupation, which must always have rendered it impossible to suggest such a measure to him. The practice altogether, wherever it obtains in our own day, is, we take it, a sign in the popular, working priesthood, of abandoning men to their fate, and centering effort and contrivance upon those who may be still called their clients. It is a sign of retreating upon the sensitive and the ignorant. Can H. W. W., who advocates the practice, suppose that the boys of the seminary he mentions, those that write letters to S. Aloysius, or those that burn them, will retain any pious recollections of these exercises should they once leave the society of priests and that atmosphere of surveillance and restraint in which they have been kept, to mix with men of the world? Indeed, we infer that the burners already treated the matter from an amused point of view. It is with women only that, in any country, and at any period, such a custom could really obtain in any seriousness; and we must assume, also, only among women held down by the trammels of race, training, and prejudice. We do not believe, in spite of H. W. W.'s assurances, that the custom is spreading over the whole world; that this sort of correspondence is really a common feature of Romanism. The enormous liability to abuse must confine it to semi-barbarous, or exceptionally fanatical societies; and in no society, whether barbarous or otherwise, will *women* be found in the trustful reliance he rests in, that their effusions will not be read by mortal eyes. What human hands write, they will fear that human eyes *may* read; and it is impossible, we boldly say, but that the correspondence will frequently be influenced by this persuasion, and by the exciting consideration that the paper is committed to the custody of men to whom the inner mind of the writer is a subject of interest and possible

curiosity. When he himself, in vouching for the sacred inviolability of these epistles, yet has to record an instance where the seal was broken, and the contents made public, we can only admire the prodigious capacity for believing conspicuous in some converts. His readers can hardly be convinced by a general argument so supported. Even taking the Virgin's Post-office to be what he asserts it to be, and no worse, they will infer, that if men of known worth and character open the letters of boys, whose contents can excite only the mildest curiosity, surely there is more probability of priests unknown, and their characters unvouched for, opening letters full of the inmost thoughts of female devotees and female penitents, whose condition of mind is important to the interests of their community. And this perfectly independent of the grosser abuses to which such a system positively invites persons of low and material tendencies.

We must consider, in spite of the defence and advocacy we have quoted, that the case of Santiago, as far as it has reached us, is extreme; the excitement in the women, and their passion for theatrical glitter somewhat barbarous; the conduct of the priests in working up this love of show into a frenzy, exceptional in its vulgar audacity; and even, in spite of what we know of S. Alfonso de Liguori's teaching, the concentration of religious zeal on the Blessed Virgin, local in its extravagance. But extreme cases often furnish the best illustrations, and whatever the superstitious excesses, as they appear to most people, of South American popular religion, these excesses have all their origin in the logical refinements of some speculative intellect. When exceedingly subtle minds put forth some intricate speculation, and call upon simple ignorant people to work it out, and show it in action, the actual result upon the minds of the simple people must be something scarcely intelligible or recognisable to the subtle suggestor. Men cannot be made acute by having refinements and paradoxes put before them. They will treat the thing with such powers as they have, and see with undiscerning vision. A subtle mind may, for instance, persuade himself that it helps to exalt our conception of the Divine Nature, by placing steps and degrees between this infinite Greatness and Goodness and mere erring humanity. He expects men to reverence the Supreme Intercessor more profoundly, by constituting an army of intercessors, who derive their powers from Him. If he places the Blessed Virgin above all the hierarchy of heaven, he assumes that men's apprehension of heights immeasurably beyond that height will be advanced and elevated. It is not our affair here as to what may be actually the case with his own mind, but with the ignorant disciple this graduated scale is pretty certain to fail of its purpose. The

commonest type of human nature stops short of the highest where it can, and will not raise itself to what requires efforts of the nobler, painful faculties, if it be invited to rest mid-way. If an intermediate object of adoration is permitted, indolent minds will not occupy themselves with that which demands a strenuous and more abstract effort of thought and soul. By the mere fact of accepting a lower object of adoration, they are hindered from getting beyond. If they are to say their prayers primarily to the Virgin, the theory of her being but a medium has little practical weight. The rest is a mere question of theology for divines to settle. We fully believe, that with the mystical writers who have developed this doctrine, the great Source of all honour and all gifts is not and has not been forgotten. They can maintain a clear chain of ideas, and where their language seems to centre all thought on the creature, they yet hold in reserve the distinct perception of a Creator—they see the light of Infinity beyond. But they cannot communicate this safeguard by a mere reservation here and there. The object to which they give prominence, on which they exhaust the powers of language, which they invest with the perfection of clemency, and represent as at once powerful and yet divested of fear, will not fail to dazzle the unpractised mind till it cannot entertain, or but dimly, any other idea; till the whole soul is possessed by it, and it absorbs all the devotion. Need we wonder if many cannot get higher than her to whom they are encouraged to bring their troubles, to make their petitions; her who is represented as more indulgent, more able to sympathize than her Divine Son; her to whom that Son can refuse no request? That with them the Son is a name, the Virgin a fact; the Son an abstraction, the Virgin a reality!

Because minds of this class are incapable of wide and comprehensive thought, the lesser object occupies the whole space, obscuring the distance. Giving all they are called upon to give to the Blessed Virgin, they have no more to give; their reservoir is dry. There is, we fully believe, no more sure way of raising a dense superstition, than setting speculative minds—minds absorbed in mysteries and separate from the business of life—to teach the ignorant. The conclusions, without the processes that have led to them—if they take effect upon ignorance at all—are pretty sure to be apprehended with a material grossness in proportion to the fantastic subtlety of the train of argument that led to them. Thus an imaginative ascetic spiritualizes the concerns of this life, and the habits and manners of mortals, and transfers them to his dealings with angels and departed saints. By an infinite elaboration he connects himself with the unseen world; through a vast chain of intelligence he supposes

himself able to communicate with the departed. A letter to S. Stanislas is written under a perfect understanding of a vast, complicated, invisible agency, which shall convey to the Saint the thoughts and words of which he desires him to be cognisant; but this practice, in the hands of the vulgar, loses all intricacy of idea. They write because they are given to understand, that if they put a request in the form of a letter, and address it to a Saint in heaven, it will be granted. They have not a higher notion of Omnipotence and Omniprescience than this transaction, followed by this response, presents. These attributes are in act ascribed to the object addressed, though not necessarily in words; the disciple, in ignorance, commits a sin from which the intellectual acuteness of the teacher preserves him. What he teaches is a transfer of that trust in man, which is the greatest earthly snare, to the courts of heaven; what the learner receives is the idea of an omnipotent being who is yet not the Supreme Being.

This working of one class of minds upon another of an absolutely different training and organization is shown in its extreme effects where women accept the teaching and act out the subtleties of scholastic ascetism. Women have by nature a large implicit faith: they have also a reverent sense of two superiorities over them, where man has but one, two intelligences higher than their own; God the supreme, and man His vicegerent. In all matters involving the exercise of pure reason and abstract powers of thought, woman feels her inferiority and need of guidance, while fully alive to certain gifts in herself that man wants. But all the more, because she feels that she has a province of her own, does she submit to her head in things beyond her easy, natural range, where thought is a conscious, sustained, laborious effort. Prone to worship, prone to lean, unvisited by doubt, apt to learn, she has a pleasure in submission, in bowing to authority, in the consciousness that her trust outstrips her reason, in a double faith—faith in her religion and in him that teaches it. This docility to her teacher is given to man in trust. She is answerable to God, but men are answerable to her, and to their conscience for the use they make of this influence. We may say that this docility makes it easier to women than to men to be believing and devout; but it also leads them captives to a blinder superstition, and a lower phase of hero worship than men often fall into, when they discard those safeguards of intuitive perception and mother wit with which they are gifted. Logical extremes, subtleties, and refinements, are congenial to woman's nature if she is led to them by a sufficiently persuasive and competent authority; but this leader is essential, and she must be able to see and recognise her

natural guide, the masculine intellect. Man leads man, but woman is not led in the highest affairs of the soul by woman. She does not act in the management of thought and the regulation of faith without the sanction of her natural head. And who can say that in requiring this guidance she is not fulfilling a law of her being, without which the whole order of things could not be maintained? The feeling of women towards their spiritual guide and pastor, which is so constant a theme for satire and ridicule, is only one form of acknowledging this subservience. Men have no feeling that answers to this sentiment towards their teachers in spiritual things, and they despise it in woman, or are angry, or envious, as the case may be; but this difference caused by sex is, in the simplest and noblest sense of the word, natural within just limits, but also of all things liable to abuse, if the one side allows sentiment to become sentimentalism, and the other, with conscious, cunning hands, plays upon the weakness for inferior purposes, for mere power and aggrandizement, or for the sake of parading a train of zealous followers. Under these conditions, the differences we claim as a just basis of influence become the most fertile source of mischief and extravagance that can be named.

In immediate connexion with this question is the *cultus* of the Virgin at the point it has long been tending to, and has now reached. We venture to say that if there had been no appeal, unlawful and unwarrantable, to the weaknesses of women as such, in the popular inculcation of this worship, it could never have attained its present form. We suppose that no one will dispute that ascetics and women have developed and fostered it to its present proportions. Women accepting the teaching of men who acquire a more absolute sway over the feminine imagination for recoiling from their domestic influence, and shrinking from and hardening themselves against their attraction. Men and women can in no state be absolutely independent of one another. While they think at all, they must contemplate mankind under this distinction, this double aspect, and even find something agreeable in the difference, and if the interest in each other is checked in its obvious manifestation it does not therefore cease to affect the mind, or to influence the train of thought; the natural changes into the transcendental, the material into the ideal. Hence, the men who have shunned the companionship and influence of women as inconsistent with the heights of sanctity, have elaborated in their cells the idea of a woman of divine and immaculate perfections; and women, on their part, have received this representation as almost the revelation of purified and sublimed masculine intelligence, as something excogitated by men raised above the weakness of humanity,

and thus gifted to portray the ideal of perfect and divine womanhood. The result we see is doubtless a natural consequence of principles and practices which might have seemed, at the outset, to tend to a wholly opposite development.

But this, we must call it, sentimental expansion of the heart towards 'deified' feminine nature, though congenial to humanity under certain conditions and forms, is clearly not congenial to others. No one can pretend that it finds any response with men engaged in the practical affairs of life. It recommends itself to the simple and ignorant under certain teaching; to subordinate races, by nature impressionable and unreasoning; and it wakes a strong passion of devotion in women of excitable natures, whose reason has not been cultivated, and who, being encouraged to place themselves under the patronage of a benignant being who understands and sympathizes with their trials and temptations more intimately even than He who took upon Him our flesh deigns to do, find it easy to conform themselves to so indulgent a doctrine, and one which invites a certain unrestrained, uncritical expansiveness of thought and phrase; but to ordinary men the strain of devotion, and of the language in which it is expressed, is puerile. They may not acknowledge as much to themselves; they may not discriminate or know what dogma it is in the Christianity set before them which gives this impression; but we think wherever this ardent devotion to the Virgin has a very prominent place, the active ruling male population will be found to treat religion, or perhaps we should say devotion, as a thing for the inferior classes and for women, not a personal affair. And there, too, we shall see that the instructors in religion will virtually give up the men as beyond their reach, and apply all their power and energies to strengthen their influence on women as the only means of maintaining a hold on society.

And this seems to bring us to a question which must have perplexed, or at any rate been discussed by, every mind. Are women more religious than men? It seems on the face of it as if they must be. It is not only in Santiago, or in Paris, that the congregations are made up of women. Who preponderate in our own churches? who make up our weekly congregations? who remain longest, and are the most tractable pupils in our Sunday schools? who attend our religious meetings? who are the readers of religious books? who respond most readily to the teacher's lessons? who hang with most attention and trust on the preacher's words? who repay his efforts with the most cordial response? who can be most constantly pointed out as the friend of his ministerial labours? to whom does he go for sympathy and help? We might enlarge on this theme for pages.

Certain it is that the greater portion of religious effort, even in our own country, might seem to be expended on and by women. Is it really then better to be born a woman? Is salvation easier and more attainable by women? Does it meet in them with fewer obstacles and impediments? If this greater impressionableness is to be a sign, if this readiness of response is to argue all that at first sight it seems to do, there could be but one answer; but it is very clear that the question cannot be settled by statistics. Multitudes of religious teachers and writers do so settle it, unquestionably, but we think *not* to the interests of true religion. We believe our whole popular religious literature is influenced by this impression, whether consciously held or no. We cannot take up a tract or a treatise that has sold by its thousands or hundreds of thousands, without feeling convinced that the writer has had the feminine reader in his thoughts. He trusts to his unsupported assertion; he launches into forms of interpretation and lines of speculation, he utters prophesies and takes retrospects, which he would not venture upon if he thought men—educated men—would read him. All schools have this exclusively feminine literature. Women, we should feel sure, buy Dr. Cumming's effusions; women buy all the vague, diffuse, fanciful, and often daringly ignorant commentaries, and paraphrases, and 'characters' drawn from Holy Scriptures. Women are the recipients of nine-tenths of the Tract Societies' publications. Women read the religious tales by which men support their own views, and convict those of their opponents.

It is a great deal easier in all these cases to adapt the subject to the reader, than to take the line of adapting the reader to the subject; but when the easier method is followed, and popular religion addresses itself mainly to what are considered the natural characteristics of the feminine mind, a counter and evil influence works beneath the seeming good, very injurious to the permanent interests of the cause at heart. And if so, we are necessarily driven to assume that what seems the superior religious element in women cannot all ring true metal; that constitutional religion, an aptitude by nature to receive impressions, to accept teaching—though excellent qualities when rightly used—may be abused, may be hollow, and may imply nothing at all. The religion of the renewed nature is a thing apart from this bias or temperament, and we may say is of no sex. The whole teaching of S. Paul is of this character; with him, where he enforces the great truths of the Gospel, there is literally neither male nor female; to *all* he says 'in understanding be ye men,' neither man nor woman does he address, or, shall we say humour, as such, in speaking of spiritual

things. When he singles out the Christian women of the Church for exhortation, it is to enforce upon them such moral duties as nature itself teaches, and which stood in danger of being forgotten under the new illumination. Every Christian doctrine is enforced, without consideration of sex, on both alike; not because such a precept or practice was especially adapted to the tenderness or weakness of woman. And yet, as being all things to all men, this principle of selection might have been looked for if it had been conformable to the purity and the growth of the Gospel. It is clear that some in his day had begun this system of one-sided teaching. There were men to lead silly women captive, and silly women to be so led by them. In the question of that worship of the Virgin which is so congenial to the women of Roman Catholic populations, and seems to be a distinguishing mark of their religion as opposed to that of men, we do not say that the adaptation of it to the feelings and temperament of women has been deliberate; but they have responded with enthusiasm, and men have not—that is, men who carry on the business of life—and hence the whole tone of teaching, and the method of enforcing it, have become feminine, persuasive to women, and regarded by men as a *cultus*, beautiful, perhaps, but only adapted to the feminine understanding. It is for them, men feel, and to satisfy the demands of feminine sentiment, that the Virgin is portrayed in the manifestations of herself which are put forward for popular instruction, as with a laxer sense of justice than is compatible with our idea of God's perfections, with a strong partisanship, with a romantic tenderness for picturesque sinners, with an almost indiscriminate appreciation for homage as such, as well as with an especial indulgence for women's errors and weaknesses. We would not wound any one's sense of reverence, but no man can read 'The Glories of Mary,' and not own all this, though the truths might be differently rendered. And how much does this weak element affect the whole standing of revelation in men's minds, whose insight into domestic religion is of this nature? for what may not this elaborate system of superstition and fanaticism be answerable?

Wherever women are singled out for religious work and service, independent of and in advance of men, we have learnt to entertain a certain suspicion. Women, as we see, are tractable, and, under influential and stimulating teaching, will combine to undertake great things both in labour and self-denial. To us it seems as if neither the labour nor the self-denial were on a perfectly safe basis, while it is so distinctly feminine. For one thing, the women themselves learn to regard religion as their own speciality. In their books they set a

higher standard for their own sex than for men. Sins are tolerated in men that would sink women utterly below sympathy. They even pardon in men positive unbelief as a sort of inherent infirmity, not to be too curiously inquired into, while the faith of woman is to be immaculate according to the writer's pattern. This indulgence cannot but indicate something false in their whole system. We are not hard upon them. Men have set them this example; but it is a sign that sentiment rather than reason and understanding is the guiding impulse at work. Perhaps we see this most clearly in the foreign literature of the day, though there is abundant evidence of it in our own. The most popular and widely influential French writers seem to have lost the power of even reverencing religion but as they see it reflected in woman. A woman absorbed in devotion is *adorable;* and quite as adorable whether the object of her devotion recommends itself to the reason of the observers or not. In her they can admire submission to constituted authority, zeal, orthodoxy, and strictness, though they will touch none of them with one of their fingers; they will fall in love with her superstitions, and talk second-hand raptures about them. They can be really eloquent on the subject of the Virgin, and say the prettiest things, and yet let it be seen that they themselves do not participate in the remotest degree in the faith that wins their sentimental homage, and which they think so beautifully congenial to woman's nature. They can applaud her in the tasks of benevolence or ascetism to which she devotes herself, without feeling committed to a step in the same direction. And where this is carried on long enough, and the language is gallant and fervent enough, there will be found a sort of acquiescence in it as being a hopeful *sign*, as tending to good, as opening out to woman her mission as the regenerator of man. This is the task which such writers are quite willing she should take upon herself, at least as the educator of infancy; the task which, as we have said, the clergy have to impose upon her in despair of any direct influence; for which priest and sceptic alike encourage her to fit herself by an enthusiasm which shall overrun reason and judgment: for where women are viewed and treated by men as a sex—as a class—they are never encouraged to cultivate their judgment; it is their essentially feminine qualities which are to be developed and set to work. Men think they have reason; what they like to see in women is something peculiar to them and characteristic. Thus, because men are sceptical, women are to be credulous; because men criticize evidence, they are to require none; because men argue, they are to accept at a word. Great things are expected from this one-sided growth; it is to carry with it a persuasive charm; but where this system is in fullest

play it is pretty clear that the means by which one sex is unduly stimulated, deaden and repel the other. Where the women are, as we should say, most superstitious in their religion, the men are most frankly unbelieving; and, through the influences of habit, each party, instead of labouring to convert the other, learns to acquiesce in the state of things, as at least natural, and therefore excusable, if not part of the very nature of things.

In our own society something parallel takes place. Where the men cry down sermons, the fine ladies run after popular preachers, and manifest an exceptional zeal in the reception of any strange doctrine—a willing fanaticism, one might think as a sort of set-off. Thus the husband derides every sober discourse as insufferable, and all pulpit eloquence as contemptible, while the wife perhaps is among hundreds of other women eagerly listening for the precise date of the end of the world, or the battle of Armageddon, or the promise of a millennium close at hand. But in all this the men are most to blame. In the family life, unless the head guides and leads, a certain eccentricity is inevitable. We speak of classes not individuals. The naturally devout and impressionable, being denied sympathy, are thrown upon excitement. This religion we cannot think a thing to be relied on; but at least it is better than none. And the religion of every community which wants the active co-operation of practical men, must owe much of whatever force it has to excitement. It will have a morbid, intermittent character; it must inevitably be deficient in bone and fibre, and it must be subject to abuses of a peculiar character—abuses arising from a general unchecked submission of the judgment, which, in extreme cases, and where this dependence is played upon by designing hands, results in a cowardly self-desertion; that miserable tendency, conspicuous in many phases of fanaticism, to transfer to others the inalienable charge of conscience, to put into other hands the decision of the question: 'Am I right or wrong?' 'Is this moral or immoral?' and to rejoice in being a mere tool—the infatuated slave of another will.

In days when a certain wave of scepticism passes over society—and we fear our time is one of them—women are, no doubt, guardians of lay faith, and as such are often the resource and consolation of priest and pastor of many a different school. Through them the work of the Church can be still carried on, and a cheering evidence of success and efficiency maintained. The advocate for a life of rule, of exclusive devotion to good works or religious service, finds women ready to accept the hardest tasks, and thus to throw themselves into the breach which men have so little mind to face. The preacher of religious emotions, calls, assurances, finds women still ready to be

struck, and even convulsed, by his thunders, when the men stand aloof. The good parish-priest finds women his faithful hearers or willing helpers, when the men follow their secular callings unheeding. And, let us add, the holder of spiritual office, whose state of mind is consciously at odds with his ecclesiastical position—who is shaken by the conflict of men's opinion——vacillating, uncertain in his own views—who hangs suspended between the claims of orthodoxy and the glare of the nineteenth century's illuminations—has recourse to women, with as ready and eager a dependence as the rest. He may not be *very* sure about anything under dispute in his own person; he may be conscious that the Church has not in him a champion of faith invulnerable; but if he can set the women to work—if he can inspire them with zeal for the souls and bodies of the poor and helpless—if he can permeate our dense, ignorant masses with woman's charity or woman's simple faith, happily undisturbed by the doubts that afflict deeper intellects—he will be doing the Church a counterbalancing service. Through him a work will have been effected; his *influence* is still orthodox; and when this storm of doubt has passed over, as all storms do pass, a work will have been making progress, through the agency on one hand, and among members on the other, of classes to whom all the questions of critics and cavillers are unintelligible or immaterial distinctions; and he has been the first impulse—he has all along laboured by proxy. It is hardly too much to say of some persons' apparent creed, that they actually give over a sex to orthodoxy, so that things are true as women hold them which as men they dispute. But here the boasted religiousness of woman, by which is often meant her native conservatism, is imperilled as in no other case. In the ordinary conditions of priestly or clerical influence—the influence denounced at Santiago, the theme of Michelet's book ('Priests, Women, and Families'), the subject of gentle satire in our own society—women are led by some form of development; their leader is really a leader; strong, at least, in profession, and secure of his ground. They respect him for his faith, whether sound or not, for his assumed insight into the Divine counsels, for a confidence—or, perhaps, audacity—which answers, in their minds, to infallibility. They lean on him because they believe him a pillar; but if the teacher himself vacillates, if there hangs about him the faintest suspicion of tottering or uncertainty, then either his influence will be *nil*, or, if personal attraction prevents this, he strikes a blow heavier than he himself desires. It is too much to expect, nor has the world an instance of, woman really standing in any stout profession of religion whatever against the world. Priests and women may do or seem to do so for a time, but the woman, with-

out the priest, however pretty the position in novels of a woman believing because she is a 'trembling, believing creature,' has not yet been seen. Nobody, in our day, really wants a school of female sceptics—not, we verily believe, the most liberal of the Essayists; but if they really got hold of the feminine mind, the effects would be serious, and even terrible, in a more practical line than men now contemplate.

On the question how far women are more religious than men, we would observe that, so far as religion has a secular side, there is no doubt that it constitutes one of woman's greatest secular interests. And when we talk of persons' interest in and devotion to the cause of religion, it must always be remembered that this devotion may be concentrated on the secular element. The rules of society, as they now exist, if not the nature of things, exclude women from the avowedly secular business of life, making an exception in favour of religious work and service. Religion is then, as it was designed to be, one of the principal means by which they take part in the work of the world; it is their sphere, and this, of course, enhances what is called woman's innate religiousness, till we cannot judge how far it is innate, or how far policy unconsciously infuses its alloy into the pure metal. If the advocates of women's rights got their way, and women undertook men's businesses and professions, they would lose much of this reputation, though not a word were written or spoken to influence their religious belief and practice. They would belong to the world in a different sense from what they had done before; strong interests disconnected with spiritual things—as none of their present domestic interests are—would take possession of them, and would approach their habit of mind to some likeness, in this respect, to that of men, though with a still wider divergence from the old feminine standard than men show. Women have unquestionably some excellencies of mind and nature peculiar to themselves which have been of inestimable service to the Church. The faith of a little child, combined with womanly tact, has ever been, as all history shows, a divinely favoured instrument of conversion. Through her the missionary of old and rude times reached men impervious to his direct influence; through her something of the same work is done in our day. Every leader and ruler in the Church does well to use her service, as especially woman's service with a part of its own to perform. Where the trust is misused and abused, the actor does not see this feminine nature through its merits, but its defects. He says to himself—unconsciously, perhaps—not 'women are better than men;' but 'women are more manageable, more easily led, more the prey of their wishes and emotions, more ready tools.'

Instead of seeking to elevate and strengthen that impressible nature, he plays upon it and humours it. In such a revelation as we must call that of Santiago, where everything is in extreme, it is no want of charity to assume that the priests appealed knowingly to the puerilities and weaknesses of women in the whole conduct of that festival that ended so fatally; in the gross expedients by which they sought to excite their faith and reliance on an object which so set forth that object which is always found so especially congenial to an excitable and frivolous female population; as relaxing the moral severities of religion, and throwing into it an infusion of earthly romance. To us it seems as though they had sought to make and keep them religious by a deliberate, sinful, deadening and obscuring of their higher faculties, if not by grosser acts; but a priest of Chili must not be judged by English rules: it is so possible to be right in declaiming against systems, and yet unjust toward the people who carry them out, perhaps, in perfect good faith. In general terms, however, it is certain, that whenever, for the construction of a useful engine, women are urged to extremes of trust, submission, or enthusiasm, by means which address themselves to their peculiar mental and physical organization, and suppress, by consequence, their reasoning powers and independence of thought, some mischief to pure religion will be the result; in some cases it has been the gravest the Church can experience: and wherever what ought to be the joint task of men and women is, on account of their superior willingness and docility, thrown upon women alone, some extravagance, weakening to the Church's state and efficiency, will ensue.

ART. V.—*Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D. Dean of Ely. Deighton. Cambridge.

WHEN the prayer was added to our daily service that 'saving health might be made known unto all nations,' it was as if a new spirit had been called into our Church, a spirit that had been absent from her ever since the degradation of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom before the Norman Conquest.

The seed was sown, but the growth was slow, still, and secret, 'while men slept.' The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took its rise, indeed, but its small beginnings were little heeded, and the first visible and remarkable stirrings of that freshly-evoked spirit were in bodies external to our Church, reminding us of those outpourings of grace by which Eldad and Medad prophesied, and devils were cast out by unprofessed disciples, unrebuked either by Moses or the Greater than Moses—'He that is not against us is for us.'

When the Baptist shoemaker, Carey, first openly broached the subject of the work set before this Christian land towards her heathen dependencies, we are told that one of his hearers thought within himself, 'Should the Lord make windows in heaven might this be.' This person lived to be one of the most zealous labourers in behalf of the Mission cause, and to see visible and hopeful results from the energy of Carey and his companions, the greatest of which was perhaps the awakening the missionary impulse through the dissenting congregations of the land; and by the work begun in India, the finally shaming the State into commencing the increase of the Episcopate so long asked for by the Church. Even then, when the East and West Indies had each a Bishop, our younger readers will hardly realize how much the cause was retarded by the fact of the dissenting and evangelical medium through which it made the most noise. Each sectarian body acting on a system of its own, the teachers enthusiastic but half educated, and the support of their schemes dependent on a portion of the public who were not the most discriminating or refined, but needed strongly-coloured statements and appeals to reach their feelings; it was no wonder that there was everything to excite the distaste and distrust of the orthodox. Looking back at some old papers, we have been lately struck by being reminded of the longing, doubtful feeling with which in those days we heard of the doings of these missions, sympathizing and admiring, but mistrustful, and arguing ourselves into content with our allegiance to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, first by the all-important point of orthodoxy, and next

by the proverb respecting charity at home, and the crying needs of our own colonies. And patience has brought the good time. Even in those days, one of our prime scholars and religious poets had run his career as an Indian Bishop, and since Bishop Blomfield's strong efforts to obtain free action for the Church in the colonies, the stakes have been strengthened, the cords extended, and pioneers have been sent forward whom our prayers, our sympathies, our means, and in some cases our personal exertions, may undoubtingly follow.

Several of our noblest and ablest have freely given themselves to this labour among the heathen, and it is of one of these, whose death at his post we are still mourning, that the memoir before us is a record. It has evidently been a work of love, and is a monument of warm friendship, executed with great heartiness, good taste and judgment. Yet there are some omissions that surprise us. It is certainly wearisome to be taken back to the first possible ancestor who dimly looms in some list of freeholders in the fifteenth century, or the head of some Celtic immigration from Ireland in pre-historic ages, but it is the opposite extreme barely to hint that a man had a father at all, and not give an indication in what station of life he was born. Some readers, we think, would have cared to know that the father of the head of the Central African Mission was Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore, an old schoolfellow of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the brother Clerks of Session, who used to rumble together in one omnibus to the Parliament house, and who were all called uncles by one another's children. He is referred to in one of the introductions to *Marmion* as—

> 'He whose absence we deplore,
> Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
> The longer missed, bewailed the more.'

Mrs. Mackenzie was of the Forbes family, and Charles Frederick, the youngest of her fifteen children, was born on the 10th of April, 1825, and baptized by Bishop Sandford; from which fact the biographer leads us to infer, what in the history of a Scotsman had better perhaps have been stated, that the family was of Episcopalian principles. Both sides of the house had for generations past been attached to the Church of Scotland, so that it was not with them as with quaint little 'pet Marjorie,' who in her charming six years' old diary, records, when at Edinburgh, 'I am a Pisklepan just now, and a Prisbeteran at Kirkaldy my native town;'[1] as was the case at that time with many of her countrymen and women whose spelling was less original.

[1] 'Marjorie Fleming,' a sketch by Dr. John Brown.

Mr. Mackenzie's death in 1830 left his son Charles with scarcely any recollection of him; but the eldest sister of the family made it her great object to infuse into the growing boy such an acquaintance with his father's tone of thought as might supply the want of personal intercourse. This sister was the person to whom, humanly speaking, the bent of Charles Mackenzie's whole character was chiefly owing. She was one of those elder sisters who are indeed second mothers; and the affection and confidence between her and her brother grew with his growth, changing only in character as the child became a youth and a man, and unbroken by her marriage or by his absence.

His was one of those characters that alters singularly little with growth. Always calmly, deeply religious and unselfish, with the lovingness of hearts that know no guile,

> 'Who all around see all things bright,
> With their own magic smile,'

he had no selfish faults of temper to unlearn as he grew up, and his childlike simplicity he never did lay aside. With a strong bodily frame and excellent capacity, he always enjoyed all that came in his way whether in duty or sport, and did it with all his might, but his chief talent and great delight lay in arithmetic; and when a little child at home it was the amusement of his brothers to ask him difficult questions in numbers, which he always worked out correctly in his head long before they could find the solution on a slate; but he never could explain the method, apparently lost his aptitude when taught 'to do sums' in school routine, and only began to excel when promoted to algebra, and the higher branches where his real mathematical ability was at home.

Then, again, a brother six years his elder came to him for help in arithmetic, at the advice of the motherly sister, who wisely wishing to ascertain that there would be no annoyance in thus applying to the junior, was answered, 'O dear, I would not scorn to learn *anything* of Charlie.'

This was the effect of his peculiar unassuming consideration and conscientiousness, which made him miss a prize offered at the academy because he scrupled to use books of reference without express permission, a loss which was made up to him by the donor, on learning the cause of his failure. He was considered to be almost too gentle and tearful for a boy; and, active and able as he was, perhaps the very superiority of his aspirations hindered him from being such a thorough boy as to be the hero of his comrades. He lived among, but not of, the little world of the Academy at Edinburgh, and afterwards of the Grange School,

Sunderland, and though perfectly humble and reserved, never obtruding his higher aims, he did not throw himself into school-boy sports or politics so as to become prominent.

He had always looked to the Ministry as his destination, and when he was still under fifteen, his sister found that for nine months past he had been devoting part of his leisure hours to the study of Hebrew; for he said, 'at present grammars were no 'drudgery to him, and if he waited till he was obliged to learn it, 'the taste for grammars might have worn off.' It was true that his turn was chiefly mathematical, and while languages were learnt as necessary acquisitions and matters of duty, his classical attainments did not rise to any unusual level, and he did not give his mind to matters of speculation, literature, or the like; he had little imagination, and had to be taught to observe the beauties of nature. He was even known to sit down and eat his cake on the top of a mountain, and come down forgetting the view he had been sent up to see.

In 1844 he became a Pensioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, but finding that the scholarships and fellowships there were not then thrown open to persons not of English birth, he migrated to Caius, where he remained as Scholar, Fellow, and Tutor, for the next nine years.

His undergraduate days resembled those of his boyhood; he was still the gentle but resolute character with one aim before him. The congenial atmosphere of mathematics, and his great enjoyment of rowing, made him almost afraid for a time that he was losing the strong sense of duty and devotion that had ever been with him; but the balance seems to have been restored when he undertook, partly at his sister's suggestion, to devote his Sunday afternoons to some poor people at an Asylum. He never had the reputation of an exclusively religious man among his contemporaries, and was chiefly esteemed for his powers on the one hand in mathematics, on the other in boating, but these were adding to the influence of a character that probably told more on men than it had done on boys.

In January, 1848, he took his degree, and was Second Wrangler. For the Smith prize he was neck and neck with Mr. Barry, of Trinity College, the Fourth Wrangler, and the decision was not made when he set off for Scotland. At York he asked at the telegraph office if a message had arrived for him, according to a promise, from one of his friends. The clerk replied that there was a message, but there must be a mistake in it, and that he had telegraphed for a repetition. It was thus: 'The Muffs have postponed the decision till to-morrow. Keep your tail up.' The 'muffs,' *i. e.* Dr. Whewell, Professor Challis, and the biographer himself, were finally decided in favour of

Mr. Barry by a clause in Dr. Smith's will directing that in doubtful cases Trinity College should have the preference.

'For myself,' wrote Mackenzie to his rival, 'I am convinced 'that what I had already gained is enough for my weak head 'to stand, though some people might fancy it was not much 'turned with it; and this now sets you in your proper place, 'and shows openly what all in Cambridge would believe with-'out it.'

After taking his degree, he became a fellow and tutor of his college, was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1851, and priest in the following year, having in the mean time accepted the assistant curacy of Haslingfield, a village so near Cambridge that a man of his strong health and active habits could combine this ministerial charge with the duties of his college life. In the vacations he would sometimes reside there in lodgings at the schoolmaster's. He was likewise a thorough-going supporter of all good works carried on in the University, an industrial school, mendicity society, and the like, while he made it his duty to exert as much influence as possible in his college.

'I am convinced,' he writes to his eldest sister, 'that much good may be done here, if one can only consider it as one's parish, and as this is not a very common light to regard an ordained fellow in, I am the more inclined to remain, as seeing some work to do. I have been laying myself out this last half year to get intimate with the boys, and have pretty well succeeded, principally, I suppose, because the occupation accorded with my wishes and gave me pleasure; and this is, I think, a very great source of influence. However, I am rather speculating too much, and, after all, I am daily more and more convinced of the permanent [qy. paramount] duty of taking care of oneself—I mean avoiding the delusion of thinking of others while oneself is going down hill, and to this I feel myself prone.'—P. 44.

The Dean adds:—

'I believe that few men have been more successful in this work. He was among them precisely as an elder brother, influencing them for good without obtruding advice, and impressing by his presence a high and pure tone. The remark was made to one of them, who loved him well, on the news of his decease reaching England, "You must feel as if you have lost a brother."—"Ah!" was the reply, "no brother was ever to me what Mackenzie was."'—P. 44.

Still there is a time in a man's life when in many cases the highly intellectual and educational atmosphere of a University becomes unsatisfactory, not to say perilous. Contact with minds at their highest point of intellectual culture, and undergoing constantly the same class of trials, becomes unsatisfying after a time to a practical character, which wearies of a perpetual seed time; and seeks for experiences of the actual work of life; while to another variety of mind there is danger in living in a continual hotbed of thought.

Something of this feeling seems to have actuated the elder sister in her wish that her brother should regard his college life as no more than a transition state. Speculative difficulties, however, do not seem to have ever perplexed him; his mind, though powerful, was simply bent upon devotion and work, or more properly speaking, on work as a part of devotion, and he took unusually little part in the controversies of the day. His own views were those of a thoroughly sound Churchman, but his warm and affectionate nature, added to the habit of constant intimate intercourse with Presbyterian friends and dependents, rendered him remarkably tolerant of other persons' opinions; and perhaps his native sweetness often prevented them from showing him their salient angles. It was no discontent with his Cambridge life, however, that gave him his first impulse into the wider field, but an application to him from a friend, the Rev. J. S. Jackson, to find fellow-workers in a mission about to be established at Delhi. The following beautiful letter to his eldest sister shows how the subject worked in his mind. His mother's recent death had left her his chief female counsellor:—

'When Jackson came to Cambridge a month or two ago to try to find a colleague, I thought once or twice, Why should not *I* go, but said nothing to him, as I thought that would be unfair, before I was more definite myself. I spoke of my feelings to one or two Cambridge friends, in a general way, saying that I could not see any reason why one of us should not go, and I was afraid it was because we could not make up our minds to the self denial, and that there was no good reason, but ended by saying, "Don't be alarmed, I'm not going," and so it passed off.

'But on Thursday Jackson came again, and we chatted quietly about his prospects, and the opening there was, and how he wished he could find some one; and after he left me, I read a bit of Henry Martyn's life before *he* left England, and I determined for the first time, and prayed God to help me, to think what was best to be done, and *to do it*. I thought chiefly of the command, "Go and baptize all nations," and how some one ought to go; and I thought how in another world one would look back and rejoice at having seized this opportunity of taking the good news of the Gospel to those who had never heard it, but for whom, as well as for us, Christ died. I thought of the Saviour sitting in Heaven and looking down upon this world, and seeing us who have heard the news selfishly keeping it to ourselves, and only one or two, or eight or ten going out in the year to preach to His other sheep, who must be brought, that there may be "one fold and one shepherd;" and I thought if other men would go abroad, then I might stay at home; but as no one, or so few would go out, then it was the duty of every one that could go, to go.

'You see I thought of the pleasure and the duty, and I think they were both cogent reasons. So I determined to sleep upon it; and in the morning, when I thought about it, the more I thought the more clear I got. I thought of my duties here, and how I had been in the habit of considering them superior in importance to every thing else; but then that was in comparison with posts for which there was no lack of persons to be found; whereas this was a thing which it seemed no one could be found to do. I thought, too, of what I have considered the qualifications for usefulness at Cambridge, namely, my good degree, and the way people don't dislike me, and my pretty large acquaintance;

but then, I thought, these things will not be lost, for though it would be no argument if there were no other arguments, yet it removes the objection to my leaving Cambridge to say that the better I am known the more interest will be raised in the Missionary cause. Then I thought, too, of Jackson, and how disheartening it was for him, his first friend leaving him, and every one else saying, "I wish I could find some one to go with you," but no one thinking of going; and I thought, What right have I to say to the young m n here, "You had better go out to India," when I am hugging myself in my comfortable place at home. . . . I freely confess I can see nothing except my own unfitness; I am rather afraid of my own instability and want of method and perseverance, habits which have been increasing with me of late. I am rather afraid of their injuring the cause I am going to undertake, but at the same time I hope that the having one main object in life may assist in steadying me: at present I have scores of interests all claiming attention. And I do trust that if I go forth boldly trusting in God, He will not fail to help me. . . . My own main argument is this, We may, it is true, serve God, and show our love to Christ in one place as well as in another (and I am trying to avoid the notion that by going out I shall be free from weakness and sin), but no one else will go, so I will. There are plenty in England: there is grievous need there.'—P. 71.

His sister answered this letter in the spirit that it deserved, with free, unselfish concurrence in his views; but home and college friends remonstrated, and the plan was relinquished.

Mr. Hubbard, who went in the place he would have taken, was one of the first victims of the Indian massacres. Charles Mackenzie was reserved for another form of martyrdom in the same cause.

Yet neither he nor his sister dropped the thought of mission work; and in 1854 the trumpet tones of Bishop Selwyn in his visit to England further stimulated the purpose already forming. Thenceforth his mind was made up that if another invitation to mission work came to him, he would accept it as a leading of Providence. The call was not long in coming. It was from Dr. Colenso, who had then just returned from his tour of inspection of his newly-formed diocese of Natal; and in arranging his plans cast his eyes on Mackenzie, as a person known to be warmly interested in the extension of the Church, and eminently fitted both mentally and physically for the pastoral charge of colonists and natives. The offer of the Archdeaconry of the Diocese was made, and, after brief deliberation, accepted.

On the matters that have brought Dr. Colenso's name so unhappily forward, the Dean of Ely is completely silent. At the period of the appointment his views were scarcely in the germ, and although Mackenzie was aware of some differences in opinion, these had not made themselves evident enough to cause a man of such tolerant habits of mind to hesitate in becoming his fellow-worker. As time went on, the divergence of doctrine became more apparent; and though to the end the amicable and affectionate feeling between the Bishop and his Archdeacon was never disturbed, it was not because the

Archdeacon consented to any uncatholic opinions, but because he rather dwelt on that which both had in common, namely, an earnest desire for the spiritual welfare of their flocks. In fact, though for several years in close contact, the distinctive careers of Bishops Colenso and Mackenzie scarcely bear upon one another; and after having once shown that their co-operation for a time gave no sanction on the part of the latter to the subsequent teaching of the former, we may be permitted to leave this painful subject.

An elder unmarried sister had been ordered to a southern climate for the winter, and the newly-made Archdeacon proposed to her to cast in her lot with him, and accompany him to his new field of labour. They sailed in the barque, *Jane Morice*, with the mission party, consisting of the Bishop and his family, two clergymen besides the Archdeacon, a German professor of languages, several ladies, who were to live in the Bishop's house and work under him, two catechists, a farmer, labourers, mechanics, and boys, in all about thirty or forty persons.

The Archdeacon's perfections as a fellow-voyager were great; he was never disabled by sea-sickness, but was able to wait on both cabin and steerage passengers.

'You would have laughed if you had seen me in a little cabin with four berths, quite dark, I making the bed for some person, man or woman, who sits upon a box talking Suffolk; or standing outside the ship-kitchen begging the black cook for some "fresh water boil" to make arrowroot (I can make it famously now), or going from one part of the ship to another, helping Miss — to walk on the slippery decks, each carrying two cups of arrowroot, I with a pocket filled with a brandy-flask, a tumbler, a bottle of raspberry vinegar, and two eggs.'—P. 99.

We once heard a gentleman defined (and by one of the truest gentlemen we ever knew) as a man who thought no service he could do for a fellow-creature beneath him; and when with this spirit were combined an ever-joyous temper, tender sympathy, quick resource, strong arms, and hands of unusual dexterity, no wonder that the Archdeacon was, as his sister called him, 'the 'life of the party, the sunshine of the steerage, and the director 'of everything from the boxes in the hold to the preaching and 'teaching of all on board.'—P. 108.

The *Jane Morice* cast anchor in Durban Bay on the 20th of May, 1855, and the party read the 103d Psalm, with glad and grateful hearts, in sight of the exquisite verdure of the coast.

Perhaps it may be as well here to recall to such of our readers as may not have been led by any special interest to keep up to the rapid progress of colonial geography in this quarter, that Natal lies on the south-east African coast, between the 29th and 30th degrees of south latitude. Four terraces or slopes rise

from the seashore, each with a distinctive climate, and all fertile. The population consists of a sprinkling of Dutch, and of the fast-increasing English immigrants, together with a large number of Zulu Kaffirs, many of them fugitives from the tyranny of their native prince. The seat of government is Pieter Maritzburg, at a short distance from which the Bishop finally erected Bishopstowe, his own mission station. Durban is the sea-port, and it was here that the Bishop found it advisable to place the Archdeacon as parish priest to the white population. It was a disappointment.

'It has occurred to me once or twice that this was not what I came out for; but then I have remembered, and it has perfectly satisfied my mind, so that I do not think the objection will return: I came out here simply because there was a scarcity of people that could and would come. I did not come because I thought the work more important than what I was leaving, though I did and do feel the importance of the work here very strongly; but I came because so few would. I left plenty in England; and my coming abroad has left the place open for others. So I am quite satisfied, and am convinced that I am doing best by being quite at the bidding of the Bishop.'—P. 122.

Thus his straightforward humility carried him over that frequent trial of a missionary at his outset, the being set to minister to colonists instead of natives. There were indeed many natives in the town, chiefly employed as grooms and domestic servants. Each house had, by way of offices, a Kaffir hut and cook-house, where the Kaffirs showed themselves wonderfully dexterous and intelligent in various domestic capacities, so that it was quite the exception to have any servants but Zulu men. Women could hardly ever be induced voluntarily to enter on service, though the young daughters of refugees from the border were, as a condition of their parents' reception, bound apprentice for a term of years to some settler.

A Kaffir school was established and carried on by the Archdeacon and his sister, but the colonists gave little facility for the attendance of their servants; and altogether this was the most trying and disappointing period of his life. A surplice war began soon after his appointment, and raged with so much acrimony that he wrote:—

'I used to say I did not know why God had given me so sunshiny a life. One or two people used to say I did not need tribulation, but this I never believed. Others, such as you, I think, used to say it was, because my nature was too good tempered, and I did not think things to be painful which others did; but even so, this was the gift of God. I now think that He has answered my prayer which used to be for pain and annoyance, when He thought it wise, and I thank Him, and only hope He will "fit me for perfect rest above." Perhaps that rest may be made more sweet by annoyance now.'—P. 130.

Meantime he toiled hard with services and schools for white

and black, and archidiaconal tours. His pleasantest hours were spent at a mission station which he was instrumental in forming on the river Umlazi, a few miles from Durban, under the care of the Rev. R. Robertson and his wife. It was while on a visit to the Umlazi that the Archdeacon was joined by the youngest of his sisters, who brought with her a peculiar aptness and enthusiasm for a missionary life. At the time of her arrival, Miss Mackenzie was ill in bed at the Umlazi, and the Archdeacon went alone to meet the new comer at Durban; and, though it was late in the evening, they rode together to the Umlazi, fording two rivers on the way, in the middle of one of which the young lady's horse stopped to drink. 'It was wonderfully pleasant,' she writes, 'to be sitting alone in the dark in the 'middle of an African river, the reeds higher than myself on 'either side of the water; the sweet, soft air blowing gently 'round, full of the chirping of strange frogs, and the fireflies 'glancing round in all directions.'—P. 155.

Meantime Miss Mackenzie was waiting, ill and weak, and unable to restrain her tears. A Kaffir woman belonging to the mission came to her, and, kneeling on a chair, began kissing her hands, and saying in soft, soothing tones, 'Hush! dear Inkosazan, 'hush! your sister has arrived! Hush! hush! dear Inkosazan, 'hush! She has passed the dangers of the seas! she is now on 'the land! Hush! dear Inkosazan, it is good to pass from the 'sea to the land.'—P. 157.

This reminds us of the wild, sweet impromptus of the negro women who tended Mungo Park.

Miss Alice Mackenzie's account of the children at the Umlazi Mission must be known to many of our readers under the title of 'Seeing and Hearing'—a perfect transcript of her own impressions, and owing its *couleur de rose* tint to the reflected brightness of the 'magic smile' which she possessed in common with her brother, and, moreover, to the fact that there is an amiability and gentleness about the Kaffirs that renders them very engaging to those who treat them with courtesy. The darker evils of their heathen vices are not upon the surface.

The younger sister learnt the language with such ease, and was so devoted to the Kaffir cause, that there was a joking agreement that she should be the Archdeacon's black sister and Miss Mackenzie his white one; but in reality the guiding principle of the whole trio was simply to do what came to hand, accepting it as their Master's work. For those who wish to know the pleasures and trials of mission life there can hardly be better reading than this book, always sober yet always sunny.

Several months were spent at the Umlazi, in constant work, but in much uncertainty as to the future, until the Bishop decided

on giving the Archdeacon the pastoral charge of the Umhlali district, about forty miles north of Durban. This 'parish' contained a number of English settlers at considerable distances apart, a camp with a company of soldiers, and numerous kraals of Kaffirs, so that it combined both colonial and mission work.

In the beginning of June, 1857, the party took up their abode near the Umhlali river. They had a small house, built like almost all those in the colony, except the old Dutch mansions in Pieter Maritzburg, with wattle and daub sides, a grass roof continued to posts outside so as to form a deep verandah, and, as an emigrant's letter described such edifices, 'there is no upstairs.' The body of the house contained two rooms, one twenty-eight feet by twelve, which was fitted up to serve for the Church; the other answered the purpose of vestry and of drawing room. The verandah had two other apartments partitioned off under the slope of the roof, one of which was Miss Mackenzie's, the other was pantry and sleeping room for Jessie their Scottish maid. The others of the party slept in grass huts, chiefly superior to the native ones in having doors tall enough to enter by without crawling, and windows closed on cold nights with a plaid. The floors were all of earth, covered with mats, and every now and then requiring a grand *déménagement* to dislodge the white ants; after which they were plastered with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, dried, and again carpeted. How chamelions lodged in the roof, to say nothing of scorpions, how often tiger cats ran away with the chickens, and snakes were killed by the valiant kitten, may be guessed from the correspondence; but cheerful tempers, mutual affections, and the strong sense of the cause in which they were engaged, made the brother and sisters view such grievances as almost laughing matters.

The work is thus described:—

'His Sunday labours are very intense. He has short early Kaffir prayers, then breakfast at half-past seven. Full service at the camp for the soldiers at nine. It is about two miles off. As soon as he comes back the congregation is assembling here, and his horse is saddled for him to mount as soon as the service is over. He has another service at Mount Moreland, about sixteen miles off, at three p.m. In coming here he showed us the spot where his horse always knows he may walk instead of trotting, to allow him to eat his dinner of sandwiches. This ride in the hot sun is very knocking up both for him and his horse. He told us he was in similar circumstances to Elijah, as the brook he used to drink from was now dried up. His horse is again ready for him when this service is over, and he rides to Verulam, either four or six miles, I forget which, where he has service at six p.m. in Mr. ——'s house. He goes to sup with a kind Dutch lady, and spends the night with Mr. ——.' —P. 165.

For 'white' week-day work, besides archidiaconal 'care of all the churches,' there was a sort of reading room established in one

of the huts for the soldiers at the camp, and great pains taken to make it pleasant to them. Also, there was the teaching of as many colonists' children as lived near enough to ride to school on horses or pack-oxen. These were both boys and girls, several of the rank of farmers and gentlemen, but all quite out of reach of education. Progresses were made through the kraals to invite the Kaffir children to school, garments were given to them, lessons taught in reading, singing, and needlework, besides of course the foundations of higher things; but here, it must be confessed, there was disappointment. The Kaffir domestic system makes conversion an extremely difficult matter. The head of each kraal is possessed of an authority against which the younger men do not think it possible to rebel, and though they willingly hire themselves out as servants, they still retain their allegiance to their father or grandfather. Their chief object in thus entering service is to earn the purchase-money of cows sufficient to buy a wife from her father, and the women being the only cultivators of the mealies, and performers of all domestic services, it is a matter of convenience as well as a token of rank and wealth to have as many wives as possible. And the amiable nature of the people is such, that there is seldom any jealousy or ill-feeling between the different wives and their children; indeed it is often difficult to find out to which mother the little animated bronze statues about a kraal belong.

Hence the existing system involves, as first obstacles to conversion, the difficulty of disposing of the superfluous wives of a convert; and next, that the whole influence of the 'world' on a young Kaffir would lead him to multiply these appendages before he had thoroughly made up his mind to accept Christian teaching. Then, unless the full purchase of cows is paid over, even after marriage the wife remains the property of the head of her own family, together with any children she may have; so that in one case among Mr. Robertson's converts at the Umlazi, where the father and bridegroom were both Christians, and the former was very unwilling to comply with the heathen practice of sale, it was still thought needful that the transaction should be completed, lest in case of his death his daughter should fall under the power of some heathen kinsman, who might separate her from her husband.

Girls are thus a source of wealth to their fathers, and as civilization spoils them for the abject drudgery of the kraal, they are the most unattainable pupils of all. Fully aware themselves that their chance of marriage is thus diminished, whole parties of them have been frightened away from the station by a present of a dress. Moreover, even when apprenticed to English families, and so taught as to become apparently sincere believers, the

family rights over them are resumed after their term is out, and often with the danger of a relapse into heathenism.

All these difficulties and many others were adverse to success in the labours at the Umhlali. There is, indeed, little positive counter-faith to contend with among the Kaffirs. The spirits of the dead are the supernatural beings practically believed in, to be dreaded or propitiated, and the vague idea of a Supreme Being is sufficiently near the truth to be made the basis of Christian instruction. The facts of Scripture history are eagerly listened to, and to a certain degree accepted, habits of daily prayer, saying grace, and attending mission services, &c. are often adopted, and beneficial influence even exerted to an amount testified to by the following extract respecting the servants of the Mackenzie family:—

'I was in the sitting-room,' writes Miss Mackenzie, 'when I heard screams, and then saw Jessie running. I joined her, and saw Uskendi crouching under a tree where he had fallen, while Bafuti was close by with a long stick in his hand, and Umzanga was trying to hold him in. As soon as I joined them, Uskendi made his escape, and I took hold of Bafuti's arm, but he shook me off, and said in English, almost foaming with passion, "You like that boy bite me? You like that boy beat me?" I said no it was very bad, but he must not beat him when in a passion. He *roared* out in Kaffir, "Leave me, don't touch me." So I said very quietly, "Bafuti, is that the way in which you speak to the Inkosazan?" Then I told him Uskendi should certainly be punished, but that it was not good for himself to beat him while he was so angry, and I reminded him of Umfundisi's teaching. Umzanga now came and tried to take the stick by force from him, but this was beginning to make him furious again, so we told him to desist, and I said that I would not take it from him, that I knew he would not use it now, and that if he promised, we would trust him entirely. Poor Bafuti! his whole body shook, and I could see his heart beating, while the tears rolled down from his eyes, but with an effort he threw away the stick of his own accord, and walked away; but he was very angry, and he seated himself at the corner of the house as if to watch for his prey. He was very grave all the afternoon, but when I asked him if he would like me to speak to him, he said, "I wish it." Then I reminded him of the evil spirit taking possession of a man, and about Cain and Abel. At night, at prayers, when the Archdeacon asked them all what were the sins we were tempted to commit, Bafuti answered, "Being very angry," and he seemed quite humbled at the remembrance of his passion.'—P. 191.

The conquest over this man's anger was the more remarkable as it was his younger brother who had bitten him, and the father being dead, he was head of the family, and the offence was a sort of high treason. Bafuti was very intelligent and affectionate, and often seemed 'not far from the kingdom of God;' but in Kaffir phrase, 'his heart would not believe.' Indeed, he never resolved upon disentangling himself from the meshes of heathen custom. The stay of the Archdeacon at the Umhlali was too brief and too much interrupted to produce the visible effects with which the ministry of several of his brethren have been crowned.

His whole life was destined to be a seed-time of which others may reap the harvest.

The limited accommodations at the Umhlali station were farther diminished by a visitor, who, putting a candle upon a shelf close under the grass roof of one of the verandah rooms, occasioned a fire, which destroyed the whole house in a very short space of time—but, owing to the ready help of the soldiers from the camp, with wonderfully little destruction of books or furniture. The huts and a couple of tents borrowed from the camp were all the shelter to be had until a new house could be built, and this was a most tedious business, owing to the scarcity of white labour and tardiness of contractors. Meantime, rain came in under the grass thatch of the huts, or ran under the door, moths put out the candles, beetles covered the tables, but still no one was dispirited or downhearted, and finally the new house was habitable. It was in a higher and healthier situation, on ground purchased by themselves, and named Seaforth, in true Scottish loyalty to the former head of the clan Mackenzie.

Here, however, Miss Mackenzie had a long and severe illness; and in the February of 1859 came a heavy sorrow, in the news of the death of the eldest sister, whose influence had so greatly told upon the whole life of her brother. A few days before the tidings came, he had written to her, being already aware of her illness. 'You may be now among the members of the Church in 'Heaven, who have washed their robes and made them white in 'the blood of the Lamb. If so, we shall never meet again on earth. But what a meeting in Heaven!'—P. 197.

A day or two after the writing of this letter, the Archdeacon was on one of his long expeditions on an extremely hot day; he imprudently drank some cold water, and was quite ill when he reached a friend's house, but was restored enough by cool applications and rest to ride home the next day, and then he found that the letters from England had arrived, with the tidings already expected. 'When I heard it, I said at once, "I'm very 'glad," I could not help thinking first she is over the fever, she 'is through the grave and gate of death!' This he wrote the next day, and also a letter to his brother-in-law, saying, 'Surely 'we ought not to think it strange if the brightest gems are 'sometimes removed from the workshop to the immediate 'presence of the Great King.'—P. 198.

But the shock, coming upon the former day's derangement, produced an illness, the only one which he ever underwent from his infancy up to the end of his life. At first it was feared that he had received a sunstroke, and though this happily proved to be a mistake, he was obliged to take care of himself for some weeks.

In the March of this spring, 1859, an arrangement was made for an exchange of duties, in order to allow of a visit to Pieter Maritzburg, and the brother and sisters left the Umhlali as they thought for a few weeks, little dreaming that it would be for ever. The Archdeacon was wanted to take part in a consultation about sending a mission into the Zulu country beyond the English border, and the consequence was, that he was despatched to England to make arrangements, though some doubt existed whether he or Bishop Colenso should undertake the leadership of the Mission. He returned home, therefore, with his elder sister, the younger remaining to pursue her many ways of usefulness in the colony.

The travellers came home just at the time when Dr. Livingstone's narrative of his wonderful residence and travels in Central Africa had stirred the heart of the whole country with warm interest in the native tribes whose character had shown itself to him in such a favourable light. It was very remark- that he, a Scotchman and Presbyterian, and originally sent out by the London Missionary Society, should have made his great appeal in behalf of Central Africa to the Church of England in her two great Universities. The result was the joint resolution for the establishment of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa, to consist of a bishop, clergy, medical man, and labourers and mechanics, so as to carry civilization hand in hand with Christianity. The excitement was considerable. The great meetings and noble eloquence that advocated the cause are still fresh in our memories, but the Dean of Ely tells us of a quiet remark of his friend that circumstances have made observable. It was at what was called at Cambridge, 'the great Zambesi meeting,' in the Senate house, in the full zeal and fervour excited by such speakers as the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. Gladstone, that he gently said to a friend near him, 'I am afraid of this. Most great works of this 'kind have been carried on by one or two men in a quieter way 'and have had a more humble beginning.'—P. 217. It may here be observed, that the vehement adoption of the Central African scheme prevented for the time the carrying out of that which the Bishop of Capetown had come to England to urge, namely, the engrafting of new bishoprics on the borders of the dioceses already established, so as to spread forth the limits of the Church with a regular growth. It is not the present question which would have been the wiser course, still less to inquire into the safety and stability of the effects of excitement. There are many persons in whom dormant sympathies can only be awakened by the stimulus of public speaking, and others who are devoid of either the power or the will of learning for themselves where

their alms are needed, and while this is the case, S.P.G. deputations and town-hall meetings must remain institutions, and a missionary's brief holiday be spent in rushing about by railway to tell his story over and over again. To this, although with little gift, and less love, for public speaking, the Archdeacon was already simply submitting as a part of his duty, answering when his family urged him to give himself some repose, 'Work, not rest, is the thing I want.'

Immediately on the scheme of the University Mission taking form, it was felt that he was the most obvious head, as being already tried in mission work, and seasoned, it was thought, to the African climate. The offer came to him simply as another call from his Master, and with unhesitating obedience he accepted it. Dr. Paget, in whose house he and his sister were staying at Cambridge at the time of the proposal, thought it right to warn them of the full risk, and told Miss Mackenzie that no insurance office would estimate her brother's chance of life in Central Africa at more than two years. When she repeated this to him, she found him completely aware that such was the case, having considered it as a mere matter of course.

Then ensued a year of travelling about and holding meetings on behalf of the Mission, ending with a farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral, with a magnificent sermon by the Bishop of Oxford. And most appropriately and beautifully it happened that the last public address made by the Bishop elect was to the future missionaries in training at S. Augustine's College. It impressed on them 'the absolute necessity of possessing a strong 'and living faith, upon which, he said, the whole of a man's 'usefulness depended. They must look entirely to God-given 'strength if they would bear up against the obstacles that 'pressed upon them in their upward and onward course.'—P. 249.

His friend, Mr. Hutt, who accompanied him to Southampton, thought that he had a presentiment that he should not return to England. Three or four times in the course of the last night, when they sat up late together, putting last touches to business, 'he ceased for a few minutes from his work, and wondered when 'he should be in England again; then, checking himself, he would 'say, "Well, I wish to place myself altogether in God's hands. 'He knows what is best for me, and I trust that what we call 'the worst will be but a summons to our everlasting home."' —P. 251.

The first instalment of the mission party, who sailed on the 6th of October, consisted of the Bishop elect, his sister, two clergymen, a lay superintendent, a carpenter and a labourer. Their first stage was the Cape, where the consecration was to

take place, and there was some delay until it was possible that the Bishops of St. Helena and Natal could arrive at Capetown for the purpose; and during this time communications were received from Livingstone, with a promise to meet the mission party at the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, and conduct them to the scene of their labours, the exact point being, however, left to be decided by circumstances. During this time of waiting, an expedition was made to the Moravian colony at Gnadenthal, where the peculiar discipline of the sect has afforded the means of training the converts to habits both of work and civilization, that are most striking as an example of what can be accomplished.

'I found myself two or three times thinking of Gnadenthal as a realization of the Happy Valley, not that I forgot that there was still much of contact with the outer world, and also much sin and unhappiness in the midst of them; but when one compared their present state with their state in heathenism and barbarism, one could not help blessing God, and praying that we might be allowed to reclaim some of the wandering sheep further north, and give them the blessings of order and holiness.'—P. 269.

This settlement is, however, far older than any of our own. It was begun in 1737 by George Schmidt, who worked there for seven years; but returning home in search of support, was forbidden to return by the Dutch government. He died, but his brethren persevered, and in 1792 obtained the desired permission. When they came to Gnadenthal, the only remains of Schmidt's toils were a pear-tree of his planting, and a blind old woman who had used her eyes to the last in reading the Dutch Testament that he had given to her. Now the coloured flock amounts to 3,000, chiefly Hottentots, and their gravestones, which are all numbered, show that nearly an equal number have gone to their rest in Christian hope.

The consecration took place on the first day of the year 1861. The Saint Matthias' day of the same year saw the consecration of Bishop Patteson to the Melanesian Isles, and thus that winter removed the fetters that had hitherto prevented our Church from stretching out her arms to the nations beyond the confines of the British Empire.

A valuable assistant was added to the mission in the person of Charles Thomas, once a negro liberated from a slave-ship. He had been religiously taught by a lady at the Cape, in whose service he had been and was regarded as 'one of the pillars' of Mr. Lightfoot's congregation of freed slaves at Capetown. He, with three others of this congregation, volunteered to join the expedition, and their services proved inestimable.

On the 8th of January, the Bishop, Mr. Procter, and his three black volunteers, set sail in H.M.S. *Lyra*, in which Captain

Oldfield had invited them to take their passage. Miss Mackenzie was to remain at the Cape till matters were forward enough for her reception, and Mr. Scudamore and Mr. Waller had gone forward by the *Pioneer*, the small steamer which had been built for Dr. Livingstone's use on the rivers. The *Lyra* likewise conveyed Bishop Colenso back to his own diocese, and putting into Durban Bay afforded Bishop Mackenzie the gratification of his last meeting with his sister Alice. Neither of them knew that it was to be the last, for the project still held good that both sisters should be sharers in his new work, but there was a sweetness and a calmness in the brother's countenance so like that of a perfected saint, that the foreboding remained with the sister that she should see that face no more. Even a photograph taken at the time, which we have seen, has not been able wholly to avoid reflecting that expression.

Those few days' stay at Durban were a healing of old wounds. Persons who had been strongest in opposition came to say how much they regretted what had passed, and how glad they should be to have their former pastor among them again. The sister writes:—

'I cannot tell you all that passed; how he took blame to himself for some share in the troubles of past days, and begged those who heard him to tell his former opponents what he said; and how his friends repudiated the idea with horror, and declared that if all was to do again, they would again stand by him through thick and thin.'—P. 266.

A confirmation and the consecration of a church left traces of his episcopal visit to his original field of labour; and then came the parting, described by his sister in words that can hardly be read without tears.

'When he went, and I had his last kiss and blessing, his own bright beautiful spirit infected mine, and I could return his parting words without flinching. I saw him go without even a tear dimming my eye, so that I could watch him to the last, looking after our little boat again crossing the bar till we could distinguish each other no more. In speaking one day of happiness, he said, "I have given up looking for that altogether. Now till death, my post is one of unrest and care. To be the sharer of every one's sorrows, the comforter of every one's griefs, the strengthener of every one's weakness—to do this as much as in me lies is now my aim and object, for you know when the members suffer the pain must fly to the head." He said this with a smile, and Oh! the peace in his face! it seemed as if nothing could shake it.'—P. 287.

On the 9th of February, Bishop Mackenzie and Dr. Livingstone met at the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi. It had already been decided that their operations must begin nearer the coast than the Makololo country, which had so long been Dr. Livingstone's home. The London Mission had indeed already sent out two missionaries with their wives and children, and very shortly

afterwards almost the whole number had died of fever. A place with easier communication with the sea was necessarily to be chosen, and Dr. Livingstone was anxious to defer the choice until he should have explored the Rovuma, a river somewhat to the north of the Zambesi, and which he thought might serve as a better basis of operations. This retardation was a great disappointment to the Bishop, who only yielded to it from deference to Livingstone's greater knowledge of the country and resources. Some of the party were left at the island of Johanna, whilst the Bishop accompanied the exploring expedition. Five days, however, in which they did not make as many miles, proved the river quite unfit for navigation, and they returned to pick up their friends at Johanna, and enter upon the Zambesi itself.

The tardiness of the progress of a steamer in the river had hardly been reckoned on. Much time was consumed in providing fuel, since the dead trees had to be cut, sawn into lengths, and then split up, work that took two days for a single load. Unhappily, too, the *Pioneer* drew too much water, and frequently got aground. Here the party had their first experience of fever, which, when treated with quinine and calomel, they found so slight that they were hardly inclined to take sufficient precautions against it.

After a long and exceedingly laborious ascent of the Zambesi and Shire, the party landed at a place called Chibisas, and took to their feet, where Dr. Livingstone had left a large number of the Makololo who had accompanied him from their own district. A party of these men accompanied the march of the mission party and assisted in carrying the luggage.

'We were all loaded. I had myself in my left hand a loaded gun, in my right the crosier which they gave me at Cape Town, in front a can of oil, and behind a bag of seeds (together weighing about twenty-five pounds), which I carried the greater part of the day. I thought of the contrast between my weapon and my staff, the one like Jacob, the other like Abraham, who armed his trained servants to rescue Lot. I thought also of the seed which we must sow in the hearts of the people, and of the oil of the Spirit which must strengthen us in all we do.'—P. 323.

During the second day's halt, whilst the Bishop and Mr. Scudamore were bathing in the river, they heard a sound of penny trumpets, but little imagined that this betokened that six black slave-drivers with muskets had entered the village, bringing with them eighty-four slaves, chiefly women and children, the few men with their necks fastened into the fork of heavy sticks shaped like a Y. Dr. Livingstone began interrogating one of the drivers, and his Makololo made an attack on the party, but not a shot was fired, and the drivers ran away, leaving the captives, who were at once unbound and fed. One little boy

looked up at Livingstone and said, 'They starved us. You tell us to cook food for ourselves; where do you come from?' The general gratitude and respect were testified by a slow clapping of the hands, and many said these things had taken them so much by surprise that they could not at once eat. The greater number said they came from a place called Zomba, in the quarter to which Dr. Livingstone was directing his march, and the whole troop were added to the mission caravan.

The state of the country, as it appeared to the Bishop and his companions at this time, was that the negro tribe among whom they had come, the Manganja, were continually subject to the forays of their fiercer neighbours the Ajawa, who captured them and sold them in herds to the Portuguese at Tette, by whom they were shipped off to the slave markets.

The Manganja chiefs were anxious to obtain the alliance of the Englishmen, in hopes of defending themselves against their enemies, and it seemed to the Bishop and Dr. Livingstone that the opening thus afforded should not be neglected. Settling down with the rescued captives to form the nucleus of a Christian colony, it might be possible to become the friends and examples of an entire district, and gradually win the hearts of the people of the surrounding villages. The difficult question of using force, if necessary, for the protection of their allies was discussed, and the conclusion of the Bishop shall be given in his own words:—

'The objection lay chiefly in this, that having been sent out to this country to bring blessing and peace to this people, I could not reconcile it to myself to kill them even in self defence; and I still think that if by any possibility the people of this land should attack us, to drive us away or rob us, we ought not to kill our own sheep. But this is a different case. These are strangers from Tette and beyond Shirwa, coming to make war on our people and carry them off as slaves. This we must help them to resist by every means. Livingstone is right to go with loaded gun and free the poor slaves; and there being so few English here, we are right, though clergymen, to go with him, and by our presence, and the sight of our guns, and their use if necessary (which may God avert), to strengthen his hands in procuring the liberation of these people. . . . I believe some will blame Livingstone and more will blame me; but I can only act as I think right, after often using the collect for the first Sunday after Epiphany and similar prayers.'—P. 328.

Be it remembered, that the man who came to this decision was more than usually tender-hearted and unwilling to inflict pain, and, for a brave and strong person, singularly devoid even of the sportsman instinct. On the question of the abstract right or wrong of the recourse to arms by a clergyman in the defence of others, there is no occasion here to speak in this particular case; the step was so alien to the entire character, that it is evident that it was only done from the most constraining sense of

duty. He had been chosen as the leader of a mission among the slaves and the slave-takers; and in the very sight of foul wrong and robbery, it would have been an absolute acquiescence for a strong man not to use his strength on behalf of the weak. There might have been error in attempting to place a colony of English clergymen where cruel violence to the defenceless could not be hindered without armed resistance incompatible with their peaceful character, but if this were an error, it was in the original selection of the slave-dealing territories as the field of labour.

Unless the laity of the mission party had been numerous enough to take the defence of the adjacent villages wholly on themselves, the clergy must either have taken up arms or have been supposed to permit and approve the atrocities committed by wretches who would tear an infant from its mother's arms, and leave it by the way-side to perish. At this time the view adopted by the Bishop was, that when the Ajawa had learnt that the English were in earnest in preventing their forays, the incursions would cease, and that the Manganja would learn to trust to their new friends for better things than even protection from their enemies. With this hope, the locality chosen for the Christian colony was a peninsula called Magomero, enclosed by a bend of a small river, which left only one side exposed; and this became the Bishop's home from July till January. Huts were erected for the English party and their black vassals, a temporary church was built, and the rescued negroes were brought into regular training as far as drill, work, and the serving out of food were concerned. It was decided that until a more perfect knowledge of their language was attained, it was better to confine their instruction to such preparatory physical discipline than to attempt to infuse Christian doctrine through the medium of interpreters.

Three times had the mission party to make expeditions against the Ajawa upon the entreaty of their own allies. Each time scarcely a shot was fired, and large numbers of captives rescued. But it was unsatisfactory work; the Manganja were without a notion of truth, honour, or honesty, and were only prevented by their weakness from being as keen slave-hunters as the Ajawa. The fever, too, was continually prostrating one or other of the party, and though they made light of the attacks and successfully battled them with Dr. Livingstone's specific, no doubt effects were left upon the constitution. Yet there was no lack of hopefulness and brightness. In November, the Bishop writes:—

'On the whole my life here is most happy. There is everything to make it so, and you know I am not much given to moping; but just occasionally for an hour or so I get low, and can always trace it to my own fault; letting this

lower world send up a mist to obscure the bright clear sunshine of God's presence in which we might always live.'—P. 363.

In this November, Dr. Dickenson and the Rev. H. De Wint Burrup arrived at Magomero, having made their way up the rivers Zambesi and Shire in canoes, and marched the fifty miles from Chibisas to Magomero. It was one of the most wonderful feats of travelling on record, but the apparent impunity with which it had been performed had the unfortunate effect of making the dangers of the river atmosphere appear to have been exaggerated, and there was thenceforth less inclination to use precautions for the preservation of health.

Before this time Dr. Livingstone had started in the *Pioneer* to meet the ladies of the mission at the mouth of the Zambesi, and bring them up to Chibisas. Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Burrup, and both the Bishop's sisters were expected, for in the absence of all communication with Natal it was not known that in the meantime Miss Alice Mackenzie had become the wife of her brother's successor in the Archdeaconry. The Bishop and Mr. Burrup had arranged to meet the new comers at the confluence of the Shire and Rua about the first day of the New Year, and as the way from Magomero to Chibisas was a roundabout one, Mr. Procter and Mr. Scudamore with the black interpreter Charles Thomas, and some of their other people, set off to explore a new road. At the end of a week Charles came home, faint, exhausted, and ragged, saying that he was the only one who had escaped from an attack of the Manganja. It appeared that their guides had played them false, and brought them into a village where the cupidity of the natives had been excited by the sight of their travelling provision of calico, lengths of which are the current coin of the country; and when it appeared that they did not mean to use it for buying slaves, the negro council had decided on killing them in the night, burning their hut, and seizing their goods. This plot being overheard by the bearers, they told Charles, he told the two clergymen, and the party made an immediate start; but the natives crowded round, blocked up the way, and separated them. Charles escaped into the bush, hotly pursued, and after walking forty-eight hours without food, returned safely to Magomero. A few hours after, the two clergymen came in, likewise much exhausted, and gradually the bearers made their appearance, but two were still missing, and the goods were of course lost.

The Bishop decided that an outrage like this ought not to pass without notice and the endeavour to rescue the captives, and that this had better be done at once instead of waiting for the return march with Livingstone, as they would then be in charge

of the ladies. The Makololo allies were sent for from Chibisas, and the Bishop set out with his party, endeavouring to send a message to tell the chief that the village should be spared if he would restore the men and goods, and give a goat as a fine for each person whom he had kept prisoner.

But, as the friendly chiefs predicted, the enemy ran away without waiting for their approach, and nothing could be done but to set fire to the village by way of a lesson for the future. The whole affair was an unhappy one, and had an injurious effect on the health both of the Bishop and Mr. Scudamore. Everyone came home unwell, and found the party left at Magomero more or less ailing; but it was so near the time of the appointed meeting with the *Pioneer*, that, without waiting for rest and recovery, the Bishop, Mr. Burrup, and three Makololo, set out by the old well-known road to Chibisas, whence canoes were to take them down the river. Proceeding in the night, because when they were at rest the mosquitoes became intolerable, the canoe was upset by a sudden turn in the river, and all the medicines spoilt by the water. On their arrival at the place of meeting they learnt that the *Pioneer* had been delayed in going down the river; in fact her drawing too much water was one of the many untoward circumstances that must be looked on as second causes of the blow that was to befal the mission. It would apparently have been the wisest decision under this delay to have kept in movement, either returning to Magomero, or continuing the voyage down the river; but both the travellers thought their constitutions fever-proof, and the Bishop had hopes of making their stay in the small island at the confluence of the two rivers a means of preparing the chief and inhabitants to receive a missionary at some future time. 'May not our stopping here and 'making friends with this island chief be of importance,' he wrote, 'greater than all we might have done if we had been here a week earlier?' These were his last words in a letter to his friend, the Rev. Sydney Strong, the Secretary of the Central African Mission, a letter never destined to be read by him to whom it was written. The other letter written on that island was to a sister in England, and though closing with 'Good bye for the present,' leaves as perfect 'a wreath of hope for aye to live,' as if it had been consciously written from a death-bed. The last date but one speaks of the enjoyment of reading the poem on the morning and evening rainbows in the 'Christian Year;' the final date, January 13th, records the having just learnt by heart (according to an old family custom) the texts in Greek from Romans ii. 2—10, transcribing the glorious words: 'I am 'persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor princi-'palities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

'nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to 'separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our 'Lord. Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall 'be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have 'not believed, and how shall they believe in Him of whom they 'have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? 'and how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of 'peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!'

A fit farewell was this from the first of our missionary Bishops, a precious letter to come as healing balm with the tidings of his death! The 'Good-bye for the present' were the last words he ever wrote. The fever came on, and apparently dulled his faculties, for he spoke little; and it is only remembered that he told the Makololo that Jesus was coming to fetch him away. Mr. Burrup himself was very ill and could do little for him, but the three Makololo were faithful and attentive. At last the chief insisted on removing him from the hut, being probably afraid that if he should die there his spirit would haunt the building. He was already insensible, and about an hour and a half after his removal breathed his last, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, on the 31st of January, 1861. The superstition of the chief again made an instant removal from the island necessary, and that same evening Mr. Burrup, exhausted as he was, chose a spot on the mainland under a large tree, where the Makololo dug a grave, and Mr. Burrup laid his Bishop, reading as much of the burial service as was possible in the failing light.

Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone with the chief, Mr. Burrup then, assisted by the faithful Makololo, made his way back to Magomero, and told his tale. Hopes of his recovery were at first entertained, but the stores were exhausted, and neither brandy, wine, or wheaten bread could be given him. He sank gradually, and died on the 22d of February.

Meantime, the delay of the *Pioneer* had made her miss her rendezvous at Kongone with the *Hetty Ellen*, the small vessel in which the ladies had taken their passage. Want of provisions made it necessary to stand off for Mozambique, and here the ladies fell in with H.M.S. *Gorgon*, commanded by Captain Wilson, whose kindness to them well deserves the Dean's term for it of chivalrous. He took Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup on board, and the *Hetty Ellen* in tow, and thus conducted them back to Kongone, where they at length found the *Pioneer*. Here, on learning from Dr. Livingstone the situation of the mission, and the collisions with the natives, Captain Wilson thought the sight of a British naval officer and his boats even would have a beneficial effect, and volunteered to accompany

the travellers in the *Pioneer*. The old troubles of this unhappy steamer began again, there was continual grounding on sand-banks, and stopping to cut wood; and at last Captain Wilson proposed to take Miss Mackenzie and Miss Burrup forward in his gig, expecting at every turn to meet the Bishop coming down. When they reached the island at the mouth of the Rua, the false natives professed absolute ignorance of the white men; happily, perhaps, for Miss Mackenzie, who was lying at the bottom of the boat nearly unconscious from fever. They went on, and on the 4th of March reached Chibisas, where the Makololo told them the mournful truth. The ladies were left for a time at the landing place, while Captain Wilson pushed on to Magomero to learn the state of the case, and Mr. Scudamore came back with him to bring Mrs. Burrup the tidings of her widowhood.

The upward voyage occupied sixteen days, the downward only four. Stopping at the island, Captain Wilson demanded Mr. Burrup's letter; the natives looked at one another and said 'the thing is known,' and produced it. With much difficulty he procured a guide to the place where the grave was made, and found that the native horror of death was at least so far fortunate that there was no danger that they would ever profane or disturb it. He marked it with a slender cross of reeds, which has since been replaced by Dr. Livingstone with a solid wooden one, and Bishop Tozer has lately consecrated the spot. We hardly feel as if it needed consecration! A more permanent memorial can hardly at present be placed there, since a stone cross could not be carried up a river of so little draught, and iron is too great a temptation to the natives to be trusted there. Moreover, fellow-workers as were Mackenzie and Livingstone, no one would like to disturb the memorial chosen by the latter.

Captain Wilson's kindness never ceased. He conveyed the desolate ladies back to the Cape, and never lost sight of them till they were safely in the care of Bishop Grey.

The small party at Magomero were left to act for themselves till a new episcopal head should be sent out. With their lessened numbers they could no longer attempt warlike proceedings, and they had further learnt that the Ajawa were so much more mighty a nation than they had at first supposed, that there was no use in trying to support such an abject race as the Manganja against them. Magomero was even thought to be in danger of an attack, and the clergy resolved to remove themselves and their *protégés* to the neighbourhood of Chibisas; but they again pitched upon an unhealthy locality, and by the end of the year they lost both Mr. Scudamore and Dr. Dickinson. The first had been next to the Bishop, and Mr. Burrup, the

strongest of the whole number, and he had been most unsparing of himself. His final illness appears to have been brought on by sleeping in a newly-plastered hut before it was dry. We mention these acts of incaution, because it is hardly fair upon the climate to lay on it all the blame of deaths that, humanly speaking, might have been averted by care. It is another question now under the consideration of the committee of the University Mission, whether the native tribes are in a fit state to receive the teachings of the Gospel. Yet whether the work can be pursued or not, surely the calmly resolute lives and deaths of these who 'willingly offered themselves' in their Master's cause must be good seed, the fruit of which will be visible in due time.

We have thus followed Dean Goodwin's delineation of his friend's life and character; and as we rise from it we recognise how true was that feeling of Schlegel's that a true living Christian rises far higher than any ideal.

That there may have been occasional mistakes in the conduct of the exploring mission party we can hardly deny, but the deep conscientious heart-whole desire to do the right thing, at all hazards, was never wanting; and the lofty simplicity of a character which (in his own words) had been more influenced for good by the General Thanksgiving than by any other earthly means (p. 200) should surely leave its impress on all who become acquainted with him through his friend's ably-written memoir. We cannot close without quoting these lines as eminently descriptive of him:—

'The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong;
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.
Tender as woman, manliness, and meekness,
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.
Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished
And in God's love for all.
And now he rests. His greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life!'

ART. VI.—*The Story of New Zealand; Past and Present, Savage and Civilized.* By ARTHUR S. THOMPSON, M.D. Surgeon-Major 58th Regt. Murray, 1859.

2. *Old New Zealand.* By a Pakeha-Maori. Smith and Elder, 1863.
3. *New Zealand and the War.* By W. SWAINSON, Esq. formerly Attorney-General for New Zealand. Smith and Elder, 1863.
4. '*One of England's Little Wars,*' and other Pamphlets. By OCTAVIUS HADFIELD, Archdeacon of Kapiti. Williams and Norgate, 1861-2.
5. *Parliamentary Papers relating to New Zealand.* 1862-3.
6. *The Taranaki Question.* By SIR W. MARTIN, late Chief-Justice of New Zealand. Dalton, 1861.
7. *The War in New Zealand.* By WILLIAM FOX, Member of the House of Representatives. Williams and Norgate, 1860.
8. *A Protest against the Confiscation in New Zealand, the Report of a Debate in the Legislative Council.* (Printed word for word from the *New Zealander.*) W. M. Watts, 1864.

EVERY Christian Englishman must deplore the state of things in New Zealand. Even there it would seem as if the effort to colonize without getting rid of the native was destined to fail. Good is, we are sure, stronger than evil; but still we can scarcely realize that it is so when we see the 'old, old story' of modern colonization faithfully reproduced in the one place where we had hoped that two races, both Christian, not so very dissimilar either in some points, might live side by side in harmony and gradually amalgamate to the advantage of both. Michelet, always fond of a hit at the English, says, that when we exterminated the red men in America we destroyed the stock by crossing with which the breed of Anglo-Americans might have been *vitalized.* Judging from the half-caste race in Mexico, or even in Brazil, we feel sure that the Frenchman's physiology is at fault, that no increase of energy could have been expected from such a process; but, physiology apart, it is very uncomfortable to feel that we cannot live side by side with any inferior race *in a temperate climate,* that the only reason why the Negro does not disappear before us is because he thrives where we cannot exist.

New Zealand, above all places, was the glory of the missionary. There, about 1830, some seventeen years after Samuel Marsden, the wonderful Yorkshire blacksmith, then senior chaplain in New South Wales, had landed amongst savage cannibals,

churches had been built, congregations formed, native clergy ordained, idolatry abolished—not, as in Old Germany, and in the Sandwich Isles lately, by order of the chiefs, but by the will of the people, the chiefs in several instances remaining heathen to the last. Unhappily, our sad divisions at home were reproduced in 'the Britain of the South.' The Wesleyans began their work in 1822. The Romanists sent a bishop in 1836; and very soon the natives entered so thoroughly into the spirit of party, that the usual question to a traveller seeking hospitality came to be, 'What Church do you belong to?' and if the answer was unsatisfactory, the poor man had to find a lodging in the 'bush.' Nay, Dr. Thompson tells us that Rauparaha's son having been to England and having seen the inside of Exeter Hall, cried out (on his return) against the cross on the church at Otaki, and launched the dreaded epithet '*puseyite*' against the minister officiating there.

It is this which has made the clergy and ministers of other denominations comparatively powerless in the face of recent events. Men in the dark ages, men whom even some Churchmen hesitate not to stigmatize as 'idolatrous priests,' were able to adjust many quarrels, to temper the fury of others, to arrange at least a '*truce of God*' during which differences might be adjusted. It would seem as if, with all our greater light, we had lost something more valuable than the superiority on which we pride ourselves. This *something* is unity of Church action; as it is, we neither act together as Christians nor as Churchmen; and just as our differences render penance and general discipline impossible at home, even so they take the edge off all priestly exhortations to social and political unity in our colonies. As a body, the clergy have (as the settlers express it) 'been on the native side;' but several have spoken strongly against the Maori view of the question. The Wesleyan missionaries, on the other hand, have been opposed to the natives throughout. This is just as it was in 1847, when our native allies (accused by the 'rebels' of fighting on our side to revenge old feuds) were nearly all Wesleyans, while the Church missionaries, and above all, Archdeacon Williams (who had served in the navy and fought at Copenhagen), were called 'traitors' because Colonel Despard found it hard to get information from them about the enemy, and was even blamed by them for taking a pah on Sunday, whilst the poor Maories were praying outside.

The same absence of unanimity among their 'holy men,' coupled with the general want of reverence for clergy among the colonists, has now again paralysed the Church in New Zealand, and made her all but helpless as a mediator. An ordinary clergyman out there is far less looked up to by the white people about

him, than a heathen priest used to be in his tribe; the consequence is inevitable among a people like the New Zealanders, remarkably quick at rating men according to their market value.

What the clergy may be able to do in the way of calming evil passions and soothing minds justly incensed, now that the neck of the 'rebellion' is pretty well broken, remains to be seen: a great deal will depend on how and to what extent a division of 'forfeited lands' (how the phrase reminds us of the 'settlement' of another island nearer home) is made. The New Zealander cannot live without tillage any more than the settler; and it is not likely that the high-spirited remnant will give in without another effort, if we strip them of all except the 'bush' and the poorest soils. It is to be feared that both the settlers and the people at home would be very pleased to do this. We are wonderfully well satisfied that the war will throw the fertile Waikato lands into our possession. There is great difficulty to get up any sympathy with the Maories among professional or business men. A few theorists may think that we are not treating them quite fairly; the Aborigines' Protection Society protest as in duty bound; but most of us feel towards the native New Zealander as the Frenchman did towards the would-be footpad, whose bludgeon he answered by a pistol, and to whose pathetic apology: 'Mais enfin, Monsieur, il faut vivre,' he replied by the cynical sneer 'Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.' The *Times* of February 6th *sees no necessity* for the Maori's existence, when it 'teaches for doctrines,' to the thousands who follow it unquestioningly, such mere assumptions as these:—'We do not believe 'any policy on our part, consistent with the progress or even 'the existence of the colony, would have enabled us to avoid the 'struggle. We have perhaps committed faults there, but our 'policy on the whole has certainly not been wanting in con-'sideration *for the savages.* The real grounds of quarrel lie in 'the antagonism of races, aspirations, and pursuits which a 'civilized settlement in a barbarous land has called into exist-'ence; *but the latest advices give no cause for alarm.*' It is needless to notice the *ignoratio elenchi* in this string of assertions; unhappily, the tenor of the 'latest advices' makes most Englishmen satisfied to take things as the *Times* represents them.

The colonists have always been predicting that the decisive struggle, the war of races, must soon come. Our 'Pakeha-Maori' has an amusing chapter on the subject: 'It will be '"pull Englishman pull Maori"' (says he); 'and Heaven is for 'the strongest.' But then he omits to add that the Englishmen have England at their back.

The books named at the head of our article give us a very fair statement of both sides of the question. Archdeacon Hadfield

thinks that justice is with the natives: the Pakeha-Maori is very careless about justice; with him (as with the *Times*) 'the 'interests of the colony,' that is, 'who is to have the land, or, at 'any rate, all but a little of the refuse,' is the grand point; and this, he says, can only be decided by force. Dr. Thompson holds a mean between the two; he feels that wrong has often been done to the natives, gives instances of this, and contrasts their forbearance in many cases with our harshness; but he feels, too, that civilization must go on, and that all that can be practically done is to keep the two races side by side in tolerable harmony, and to await the result—the amalgamation or absorption of the Maories. Yet, the New Zealanders deserve a better fate; one could have wished them preserved as one of the 'representative races.' They have plenty of backbone: sturdy and self-reliant, they are for this very reason not the easiest race in the world to manage. Dr. Thompson lived eleven years among them, married (if report tells true) a Maori wife, and evidently has a strong bias in their favour; yet he loves them far too well to describe them as impossible *model savages*. Thus he sums up (in a strange medley of good and bad) the native character: 'without genius for discovery, yet apt at acquiring the rudi-'ments of learning. Vain and arrogant. Deficient in moral 'courage. Cautious—hence the war dance; the old Greeks, too, 'had to work up their courage before rushing on their foes— 'Hospitable to excess; yet unkind to destitute strangers, of 'whom they used to make slaves. Dirty and indolent; strong 'against the weak, and weak against the strong. Fond of 'eloquence. Rarely word-breakers; never fulfilling promises 'to the ear and breaking them to the sense. Seldom thieving 'from one another. Having no word to express gratitude, 'yet affectionate and capable of deep attachment—a proof of this 'is that of all their many *ghosts*, the spirits of young children 'were most dreaded as specially vindictive, *because they had not 'been long enough on earth to get fond of any one.* Liberal 'in giving presents, but always expecting a return, and looking 'on presents merely as modes of trade. When mastered, 'manageable as children by power well applied; like their own 'supple-jacks, they resist ill-directed force.'

'This,' says Dr. Thompson, 'is a less favourable estimate 'than that usually given; but it is the result of personal obser-'vation in their days of happiness and sorrow, and in their 'hours of sickness and death.'

We surely cannot have a safer guide than one who has had such opportunities, and who writes in so unprejudiced a spirit; and we shall certainly do better to follow Dr. Thompson through some of his remarks on the country itself than to plunge at

once into an investigation of the 'causes of war,' at the risk of merely repeating what has been discussed over and over again in newspapers. We shall be more prepared to attack the much-vexed 'Taranaki question' when we have refreshed our minds with a few facts about the New Zealanders and their islands. Dr. Thompson's book, if it does not exhaust the subject, is very comprehensive. The geography of the islands, their geology, their climate, flora and fauna, are all treated of at length. Of course, many chapters are devoted to the Aborigines; and the 'History of European *discovery*' is fully entered into, before the *colonization*, strictly so called, is touched on. On the decrease of the New Zealanders and their diseases there is much interesting matter; the medical and other tables in the appendix deserve careful study; and not the least valuable part of the work is a catalogue of over twenty pages, entitled 'Bibliography,' giving, in chronological order, the authorities on the subject. Truly, New Zealand has revenged itself on us in the matter of literature — 'ninety volumes, two hundred pamphlets, and a hundredweight of parliamentary papers,' was the amount which, five years ago, had been heaped together to bewilder the judgment and tax the patience of one who wished to learn something satisfactory about England's farthest colony.

Dr. Thompson's book supplied a great want: it gave all that most men want to know about the matter; and it has not been superseded by more recent works, for the habits of the natives are little changed, and the present war has grown out of former struggles, and the disaffection of the natives is due to old disputes, discussed by Dr. Thompson, and still unsettled.

Taranaki, 'purchased' in 1839 by Colonel Wakefield from the New Zealand Company, began to be a bone of contention within two years after. 'It had been bought of the wrong people'; the true owners had most of them been driven off or carried away as slaves. Christianity led to their being manumitted, and they flocked back to their old homes only to be driven off by Mr. Cook and twenty-eight special constables. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ:* whether the right to the land passed, by Maori law, to the conquerors, is the real point at issue: for all that follows—W. Thompson's protest against the sham sale of the Waitara block by Te Teira, our questionable repudiation of that unhappy contract, the consequent exultation of the natives, who fancied we had been frightened into what seemed like submission, and the present war, too (arising, as it did, from the excessive confidence with which our vacillating policy had inspired the Waikatos), all spring from that one mistake which Dr. Thompson does not hesitate to characterize as 'Colonel Wakefield's *thievish land-purchase*.'

Thus, the same causes are at work now which led to disturbances then. Chiefs still use the language with which Captain Wakefield was met at Nelson, when in 1841 he promised the natives presents when the settlers had got possession of the lands purchased by his brother: 'We welcome the white men, 'but decline their presents, *lest they might be construed into 'proofs that the lands were fairly bought'* (vol. ii. 41).

We have not, indeed, yet rivalled the pretensions of the Companies and private 'land sharks,' who, when Captain Hobson came out as Governor in 1841, actually claimed 45,000,000 acres (about half the entire acreage); but land is still to the settler in New Zealand what gold was to the Spaniard in America; and it seems as if the Maori must inevitably suffer in the struggle for it, even as the Indian did in the wild fight for the precious metals.

Most of us have seen the quaint map which gives two hemispheres indeed, but puts London at the centre of one of them. It is then found that New Zealand is not far from the centre of the other; and, just as the London hemisphere contains the greatest amount of land which can be got together by any halving process, so New Zealand is in the midst of the greatest extent of water. Another contrast is that, despite our late 'earthquake,' we are not much troubled here with subterranean agency, while there, real, destructive earthquakes are felt throughout, except in the extreme north and south. The Northern Island is full of active and extinct volcanoes of every form ('the domes of Auvergne, the lofty craters of Caraccas, geysers and mud volcanoes, all occurring together'), while off the Middle Island (in which there are no volcanic formations) there is constant and violent submarine action throwing up pure bitumen, causing earthquake shocks, and raising the coast, so much so that in places gravel and pumice beaches have been lifted five feet since 1848.

We naturally expect grand scenery in such a country; and Dr. Thompson gives us our fill of wonders in the way of hot springs; small hot lakes in flint basins white as snow and smooth as glass; geysers, whose boiling water is so full of silica as to incrust any object thrown into them; warm, smoking plains, dotted with Lilliputian mud volcanoes, sulphur islands and sulphur springs, and (in other strata) the vast limestone caverns, in which the Moa's bones have been discovered.

When a man sees basalt crumbling away before his eyes into soft clay, under the influence of heat and chemical action, he may readily fancy he is in a newer world than the steady-going, quiet world to which he has been accustomed; and when he finds peaks like Mount Egmont, and ranges like the Southern

Alps (rising in places to 13,000 feet), and coast scenery, like that of the 'thirteen fiords which run some twenty miles inland 'among high mountains, at the south-west corner of Middle 'Island, *maintaining a depth of full a hundred fathoms*,' he may well boast that the Pacific 'Alpine Club' will have its Switzerland, its Norway, and its Iceland all in one.

As to animals, there were no land mammals, except two kinds of small bats, until the Malays, who colonized the islands, brought the dog, and were accompanied by the rat. Birds are few: we in England have 273 species; they only 83: and (as Mr. Bates remarks of butterflies, &c., in Brazil) the *individuals in most species* (both of birds and plants) *are few*. It is a paradise of owls and falcons, who keep down the insectivorous birds to such an extent that several colonists have tried to introduce our sparrows and finches. Add to this that many kinds of birds are fast disappearing; never having been used to take precautions against four-footed animals, they get their eggs eaten by pigs, cats, &c., and trampled down by sheep and oxen. Their flowering-plants are few (only 450 against our 1450); instead of natural pasture, they have the flax, and several kinds of small ferns, and a coarse haylike grass, which, however, has excellent fattening properties. Their great glory is the number and beauty of their trees: of these they have 120 kinds; we only 40. Most of these, like the Australian trees, are evergreens, giving a peculiarly sombre charm to the forest scenery. The tree-ferns, lovely in form, are seldom found in groups, and grow best in stagnant air. All the trees are more or less local. The Kauri pine often rises ninety feet before it throws out a branch, and sometimes has a girth of forty feet. In the London Exhibition of 1851 a Maori got a prize for New Zealand woods: the Kauri, indeed, is as durable as Baltic pine; but (by that strange law whereby the first growth of plants and animals seems to follow the aborigines) it *is said to be dying out*. Of the *Moas* we should have spoken before. Professor Owen's picture of the *Dinornis Elephantopus* (drawn from the examination of a thigh bone) was so strange that his friends wished to suppress its publication. Further discoveries have, however, proved the truth of his statements; and the fact that there existed a wingless giant, thirteen feet high, with marrow instead of air in its leg bones, is now clearly established. Smaller birds of the same class are still occasionally seen alive in Middle Island. It is very remarkable that other *islands* (the Mauritius and Madagascar) have been the habitat of gigantic birds, unless we are to consider the story of the dodo as a fabrication.

Of the climate of New Zealand, Dr. Thompson speaks in

terms of high praise: he recommends it for old Indians, and says that it 'gives the aged an ease and comfort which neither wealth nor skill can procure in England.' Exposure out of doors may be ventured on during more days in the year, and for more hours in the day, than in any other country. The great amount of wind is at once the most striking peculiarity of the climate, and the chief cause of its healthiness. There are no great extremes: 'North Island has a Paris summer 'heat, tempered by a sea breeze (which must make it quite a 'different thing from Paris last summer, for instance), with the 'winter cold of Rome; Middle Island has a Jersey summer, 'and a winter like that of Montpelier.' There are no wet and dry seasons; rain every fourteen days, and never for more than three days together; not so many inches in the year as on our own west coast. Maize and potatoes are seen side by side; ewes lamb in midwinter, with the trifling loss of from five to ten per cent.; geraniums and Cape bulbs thrive in the open air. Yet (as in Japan) it is remarked that the scent of the flowers is far less strong than that of the same kinds in England, while figs, peaches, &c., ripen, indeed, but are deficient in flavour.

The natives are undoubtedly Malays. In their migration they appear to have passed by the groups inhabited by Oceanic negroes, such as the New Hebrides and Feejee Isles, and, beginning from Navigator's Isles, to have spread themselves to the south and east of that group. Dr. Thompson thinks he can fix the date of their arrival within certain limits. In their customs and mythology there are supposed traces of Hindoo and Jewish influence, while there is an entire absence of anything which could be due to Mahomedanism. The Hindoos, say the Javanese annals, first came into the Indian Archipelago A.D. 800; the Mahomedans, we know, penetrated there in 1278. Between these two dates the migration must have taken place; and if, as the legend hints, the settlers were about 800 in number, they would have increased to some 100,000 in the 450 years which elapsed before Captain Cook came. Strangely enough, this is just the number at which Dr. Forster, the naturalist of Cook's expedition, rated them. The native population in 1858 was estimated at 56,000.

The Maories are, like all Malays, fond of the sea, and exceedingly enterprising; they are fearless whalers; and till quite recently have sent emigrants out to other parts of Polynesia. Their character we have given already; in many respects it closely resembles that of Homer's Greeks. They seem to have gone back a little in civilization since their arrival, though we can scarcely judge how much the improvement in the Malay of the west may have been due to influences arising later than the

date of the New Zealand migration. Shrewdness was their characteristic rather than intellectual power; they could not estimate high numbers, had little imagination, knew nothing of the drama, and found great difficulty in understanding the subject of a picture. Their rules about *land* were most precise: 'All free persons, male and female, constituting the nation, 'were proprietors of the soil. No part could be alienated 'without the sanction of all. . . . Land was given by one tribe 'to another for cultivation, *but never given for ever.*' It is easy to form an idea what misunderstandings and heart-burnings must have arisen on both sides, when the 'land sharks' came to deal with a set of tribes, every man of whom was as determined as was Naboth not to alienate for ever the inheritance of his fathers. Land was their only possession: 'the individualization of movable property was unknown;' hence there were no rich and no poor: if substance was ever amassed, it was only in order to be lavished in profuse hospitality. The chiefs, sacred, as being (like the kings of the Anglo-Saxons) descended from the gods, had many privileges;[1] yet every free man had a voice in the government; and the word *republic* (not found in any Asiatic language) had two equivalents in Maori. It was this individual freedom which gave such a value to oratory. Men must be either forced or persuaded to obey; the Maori chiefs, like Nestor and Agamemnon, used to talk their tribesmen into obedience.

Of course, every writer on New Zealand must talk about tabooing. Dr. Thompson compares the chief's *tapu* with the divine right of kings and of certain priests. He says: 'Tapuing 'seeds and fields are types of our laws for protecting out-door 'property; women tapued to men is matrimony; tapuing the 'sick is analogous to quarantine orders. Every tapu relating 'to the dead is a law against sacrilege; and tapuing rivers and 'lands to annoy enemies finds a parallel in the system of 'blockade. The Maories could not have been governed without 'some such law: warriors submitted to the supposed decrees 'of the gods, who would have spurned the orders of men.' Let us now see what is said about this remarkable custom by the *Pakeha-Maori*—the name we may at once explain to mean a European naturalized among the natives; there were many such when muskets, powder, tobacco, &c., had come to be appreciated, and yet there was not regular intercourse enough for the natives to manage their own trading. These men flourished most between 1830 and 1840—'Europeans, who

[1] One very uncomfortable one was that, being *tapued*, they could not touch food, and had either to be fed by slaves or else to eat their food like dogs.

were treated as slaves in 1820, were considered chiefs in 1830.' —Pigs, potatoes, and flax were their exports; but after 1840, the growth of a home trade in Auckland and elsewhere rapidly destroyed their credit. Our Pakeha-Maori introduces the subject of the *tapu* by first explaining the *muru*, a strange custom depending on that absence of strict notions of *meum* and *tuum*, as regards personal property, of which we have spoken before. He defines *muru* to be 'a legal robbery, by 'way of exacting penalty for offences voluntary or involuntary; 'a sort of rough mode of enforcing damages.' A man's child falls into the fire, and is nearly burnt to death; all the wife's relations, and many more, if it is a family of consequence, assemble to *rob* the unfortunate father. He hears they are coming, and is flattered that they come in great numbers; he prepares a large feast (he may as well, since the things will not be his own much longer); and then (after the inevitable war-dance on both sides) has a desperate sham-duel with the leader of the robbers, probably his own brother-in-law; the conflict ends when first blood is drawn, and then begins the plundering. Of course he took the first opportunity of retaliating: 'A nice 'coat, obtained from the captain of a trading schooner, passed, 'within a month's time, through the hands and over the backs 'of six different owners, and returned, much the worse for 'wear, to the original possessor; all these transfers being made 'by legal process of *muru*.' The *muru* was the penalty also for accidental killing: murder (which was rare, for slaying one of another tribe was not murder) was punished on the Jewish plan, life for life; and so, as nothing was to be got by enforcing the law but hard blows, it mostly went unpunished. The *muru* is going out now that the natives are better supplied with useful tools, &c.; so that the temptation to 'transfer property' is less. Even in the old days, our writer testifies that he never saw so little '*unauthorized*' theft among any people, as among the Maori.

The ordinary *tapu* was, in some respects, a sort of corrective of the *muru*: it was a kind of inherent sanctity attaching to the person of every chief, and communicated to everything he touched. This made it impossible for a warrior to carry anything on his back, it became *tapu*, and was henceforth of no use to any one but the man who had carried it. So, again, a fire lighted by a chief—or on which he had even blown—was of no use for culinary purposes, all food cooked at it would be *tapu* to him who had blown on it. If you offered a native gentleman a glass of water he would either break the glass or put it under his mat, and be exceedingly astonished at your 'wondering at the rascal's impudence.' Then there were various kinds of

extraordinary *tapu;* as the war-tapu, of which the following strange story is told:—'The chief was of high rank: his *tapu* 'was increased twofold; the party halted to dine, the chief's 'portion being set apart in its basket of flax leaves. When 'they had moved on, a troop of slaves came up with the bag-'gage; one of them, a stout fellow, who had often helped in 'the wars—as the slaves constantly do—ate up what the chief 'had left. He had hardly finished, when a horror-stricken 'fellow-slave, who had remained behind from the first party, 'told him of his fatal act. The moment he heard the news he 'was seized with most extraordinary cramps in the stomach, 'and died about sundown the same day.'

We are told that this effect of imagination is by no means uncommon. Then, again, there is the *tapu* from touching a dead body, much the same as the defilement among the Jews. Our author gets "tabooed" through picking up a skull as he is passing a landslip which had exposed a native burying-place. His friends (he is travelling with a party of Maories) set him his supper apart; according to rule he ought to gnaw at it or else submit to be fed, anyhow he must not touch it with his hands —the most offending and polluted part. He, however, breaks through all ceremony, takes out his knife and eats his food as usual. The Maories break up their camp at once 'for fear he 'might walk in amongst them in the night when they were 'asleep and be-devil them all.' He makes his way home, but finds not a soul there; his whole establishment, being natives, have fled in dismay. He has to do as best he can in solitude for four days. Then a famous priest comes to him mumbling an incantation, offers him a baked yam, and while he is eating goes on with the disenchantment. 'Here was I, an unworthy 'but believing member of the Church of England as by Parlia-'ment established, knuckling down abjectly to the ministration 'of a ferocious old cannibal, high-priest of Satan himself.' The pakeha has been living in his kitchen, the pots, pans, knives, forks, indeed whole furniture of which has to be thrown out and broken up. '"Now strip," says the wizard. "He doesn't 'mean to give me five dozen, does he?" thought I, and I made a 'furious pugilistic demonstration, accompanied with much abuse, 'delivered fortunately in my mother tongue. "Boy," said the 'old priest quietly, "don't go mad. No one will ever come near 'you while you have on those clothes. You will be miserable 'here alone. And what will anger do for you?"' He strips; the clothes are buried with the broken pots, pans, &c., in a thicket some way off. The same night all the household come flocking in; and by-and-by our author is able to steal back the knives and spoons, as they had not been broken; but he has to

build a new kitchen; and for a long while his servants look rather askance at him.

So much for the tapu: of the New Zealand theogony, Dr. Thompson gives a very interesting account. Maui is the Maori Prometheus, who, 'unable to prevent the sun going down, tied 'it to the moon; hence, when the sun sets, the moon is pulled 'up at the other side of the earth.' The following reminds us of Hesiod's κρύψε δὲ πῦρ: 'When Maui had fished up the 'original island of the Maories, one of the gods set it on fire. 'Torrents of rain, however, quenched the flame; but the sparks 'took refuge in certain trees, whence fire has ever since been 'obtained by rubbing the wood together.'

'The office of chief and priest were generally united and 'hereditary': their prayers were *in a forgotten tongue*, and were taught to their children in solitary places in the dead of the night. The priests *baptized* the infants, tattoed the young people, interpreted omens, saw visions.' '*They were not rogues*,' says Dr. Thompson; 'they believed in their own powers, and '("spending most of their time in *intellectual exercises!*") were 'naturally the most intelligent men in the country.'

The *Pakeha*, too, has a good deal to say about these priests. Oracles (according to him) seem much the same in Maori land as they were at Delphi or Dodona; 'he will return, and yet not return,' the answer to an inquiry about a lost chief, is fulfilled by his being found in a dying state six months after, and brought home a corpse. A tribe are going out to war; will success attend them? 'A desolate country! a desolate country!' moans the oracle, ambiguous as the response to Crœsus or to Pyrrhus. They are in high glee, thinking the enemy's country will be desolated; but they are all slain, and the miserable remnant of their tribe has its land made desolate. These oracles, we read, are still consulted in spite of Christianity—nay, even at times by some Europeans; and our author gives some very curious 'coincidences' which almost make one ask, 'Can the devil speak truth?'

New Zealand is the last place in the world to which one would think of going for spirit-rapping, and yet here we find, in full force, the custom of evoking the departed soul and submitting it to divers questionings. Ventriloquism is apparently the means of deception employed in this case by the priests. Our author 'assists' at several of these scenes, in which the wildly sentimental is strangely mingled with the ludicrous. 'Have you seen my sister?' anxiously cries a woman from a corner of the room. 'Yes.' 'Tell her my love is great towards her, and never will cease.' 'Yes, I will tell.' The woman bursts into tears; the *Pakeha* feels a strange swelling of the chest, but is

relieved by the next utterance, '*Give my large tame pig to the priest,*' which (though it reminds us of more than one Irish story) does not disenchant the native audience. 'Is it you? truly is 'it you? aue, aue. They restrain me; wonder not that I have 'not followed you, but I go to you. The sun shall not rise, the 'sun shall not rise; aue, aue.' So speaks the betrothed of the young chief whose spirit has been called up. She is carried out fainting; but, by-and-by, while all are busy with the spirit, she gets a musket, makes a noose from the trigger to her foot, puts the muzzle to her breast, and blows herself to pieces. Just so, ages before S. Patrick, it is likely many an Irish 'wake' was saddened by the like tragedy, many a Morna of the raven locks followed thus wildly to spirit-land the Brân or Comhal of her choice.

By the way, let us hope that the names, New Leinster, New Ulster, &c. (given, Dr. Thompson tells us, by the first governor —an Irishman, and now almost disused), are not prophetic. Better that the Maories should disappear quietly than that they should remain as the native Celt has done in Ireland, distinct from, though side by side with the newcomers. One Tipperary in the world is enough: we do not want another, even at the other end of the Pacific. In one point, at any rate, the Maori differs altogether from the typical Irishman; so far from loving fighting for fighting's sake he is very slow to come to blows, needing (as we remarked) the 'Dutch courage excited by the war-dance,' and fighting (when nothing else will avail) from a sense of honour and to keep up the dignity of the tribe. It is this tribal *solidarité* which has caused much of trouble between natives and settlers. A Maori tribe realizes, though mostly for evil, what S. Paul loves to describe as the mark of the Christian body—'every one members one of another.' Our Saxon self-reliant habits have pretty well destroyed our sympathy with a feeling which, in the Highlands, at any rate lasted till the '45, and which is still supposed to guide the conduct of Scotchmen in all parts of the world.

A war-dance must have been a grand sight: while dancing, they sang pæans, of which Dr. Thompson gives examples; such as—

'Hug close:
Fling out (*i.e.* arms and legs),
That may flee
Away the seal
To a distance
In order to gaze
This way.
Yes: yes: yes.'

And one much more ambitious, ending with—

'You see how the brave,
Like the lofty exulting crests of the billows,
Are coming on.
They yield. They yield. O fame!'

By the way, the picture of a war-dance, which fronts the title page in vol i., destroys any ideal we might have formed of New Zealand manly beauty. Were it not for the portrait of Heke's wife in vol. ii. it would be difficult to believe that the daughters and sisters of those hideous dancers could have the rare grace which it seems they not uncommonly have.

In connexion with the 'Dutch-courage' notion, Dr. Thompson remarks that their speeches before battle never have a word about present peril, and the alternative of victory or death; they are full of 'the past glories of the tribe, the favour of the gods, the blood that has to be avenged,' &c.

A Maori battle in the old time seems to have been 'running a muck' on a grand scale. Rallying was all but impossible; one engagement generally settled a campaign; 'they came on in 'fits of temporary madness, and fled if victory was not won 'before the consequent depression.' (Thompson, vol. i. 126.) Sometimes, however, men stood their ground like Spartans. Thus the *Pakeha-Maori* describes the last struggle of a hundred and fifty picked men of the Ngati Kuri tribe, who, making a raid southward, are surprised by a multitude of hostile tribes:—

'Having feasted and rejoiced at Tuhua, they sail for Motite. This world is too small for them. They thought to make the name of Kuri strike against the skies; but in the morning the sea is covered with war canoes. . . . Fight now, O Ngati Kuri, not for victory, no, nor for life. Think only now of *utu* (satisfaction in death), for your time is come. That which you have dealt to many you shall now receive. Fight! fight! for your tribe shall be exterminated, but ye must leave a name. . . . Twice their own number had the Kuri slain; and then Tiki Whenua, their chief, still living, saw around him his dead and dying tribe. A handful of bleeding warriors still resisted—a last and momentary struggle. He thought of the *utu;* it was great. He thought of the ruined remnant of the tribe at home, and then he remembered—horrid thought—that ere next day's setting sun he and all the warriors of his tribe would be baked and eaten. A cannon was close at hand—a nine-pound carronade. They had brought it in the canoes. Hurriedly he filled it half full of powder, seized a long fire-brand, placed his breast to the mouth, and fired it with his own hand. Tiki Whenua, good night.'

Human sacrifices were not unknown; our Pakeha gives a horrible story of a chief, who, pressed hard in battle, devotes his son to the war-demon, and cuts out the lad's heart before his men as an offering; 'then he and his tribe, with the fury of 'despair and the courage of fanatics, rushed on the foe, defeated 'them with terrific slaughter, and the war-demon had much 'praise, and many men were eaten.'

When we read of the horrible scenes which followed a battle;

the basket of flesh sent to any chief's son who was not present, *or to his eldest daughter* if he had no sons;[1] the preserved heads stuck round the village stockade to be periodically insulted; we cannot but feel that, grievous and humiliating though the present war is, a work has been done in New Zealand exactly parallel to that which turned the wild Britons, with their wicker idols and cruel rites, into the men who won the Hallelujah Victory. Human flesh was never eaten in time of peace (it made the eater 'tapu') unless, indeed, as Dr. Thompson hints, there was a sort of Maori 'Crypteia,' whereby slaves were occasionally, *from political motives* (!), transferred to the stomachs of their owners.

But we must not linger more among the old Maories. One remarkable point was the number of vegetable substances which they used for food. The general adoption of *putrid* food (to which Dr. Thompson attributes much of their present scrofula) took place after the maize and the potato had driven out the more wholesome yams and fern-root. Their mechanical skill was considerable; the results, considering their tools, were perfectly marvellous. A large canoe was a work of art, and took many years for its completion. Their most extraordinary device was a sharp stick, worked by two strings, and furnished with a sort of fly-wheel, by which Dr. Thompson says *they drilled holes in the hard greenstone* of which they made their *meris*. Their flax mats, some close and firm like armour, others soft and silky as cashmere, have almost ceased to be manufactured. This flax was one great cause of their diminution in numbers; they actually worked themselves to death in preparing it, in order to barter it for the much-coveted (nay, after a short time, necessary) musket. Half a ton of cleaned flax had to be given for a musket, half a ton more for the needful ammunition; if any tribe did not get sufficient muskets, extermination was their doom at the hands of their countrymen who did possess them; and all this flax had to be scraped by hand with a shell, morsel by morsel, half a quarter of an ounce at a time. While working at this killing rate in the flax swamps they had to neglect their food crops, and so to excitement and over-work was added insufficient nourishment.

Our author confesses that of late this decrease has been checked in some districts, indeed, that the natives are 'better fed, clothed, and in some degree better lodged than in past years;' he sees the plough running where he once saw the pointed stick poking the ground, but he does not believe the improvement will be permanent; 'it exists chiefly in a few districts, and is

[1] Except in this case women could never taste human flesh. The object here was to transmit the *chief's honours* unbroken to his posterity.

'not the result of providence, economy, or industry; but of a 'train of temporary circumstances favourable to the natives.' He does not think highly of the present generation of Maories; they are 'a stunted, tobacco-smoking, grog-drinking, psalm-'singing, special-pleading, shilling-hunting, set of wretches; not 'above one in a dozen of whom would know how to cut up a 'man *secundum artem*.' Of the older men he says he has met some 'on whom nature had plainly stamped the mark of noble, 'polite and brave, self-sacrificing, patient, forbearing, and affec-'tionate in their families. And they had grown up amidst 'circumstances most unfavourable to develop these special good 'qualities.'

We have so often looked at New Zealand from the missionary point of view that it is startling to take up a book like this, in which (we believe) the word missionary never once occurs. Of course our Pakeha gives no serious opinion as to the future of the natives; he looks at everything from the *unchristian muscular* point of view. He is a sort of Guy Livingstone of the South Seas, dashing on over facts and fancies, truths and prejudices; writing now like 'Eöthen,' now like Mr. Dickens in his 'Notes of Travel,' but always with an effort to be either thrilling or jocular.

His closing words are worth quoting; they show that he clearly foresaw the struggle, which (unless they are sadly belied) the colonists have had so great a hand in hastening on:—

'I belong to both parties, and I don't care a straw which wins; but I am sure we shall have fighting. Men must fight, or else what are they made for? . . . Hurrah for the Maori! we shall drive the Pakeha into the sea, and send the *law* after them! If we can, do it we are right; and if they beat us they will be right too. God save the Queen. So now, take notice, I conclude with good advice to both parties—"*Be brave, that you may live.*" VERBUM SAPIENTI.'

On one point his evidence corroborates Dr. Thompson's: it is not the fire-water (the Maories are on the whole a temperate race) nor even European diseases which have thinned the population so much as the change of life consequent on the introduction of the musket. Their old pahs were all on hills, whence they came down to till their fields, war-club in one hand and digging tool in the other. Of course the journey to and fro was as vexatious to them as it is to many an English labourer whose work lies where the squire 'don't like cottages;' so that as soon as the new weapon enabled them to keep the foe at a distance they moved to the rich lowlands, and now constantly build in swamps, where their huts (bad enough on the hills, full as they are of rotting rushes, and heated like ovens at night), become mere fever dens.

There is one very bad point about the *Pakeha:* the thoroughly 'colonial' way in which he makes light of native land titles and tribal rights, as if they were mere pretexts for extortion, put forward by greedy schemers. His own 'experience' is so impudently amusing that we must quote it at length:—

'I now purchased a piece of land. I really can't tell from whom, for there were about fifty claimants, every one of whom assured me that the other forty-nine were "humbugs." Their titles were various: one man said his ancesters had killed off the first owners; another said his ancestors had driven off the second party; another, who seemed to be listened to with more respect than ordinary, declared that his ancestor had been the first possessor of all, and had never been ousted, and that this ancestor was a huge lizard that lived in a cave on the land many ages ago; and, sure enough, there was the cave to prove it. Then there were an immense number of secondary claims—a sort of latent equities—which had lain dormant till it was known the Pakeha had his eye on the land. One man required payment because his ancestors, he affirmed, had exercised the right of catching rats on it. Another claimed because his grandfather had been murdered on the land; and another (as I am a veracious Pakeha) because *his* grandfather had committed the murder. Then half the country claimed payments of various value, from one fig of tobacco to a musket, on account of a certain ancient burying-ground which was on the land, and in which every one almost had had relatives buried in old times.'

This burying-ground he is to fence round, and leave unused; he agrees to do so when the exact boundaries are made out, which, of course, could not be done. At last, after three months negotiation, he tells them he has made up his mind not to have the land, when all the claimants agree to demand a certain quantity of goods, to be divided amongst themselves after—all except one old man, 'who persisted in declaring that he, and he 'alone, was the rightful owner; but as he did not prove his 'claim to my satisfaction, *and had no one to back him*, I of course 'gave him nothing. He, nevertheless, asserted his claim about 'once a month for five-and-twenty years, till at last he died of 'old age.' The *Land Commissioners*, 'part and parcel of the 'new inventions which had come up when the first governor 'arrived, and which still are a trouble to the land,' worry him about his title, hear his speech, *charging him at the rate of one farthing and one-twentieth for every word he spoke*, and make him pay five shillings for calling each of his witnesses into court, and five shillings more for 'examining' each of them. They then tell him he is 'a damned infernal clever fellow,' give him a fresh title (they take it away after some years to give him a better, which he says he has not got yet), and leave him under a strong conviction that Magna Charta, which says '*Justice shall not be sold*,' is outrageously broken in the Queen's Courts out in New Zealand.

All this may do for those whose oracle is the *Times* and who

believe that the modern *Civis Romanus* has a right to force the sale of anything anywhere, and then to give just what he thinks fit for it. But just as we can estimate the worth of our author's sneer against the Land Commission—that offspring of an honest endeavour to stand between the native and the land-sharking colonist—so we may be sure men like Sir W. Martin, Mr. Fox, Mr. Swainson, and so many more, are right in assigning the greatest importance to the native ideas about land. The evidence of Archdeacon Hadfield (a missionary of twenty-seven years' standing) before Sir G. Grey in 1845 is decisive on this point: 'The sale of land, to be valid, must be effected by the 'chief of the tribe and all the chiefs of the various *hapus* (clans 'forming the tribe) *acting together*.' Mr. Fox says: 'Occupa-'tion, cultivation, &c., gives a right of separate ownership as '*against other individuals of the tribe*, but it does not confer the 'right of absolute alienation.' Sir W. Martin says: 'Every 'cultivator is a member of some community *and not free to deal* '*with his land independently of that community*.' He quotes the native proverb: '*Women and land are the destroyers of men*,' to show the value attached by the Maories to those customs which the Pakeha laughs at, and which the colonists in general have too often ignored. Finally, the Board appointed by Governor Browne in 1856 to report on the state of native affairs, finds 'that though near Auckland land has been sold by individual 'natives, *the consent of the tribe having been obtained afterwards*, 'still generally there is no such *thing as an individual claim, clear* '*and independent of the tribal right*.' As to our Pakeha's jokes about the *lizard* and the *burying-ground*, every resident must be aware of the native belief that the souls of deified ancestors often enter the bodies of lizards or guanas—the bravest warrior trembles when the word *ngarara* (lizard) is uttered; while burying-places are sacred—many of the old cannibal massacres having been caused by ships' crews insisting on using the wooden fences, &c., of such places;[1] and as to buying up these rights, almost all crimes and breaches of tapu appear to have had their fixed compensation, just as among the Anglo-Saxons there was a tariff for offences, and among the Irish Celts every man had his *eric* or price.

The early voyagers certainly did not treat the Maories well. Captain Cook, full of unjust petty suspicions about theft, killed ten and wounded many more on his first visit.

[1] Notably the slaughter of *Marion du Fresne*, and twenty-seven men, in 1772. The French (*Wewis* they are called) have got a bad character among the Maories. In connexion with this massacre, Dr. Thompson explains that such proceedings cannot be called *treacherous*, being in strict accordance with the laws and practice of the people. They were bound at whatever risk to avenge the insult to their sacred places, else divine vengeance would surely fall on themselves.

The only native who appears to have stolen anything was shot dead from the ship as he was paddling off. Several chiefs investigated this affair, *and decided that he deserved his fate and must not be revenged.* Soon after, Cook landed and traded as if nothing had happened. 'Would his crew have acted thus' (asks Dr. Thompson) 'if one of them had been slain?' Indeed the summary of events given by Dr. T. forces on us his own melancholy conclusion 'that on many occasions the savages 'acted like civilized men and the Christians like savages.' De Surville burns, without provocation, the village where his sick had been carefully tended, and carries off the chief. The Norfolk Island settlers send in 1793 a ship to kidnap natives who should teach them how to make cloth and mats of the wild flax. When muskets grew to be necessary for the existence of a tribe, a degrading traffic in *heads* sprang up—flax-dealers buying them for European museums, and natives stealing them from cemeteries (where chiefs' heads were preserved to be brought out at grand burial feasts), and not seldom killing slaves to procure them.[1] After the captain of the Boyd had by twice cruelly flogging a sick chief on board his vessel provoked the '*massacre of the Boyd*' (which, like most other murders on both sides, *was revenged on the wrong persons*) matters grew worse: 'in the three years ending 1817 a hundred natives were slain by 'Europeans in the Bay of Islands alone.' Maories were enticed on board and then landed among a hostile tribe; one trader is accused of having given a chief corrosive sublimate to poison his foes at a peace-banquet (Thompson, i. 252). Many of both sexes were carried off by whalers; while the state of things at Kororareka (where chiefs lived in affluence by pimping for the crews of whale ships, and Pomare kept in 1832 a harem of ninety-six slave-girls for this vile work) is even less creditable to European influence than the increase of wars and murders consequent on the introduction of fire-arms.

Dr. Thompson comforts himself in medical style by arguing that *in the long run* muskets have lessened tribe-quarrels, because now the mad frenzy of the old *mêlée* is wanting, while gunshot wounds cripple oftener than they kill, and the sight of maimed wretches hobbling about, and suffering great agony from unextracted balls must have had a pacifying effect.

On the whole, *humiliating* is the only epithet which properly characterizes the results of European influence in New Zealand up to 1840, the date of the Treaty of Waitangi. Nor can we read with much complacency the long chapter devoted to 'travelled natives;' their visits to Sydney or to England proved

[1] Evidence of Rev. Mr. Yate, 'Parl. Papers,' 1838.

to them that we were stronger, but nothing more. Hongi, the greatest chief who came to England, came in 1820, when the great war (so lately ended) and the Queen's trial divided public attention. From both he learnt what store to set by Christian profession; and, on his return, he sold all his presents, except a suit of mail which George IV. had given him; bought 300 muskets, and set about exterminating his enemies wholesale.

We are thankful when Dr. Thompson begins to speak of missions. Amid so much influence for evil it is cheering to turn to something of which the effect has been undeniably good. He rather underrates missionary work, and certainly does not cloak the weaknesses of the workers. Their dabbling in land, their opposition to immigrants, their extraordinary requests that 'land-dealings with the natives should be made through their 'intervention,' their disputes, the idleness and torpor in many Christian villages—are brought out in strong relief.[1]

The transition state was a state of much confusion; the restraining dread of the *tapu* being done away, and no higher principle having yet grown up. On one occasion, a horrible massacre was perpetrated by Christians on a heathen tribe, to whom they came literally extending the hand of fellowship and then braining them with concealed tomahawks. Still the most unwilling witness cannot withhold their meed of praise from the men who have wrought such a change as has undoubtedly been wrought in the islands. In Dr. Thompson's words, 'the civilizing in-'fluence and blessings which Christianity has conferred cannot 'be weighed in the scales of the market. . . . Bishop Selwyn's 'mission-voyages through the South Seas, and his plan for 'instructing boys from the various islands, are making this once 'cannibal land the Iona of the Southern hemisphere.' (i. 331.) Archdeacon Hadfield's testimony is worth quoting; with all who know anything of the writer, it will have very great weight. He writes ('*A Sequel* to one of England's Little Wars,' p. 12):—

'I have laboured for twenty-two years amongst them, and I take this opportunity of saying that I never, before the war broke out, was so thoroughly convinced of the deep hold the Christian religion had taken of those under my charge as I have been since that event. I behold men deeply convinced of the injustice of our cause, amazed that people, born and educated in the midst of Christianity, can be guilty of such premeditated wickedness, and tempted to think that Christianity, if such be its fruits, may be a sham after all. These men cannot bring themselves to believe that the Creator and Redeemer of men will allow such iniquity to prosper. They wait on him.'

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[1] 'These "land-sharking" missionaries were like the butcher's dog, who, unable to keep off the village curs, cried, "Well, I may as well have my share of the meat." The Church Missionaries claimed 216,000 acres, and got 66,000.'—Vol. ii. 157.

This strong language (which has only found an echo among us in one or two excellent letters of Professor Goldwin Smith to the *Daily News*) may well serve to divide our review of New Zealand as it was, from the very few remarks which we shall make on New Zealand as it is. We can scarcely do more than indicate a few authorities: the subject demands and deserves an article to itself. We all know something about the unjust purchase on the Waitara, the partial *amende*, and the breach of faith connected therewith, leading to the counter-retention of the Tataraimaka block by the natives '*until we should fulfil our engagement, and entirely give up the Waitara.*' Then come quibbles about right of way, met on our part by armed occupation; and then the strange act of Governor Grey, in repudiating, *during a war*, all that his predecessor had done about the Waitara purchase, and declaring it to have been illegal. This act, it is to be feared, lowered our *prestige* in the eyes of the natives. Indeed, the shifting policy to which they have been subject, must have shown them that we never knew our own minds in regard to them. Mr. Fox says, 'the natives have lost 'all confidence in the Governor and his Commissioners. But 'they have not lost confidence in the colonists.' They certainly know what to expect from men whose policy is at any rate consistent, to whom a war has always brought increase of territory, and (what to some of them is as valuable) a stimulus to trade of all kinds from the presence of British troops. Mr. Fox takes the moderate colonial view of the matter. He recognises fully the illegality of the old Waitara purchase—'left to Mr. Parris, 'a sub-commissioner, who was daily *under pressure* from the 'settlers at Taranaki, and was hurried by them into this incom-'plete transaction, without even visiting the home of the larger 'part of Wiremu Kingi's tribe.' His grand point is that the *House of Representatives* ought to have investigated and settled the matter. He animadverts on the 'startling ignorance' of Mr. M'Lean, the Head Land-Purchase Commissioner, and on the wilful blindness of Governor Browne; and advocates that non-interference policy which the Home Government adopted in the memorable despatch sent last year to Governor Grey.

As to the advisableness, or even fairness (to the natives) of that despatch, it is very difficult to form a just conclusion. Our Governors had made mistakes; by quarrels with the colonists they had brought matters almost to a dead lock. It must always be very hard to manage from Downing Street a dependency on the other side of the world, containing such heterogeneous elements; but then England accepted the difficulty when she put the island under her government, and by the treaty of Waitangi the Queen of England expressly '*extended to the natives the*

royal protection.' The first result of the Duke of Newcastle's non-intervention policy has been the passing of this Confiscation Act, against which the *Aborigines' Protection Society* have just protested, and which was proposed in the Lower House of Representatives by the *Minister for Native Affairs* (!), the officer whose duty it is to protect the interests of the Maories. If this Act passes, it will be to England's deep disgrace. A confiscation policy is always a mistake, unless it is carried out by extermination. The different condition of Scotland and Ireland is in great measure due to the one having been the chosen home of confiscation, while the other has always preserved its native landowners. The terms of this Bill are more than usually unjust, for it deals also with the land of *loyal* natives, who are entirely unrepresented in the House of Assembly. This is the fault of our policy towards these unhappy people; we have been selfishly one-sided in carrying out the Government decrees regarding them. The Waitangi treaty stipulates for their full rights as British subjects: we have kept them to the duties, but have denied them the privileges of fellow-subjects. They have known our Governors chiefly as 'authorized land-jobbers' (Mr. Fox); 'in many parts of the country there has been no indication of 'the Queen's sovereignty; the natives scarcely knew the 'Government, except as a purchaser of land' (Sir W. Martin); English law they saw mainly employed to collect debts for Pakeha creditors, and to avenge the settlers in their quarrels, while it left the natives utterly lawless in their own disputes. Unrepresented and helpless, feeling that the '*Native Minister*' was worse than useless, the Maories, about 1856, began to shape out for themselves a scheme of government. They had long been hungering for some satisfactory authority which the Pakehas either could not or would not supply; the Provincial Councils of the settlers gave them a pattern; and hence arose the '*King movement*'—not at all intended as an attempt at independence, but as an effort after peace and order. 'I want 'order and laws (said W. Thompson); a king could give these 'better than a governor. A governor never does anything except 'when a Pakeha is killed. We are allowed to fight and kill each 'other as we please. A king would end these evils' (Sir W. Martin, p. 97). Colonel Browne himself bears witness to the need for some organized native Government:—'A much larger 'staff will be required if the Government really undertakes the 'civilization of the Maories. At present, the Governor has no 'means of communicating with them but through the Missionaries and the very few settlers who are willing to enter the 'native service. . . . Some of the most populous districts have 'never been visited by an officer of Government. The residents

'here have never felt that they are subjects of the Queen' . . . (Memorandum, May, 1861).

Sir W. Martin's language is still more decided:—'The King 'movement is (except in the unfortunate ambiguity of the name) 'one which the Government should welcome as a godsend 'rather than attempt to crush as an enemy. Any fusion of 'the two races into one system of Government is at present 'impossible. The establishment of separate institutions for 'the native race is the only alternative' (Memorandum to Governor Browne, May, 1861).

We did not *welcome the movement as a godsend,* and the present war has been the result of our mingled vacillation and obstinacy. The natives have been guilty of several outrages: we give them so far their privilege of British subjects in that when they forcibly resist encroachment we call them 'rebels,' and treat them as such; when they carry out their war system (after giving us due notice of what we may expect, by 'declaring war') we call them murderous savages; and colonial papers coolly propose to bring in bloodhounds to hunt them out of the bush. The strife is not equal: we put them on the same footing as ourselves, and insist on their acting like us who have had ages of intercourse with civilized and Christian Europe to tame down our ferocity. We do not judge the bloody deeds of the Merovingians or Saxons under the Heptarchy by modern rules. We can palliate the cruel massacre of S. Brice's day, and find excuses for the later atrocities of border warfare; but the Maori is a 'treacherous murderer,' because he meets the shells and rifles and gunboats, which he probably thinks it not particularly 'fair' for us to employ against him, by conduct which, on his system, is perfectly justifiable.

Whether this grand capture at Rangariri will end the war or not seems to depend very much on ourselves. If we carry out our confiscation plan, we may find that (as W. Thompson's brother said, in 1861) 'New Zealand is now one, and the Maories are determined to die rather than see its nationality destroyed.' (Parl. Papers for 1861.) The *Christchurch Press,* for December, 1863, stigmatizes the Lands Bill as iniquitous, and asks, 'Could a 'goad have been devised which was more certain to drive even 'friendly natives to utter desperation? . . . And to think that 'this is the first bill which goes home, after we have got the power we so long clamoured for, of fully controlling the 'Maories without any intervention from Downing Street.' It appears that to take Meremere, without capturing a single native, cost fully a million; judging from this we may count the expense of a 'war of extermination' in a country which has been compared to a 'succession of natural Sebastopols.' There

is also for those with whom it has any influence, the consideration urged so eloquently by Archdeacon Hadfield: 'Is this to be 'the issue of our endeavours, to establish Christianity among one 'of the most intelligent and tractable of races? Are we in the 'middle of the nineteenth century to confess to the whole 'civilized world that our Christianity and our civilization have 'given us no advantage over these people, but that of a more 'scientific use of material force? Is the pride of Englishmen 'to stop all sympathy with a race but recently emerging from 'barbarism, because it possesses qualities too nearly resembling 'their own—because it repudiates degradation, and refuses to 'be submissively trampled under foot?' If so, we may as well confess at once that all our elaborate enactments, our 'native department,' &c., are mere pretence, devices solely for creating offices and providing salaries. If the confiscation is to receive Royal assent, it would almost seem that the Maories might as well have gone rapidly, like the Five Nations, or the wretched aborigines of Tasmania, as to be 'put out' by the slower but no less unfailing 'process of law.'

It ought to have taken a great deal of misconduct on the part of these natives to put the Government, which had professedly taken them in hand for their protection, in the false position of being their exterminator. They must have been puzzled last summer to hear Governor Grey declaring, 'Am I not the father of you all?' at the same time that he was sending for more troops. There is something very touching in their appeal from the Governor to their great mother the Queen. It reminds us of the letters of Red Indians on similar occasions: the parallel is worked out at length by Mr. Swainson in the case of the natives of New England.

Mr. Swainson is also very strong on the inequality of the legislation; the natives having (as we said) the duties, but not the rights, of English subjects. To mention only one point: the Maori is utterly *unrepresented.* It was at first intended that *every* occupier of land should be qualified to vote at the election of members of the Colonial Legislature. But then no one could vote who had not a *Crown title,* and so 'natives who occupied land in common as tribes or communities' were ruled not to be qualified as electors by such occupation. 'It has been since ad-'mitted by the Colonial Department that the New Zealand 'Constitution was framed in forgetfulness of the large native 'tribes within the dominions in which it was intended to apply.' That is, in plain English, the war (of which its costliness is in this case the least important item), and all the heart-burnings between native and colonist, and the terrible collapse of our model 'civilized and Christianized state'—all are due to red-

tape and official ignorance. It is the old story: the Englishman takes his cricket with him wherever he goes, and his English law likewise; he did so in Ireland, transplanting thither a system which has taken root indeed, but grown all crooked, owing to the way in which it was planted; he did so in India, and people used to prefer (when Oude was independent) slipping over the border to live under the uncertainties of Eastern despotism, rather than face the white man's complex law; he does so in New Zealand, and talks of Crown titles, and trespass, and ejectment, and all the jargon of conveyancing, to natives who never looked on land as individual possession.

Church in New Zealand pleases Mr. Swainson better than State; '*though based only on the principle of voluntary com-* '*pact* (!) the measures of the General Conference promise to be 'productive of useful results.' Provincial synods are active; there is a plentiful admixture of 'the lay element.' 'A synod 'is being formed in the native diocese of Waiapu, under Bishop 'Williams; several of the clerical members will be native 'deacons, and the whole of the lay representatives will be 'natives; and the proceedings will be conducted in the Maori 'language.' We are a little curious to know what effect recent affairs may have had on the discussions of this native synod. One thing is certain, whether they make good deacons or not, the Maories can quote Scripture, and tell us about Ahab and Naboth, and quote the example of the Twelve Tribes desiring a king, and (when the Governor says, 'children should obey their parents') can answer that 'parents must not provoke their children to wrath.'

Now, nothing 'provokes to wrath' so surely as injustice wrought, not by the armed violence of a foe, but by the mingled craft and intimidation of a pretended friend; Mr. Swainson's remarks on this point may help us to form an estimate of those feelings among the Maories which led to the present war.

'It is' (says he) 'humiliating to have to record that a number of her Majesty's subjects took up arms to defend themselves from what they believed to be the injustice of their rulers, though those rulers had been for over twenty years professedly their protectors. We recognise these people as landlords, but not as electors; they pay taxes, yet have no rights or privileges of British subjects. They cannot serve on juries, they are not tried by a jury of their peers if they break the law. Though acknowledged landowners, they have no constitutional tribunal by which conflicting claims may be adjusted. If a colonist resists threatened injury to person or property, he exercises a right common to every English subject; when the Maories, *to whom we have covenanted to impart these rights*, attempted to assert them, they were denounced as traitors, and immediately subjected to martial law. When it was urged they ought to have their claims first

considered by the civil tribunals, *a doubt was raised whether they are so far British subjects as to be entitled to this privilege.*"

Poor Maories! Chief Justice Amory said to the Legislative Council, 'the position of the Native race is a most extraor-'dinary and anomalous one. *They are practically without rights,* '*for they have lately been pronounced without a remedy.*'

As to the legal view of the cases in dispute, the native speeches at the end of Mr. Hadfield's 'Second Year of one of England's Little Wars' are worth careful reading. 'It is not a fight for 'life. No, it is for the land. The Maori will not be daunted by 'his weakness, his inferiority, or the smallness of his tribe. He 'sees his land going: he will resist . . . *The Queen's sovereignty has been acknowledged long ago.*' These speeches strengthen our assurance that the Confiscation Bill will be the signal for a war of races.[1] Such a war the colonists have not been unwilling to hasten on; their argument being (says Archdeacon Hadfield) even less sound than that of a murderer who should say, 'I 'killed the deceased, it is true; but he must have died some 'day or another'; for (he adds) there was nothing but colonial greed to hinder the two races from settling down quietly side by side. Would that they could begin to do so, now that the victory at Rangatiri has made us paramount; for it is, indeed, a rude blow to all our optimist notions to find the same thing going on on the Waikato which, centuries before Christ came, used to go on on the Strymon and the shores of the Euxine.

We might use very hard words in reference to this modern colonization which veils, under the sickening phrases of a cant which deceives no one, a more steady and certain extinction of aborigines than that wrought by the rougher method of old times; while (as Mr. Huxley says in his recent lecture) 'wher-'ever the European race comes in contact with inferior races it 'brings, *along with the blessings of civilization*, drink, syphilis, 'and the demoralization of the lower race.' But, after all, what is the use of so much talk and pother about less than 60,000 souls? Races far more numerous have gone with less than a tithe of the trouble which these Maories are giving before they disappear. Dare we flatter ourselves that, because we have really been far kinder to them than to any other aborigines, we are beginning to get truer notions of our duty to these primitive races, just as the last of them are dying out before us? Certain it is that, from the nobly-worded Russell despatch in 1841 down to the letter of the Duke of Newcastle twenty years later, hoping 'that just and effective Government will

[1] See also Dr. Pollen's speech in the 'Debate] of the Legislative Council' reported in the *Protest* named at the head of our Paper.

give the natives what they are blindly feeling after,' the language of our home Government has been honest and upright, and its efforts have been earnestly directed towards doing the best for the natives. It is in the carrying out that they have failed: vacillation, time-serving, and gross official ignorance (like that of which Mr. Richmond is accused by Archdeacon Hadfield—who even denies his knowledge of the native language) have defeated all the good intentions of the Home-Government; and now Maories and Colonists are met in a stand-up fight (fair in all points, except in the trifling one that the colonists have all England to back them) just after the fashion which the 'Pakeha-Maori' desired to see. *We want their land;* our excuse is, that we should make a better use of it than they do—a dangerous principle on which to claim a right of transfer. 'Good old leisure' is dead for us individually here in England; we will have him die all the world over. Every race must be actively employed in doing or making something, or else we have a right to oust them in favour of those whom we keep sending off year by year, as year by year our country gets more and more divided between the manufacturer and the larger farmer. As to the native, we care not whether he is improveable or not. We do not reflect what might have happened at home if (as Professor Goldwin Smith remarked) instead of good S. Augustine a set of men had come to our shores as superior to the Anglo-Saxons in all arts and appliances as we are to the Maories, and as determined to use their superiority in ousting our forefathers. It is not that we are as cruel as the old conquerors. Cæsar was ruthless enough in Gaul; but the Romans did not take away the means of life from the survivors. Their colonies were (as we are always boasting) very different from ours; but the difference was all in favour of the natives with whom they had to do. The talk in New Zealand is of establishing round the disaffected parts a chain of military settlements after the Roman fashion: it is at least permitted us to hope that the result may be as successful as were many of the Provinciæ. We had, perhaps, a right to expect higher and better things, after all that had been said and all that had been done by Missionaries and Colonial Secretaries and Governors; but, after the blow which recent affairs have given to our hopes, we should be satisfied to feel sure that the remnant of the Maories would quietly and happily amalgamate with our settlers, as Gaul or Spaniard did with the Roman colonist; and that so the inevitable absorption of this interesting people might go on without any more violent interruptions.

*** Some of our readers may not have met with a strange letter in the *Examiner* of March 5th, which puts the fight at Rangariri in a new light. Our men were thrice led up to the assault; General Cameron *swore at and abused them*, and then ordered up the artillery, in heading whom poor Captain Mercer fell; lastly, the sailors rushed up, but had to fall back, and then we drew off for the night. We all know what followed the next morning. Now, unhappily, the Maories *measure a victory not by its results, but by the number of the slain.*

Whatever Confiscation laws are passed, we trust they will be clearly explained to the natives *at the outset;* otherwise, the carrying out of them will give rise to future troubles. Every one should read Mr. Swainson's admirable speech in the '*Protest*' which stands last on our list of books.

It seems that the war is not over: the news of January 5th is very warlike. The Waikatos are building fresh redoubts, other tribes have gone home to look after their own land: '*their subjugation* (says the *Times*) *is a necessity which cannot be foregone.*' There is a talk of disarming the natives as they are conquered.

ART. VII. 1. *Papers of the Russo-Greek Committee [of the American Church]*. New York.

2. *L'Union Chrétienne.* Paris, 1863, 1864.

3. Ἡ ΘΕΙΑ ΛΕΙΤΟΥΡΓΙΑ. *The Scotch Liturgy translated into Greek.* London: Masters.

4. *Apology for the Greco-Russian Church, with reference to the Filioque.* By the Rev. R. ABERCROMBIE, Rector of S. Paul's Church, Rahway, N. J. New York: Edward O. Jenkins, 20, North William Street.

5. *A Handbook of the Eastern Church.* By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Warden of Sackville College. Oxford: Parker.

6. *La Papauté Schismatique.* Par M. L'ABBÉ GUETTÉE. Paris. 1863.

7. *The Liturgies of Malabar. Translated from original Syriac MSS. procured by himself in India.* By the Rev. E. B. HOWARD, B.A.

IF there be one thing more cheering than another in the midst of the many afflictions of the Church Catholic—'afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted'—it is the yearning for reunion which now, perhaps to a degree unknown since that melancholy year 1054, is beginning to make itself felt, to a greater or less extent, in this or that manner, among the scarred and mutilated members of the body of Christ.

Since that fatal year, two chief efforts were made before the great schism in the Western Church: the Council of Lyons, and that of Florence. In the Council of Lyons, the Latin Church showed herself in all her glory. It was her second spring; her age, not of saints only, but of intellectual power, such as the world had never seen before, and probably will never see again. And the Eastern empire, though far fallen from its original excellency, though the mere shadow of the dominion of Constantine, yet held a realm to which the largest Continental monarchy (excepting Russia) of the present day is not to be compared. The two Churches then came together, complimented each other, and parted more inveterately hostile than ever before. When the *Filioque* both in Greek and Latin was, in the same creed, chanted three times over, it was a clear case of '*Væ victis.*' And the worse then, because, not four hundred years before, the successor of S. Peter at Rome had (though not formally) anathematized those that held the new doctrine. As to the Council of Florence, the only marvel is that an empire of more than two

thousand years, struggling in the very agony of its dissolution, confined within a radius of some twenty miles from the capital, ventured to hold its own, as it did, against the united force of the Western kingdoms, which cared nothing for the doctrine of the *Filioque*, but were bound by a thousand ties to the claims of Rome. The compromise of Florence, 'proceeding from the Father and the Son as by one principle, and by one spiration,' never did, and never could, satisfy either East or West. But on this subject it is not our intention to dwell at greater length, because we hope, in our next number, to enter in some detail into the *Filioque* question.

The next attempt at union was between certain of the German Reformers and the See of Constantinople, in the middle of the sixteenth century. As they had no common ground to go upon, the treaty lasted but a very short time. Still, it is a curious chapter in Church history, which deserves to be written at length.

Next came the negotiation between the Nonjurors and the Russian Church. Had the life of Peter been prolonged, it is scarcely possible to tell what the consequences might have been. But it was the intolerable pride of the Nonjurors which, for the time being, shipwrecked the whole affair. Here, of course, the question turned on the Invocation of Saints and the honour due to the Blessed Mother of God. But for a Church which could scarcely have counted nearly two hundred *thousand* faithful to dictate to one that reckoned half as many *millions*, only makes one admire the patience of the Russian bishops in their replies.

And now, then, we come to the present movement; and first, it is to be observed how differently the two Churches—the Eastern and the English—stand, with respect to their former position. In the eighteenth century, had the whole English Church been in negotiation with the whole Eastern, there would have appeared, on our side, about forty-five bishops; on theirs, about two hundred and sixty. As the treaty was commenced, a division from (we scarcely like to use the word schism) the Established Church, consisting of certainly not more than twelve bishops, tried to treat on equal terms with the four great Eastern sees. Now what is the case? We have the English Church (including that of Ireland), with its thirty-eight bishops; the Colonial Church, with its forty; the American Church, with its forty-three; the Scotch, with its seven; besides the prelates in Orangeland, by the Zambesi, in Honolulu, and in Melanesia. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' That is, we have some hundred and sixty prelates against some two hundred and sixty; ours increasing every year in number,

and, as soon as ever the Home Church of England shall alter its dioceses, to be increased almost indefinitely.

Look at the matter in another light. In 1700, the English Church possessed six Metropolitans. Two of those, Cashel and Tuam, we have lost. But what have we instead? Cape Town, Calcutta, Sydney, New Zealand, Montreal. To which, in all fairness ought to be added, the Senior Bishop of the American Church, which had then no existence, and the Primus of the Scotch Church, which was then not in (visible) communion with ourselves.

We propose to give a short sketch of the difficulties which must, and which will, stand in the way of the very first negotiations for our reunion. And, in the first place, let us observe that those who, on the Anglican side of the question, desire it, are hardly aware of how much they must be prepared to give up, and how much they ought to give up. Things which English priests are apt—rightly or wrongly, and more generally wrongly than rightly—to consider indifferent, are to the constant, never-varying, primitive Church of the East, things, if not of vital importance, yet of weight only next to Catholic truth. Let us see what some of these would be.

Next to the *Filioque* controversy, might perhaps come that of communicating infants. And this is a matter which must strike home to the hearts of many and many an English parish priest. We know that, of all Dissenting sects, Anabaptists are those who alone give some trouble in replying to their arguments. We imagine that there are not many clergymen, who, in arguing with a Baptist parishioner, have not been told: 'Well, sir, 'granting that it was the custom in what you call the Primitive 'Church, to baptize infants (not that there is a word about it in 'the Bible), I have been told by our minister that so it was to 'give them the Sacrament. Was that so or not, according to 'your belief?' And who could deny that it was? 'Well, 'then; I have heard you say in your sermons, that, when our 'Lord is speaking to Nicodemus about being born again, he is 'speaking of Baptism.' 'Most certainly you have.' 'And 'you have said that the necessity[1] of Baptism is clear from 'those words of the Saviour?' 'Yes.' 'And I have also 'heard you teach that when our Lord says, Except ye eat the 'flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life 'in you, He refers to Holy Communion?' 'Most truly you have.'

[1] The writer has of course heard such an argument from Baptists many a time; perhaps it made the more impression on him, because the first parochial visit he, as a priest, ever paid, was to an Anabaptist family, where an infant of a fortnight old was dying. He is thankful that the infant was baptized, but certainly from no force of argument, and only by appealing to the mother's feelings.

'If, then, one saying includes infants, so must the other; and yet 'you baptize babies, and never give them the Sacrament. *What* 'do you say to that?' And how *can* one reply to that, but —what no Dissenter would receive—by some such argument as this: 'Most undoubtedly, in the Primitive Church, children 'were communicated as well as baptized. But, in point of fact, 'for eight hundred years children have not received Holy 'Communion in a full half of the Church, while, throughout the 'whole Church, they have been baptized. Can we imagine that 'the dear Lord Who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the 'end of the world," would allow half of His Church so far to go 'wrong on a vital truth, on a matter of salvation, as the non-com-'municating of infants would thus involve? That the cessation 'from the practice is a corruption, I willingly allow; but still, 'the two great sacraments do not, in regard to babies, stand on 'quite the same footing. In the first place, Baptism must any-'how precede the other; and baptism, while the child lives, is 'always possible. Holy Communion involves the previous re-'ception of baptism, and is not always possible, as in the case of 'adults, so much more in that of children.'

It may be that some who read these pages may not be aware that infants in the Eastern Church are communicated once, *and once only*, till they come to years of discretion; their confirmation having, as every one knows, followed immediately after their baptism. Of this we shall presently have occasion to say more.

Now, when was it that the two Churches thus diverged in discipline? Certainly, the Roman Church retained, in many parts of Europe, the ancient practice, till the twelfth or thirteenth century: that is—and let this be especially noticed—the denial of the chalice to the laity is a later 'development' than the denial of the Blessed Sacrament to infants.[1] But the ancient use hung about divers corners of Europe for centuries after: more especially in the South-East of France and the South-West of Germany. The precise period at which the ancient rite finally ceased, it would be almost impossible to determine; but as late as 1640, a ritualist saw a child communicated—if communicated it may be called—with the ablution of the chalice, in Switzerland.

Then there are several questions which would, perhaps, vulgarly, on each side, be held as difficulties in the reunion. The Invocation of Saints, trine immersion (or affusion) in Baptism, are, perhaps, those which would form, to such as wished

[1] Curiously enough, infants were the last to receive the Blessed Sacrament under the form of wine; because either *so* only, or *so* chiefly, with a particle of the Host dipped in it, was it possible that they should receive.

to stir up strife, most useful handles. And regarding the first of these—the Invocation of Saints—it was one of the many narrownesses of the Nonjurors, that in the negotiation for intercommunion, they insisted so strongly on their own views with regard to the degree in, and the words by, which the Intercession of the Saints may be invoked. An open question between the various branches of the Church, if ever any one were so, and a question which most undoubtedly ought to be solved on both sides by a kind of *uti possidetis*. This *must* also be the case as regards the number of the Sacraments: too large a subject to be entered on in the present paper. And as we shall see shortly, the remarkable flexibility and forbearance which the Eastern Church has of late years displayed towards those who differ from it, ought to make the English Church, accustomed as we are to boast of our broad basis and liberal feelings towards other Churches, ashamed of herself if she does not meet the Orientals fully half way.

With regard to Baptism. The discipline of the Eastern Church is, respecting this Sacrament, neither clear nor consistent in itself: namely, whether single affusion or aspersion constitutes valid Baptism; and that, whether in or out of the Church. There are four principal decrees on the subject since the great schism. Before the Council of Florence, the Greek Church—by which we mean that surrounding the Levant—generally, but not always, treated the Baptism of the Latins as absolutely null and void. And by a kind of miserable revenge, the Latin borderers on the Eastern Church, without show or shadow of pretence, rebaptized such Greeks as they proselytised.

At the Council of Florence it was agreed that baptisms, on both sides, with or without trine immersion, were, and were to be held, valid. After the second, or rather the continued, schism, in the year 1484, a Synod was held at Constantinople—general, so far as regarded the East (and therefore more binding on them than Trent on the West)—which confirmed, so far, the decree of Florence. This Synod was attended and authenticated by all the four Eastern patriarchs. Nevertheless, a contrary practice, after that time, prevailed in Russia, and was ordered by the local Synod of Moscow, held under the Patriarch Philaret Niketich. Thereupon, in 1667, a mixed Council of Greek and Russian Bishops was held in the same city; when two Patriarchs, namely, Paisius of Alexandria, and Macarius of Antioch, were present in person, and the other two were consenting. Here the decree of the previous National Synod of Moscow was abrogated; and not only so, but the baptism of Lutherans and Calvinists—provided only that the right form and matter had been observed—was held good. Again, on

August 31, 1718, Jeremiah III., Œcumenical Patriarch, confirmed, so far as in him lay, this decision of the last-mentioned Synod.

But the eighteenth century was almost as dark a period in the Eastern as in our own Church. In 1756, a Constitution, signed by three of the four Patriarchs, and by them only, was put forth, the most intolerant document to which the East ever committed herself. This is the title:—'A Constitution of the Holy Church 'of CHRIST, defending the Holy Baptism given from GOD, and 'spitting upon the Baptisms of the heretics, which are otherwise 'administered.' And this is the Anathema:—'To them that 'are obstinate and perverse in their faults, and are dastardly 'cowards, and object that the Synod of Constantinople (1484) 'admitted the salt-water sprinkling, and Satanical, deadly 'affusion of the papists as Baptism, we make known that WE, 'notwithstanding, reject this doctrine as evil, heretical, and 'worthy of Anathema.'

That is, this wretched Constitution, signed by three Patriarchs, and by them only, professed to abolish the decree of the Synod of C. P., in 1484, which was signed by the four Patriarchs and twenty-four Metropolitans; and that of the Synod of Moscow in 1667, signed by two Patriarchs, twenty-five Metropolitans, Greeks, Russians, Servians, Georgians, and more than fifty Archimandrites. There can be no doubt as to the comparative worth of the two judgments. And now let those of our friends who are for admitting the lay element into our English convocation, because 'it would tend to preserve amity, and to prevent polemical discussions from becoming too embittered,' notice at whose instigation this truly shameful Constitution was promulgated. The three Patriarchs shrank back from it; the most learned layman at that time in the Eastern Church, Eustratius Argentos, of Chios, urged it on, and, we believe, drew it up. So much for lay moderation! Thank God, the Eastern Church has since, on the whole, clung to its former decisions! In Russia, always and unhesitatingly: doubtfully, till within the last few years, in the Levant. Not doubtfully under the present most venerable Œcumenical Patriarch, and the present Œcumenical Judge.

And a question of immediate importance would arise with regard to Confirmation. It would appear that, before the Council of Lyons, the Roman accused the Eastern Church of allowing priests to confirm. At the Council of Florence, the truth was better known; that priests do indeed confirm, but only with chrism consecrated by the Bishop. That question made no difficulty in the last-named Council; the East being content that in the West Bishops alone should confirm, the

West finding it right that the chrism should stand in the place of the consecrator of that chrism. There ought to, and there probably would, be no difficulty as regards ourselves. That the procrastination of Confirmation to the age at which it is now generally administered, is a great corruption, most of ourselves would be as ready to allow as the Eastern Church itself. But, in a matter which can by no means be thought essential to salvation, and cannot in any wise affect the faith, there the largest amount of liberty may surely be left.

And the want of liberality would not be on the side of the East. We have had occasion before now to speak of the dissenters from the Russian Church. Themselves divided into two principal sects, the Popoffchins and the Bezpopoffchins, that is to say, those who employed the ministry of degraded or suspended priests, and those who depend for their sacraments on a certain 'Holy Lamb,' said to have been consecrated three hundred years ago, and kneaded over and over again with fresh flour from that time to this, they have their common origin from this one idea. When the Liturgical Books of Russia, till then manuscript, were for the first time printed, under the great Patriarch Nikon, it was found that many errors, both of spelling and of words, had crept into them. These were of course corrected. But the old—what we should now call high and dry—party, reasoning wrongly from right premisses,—set out by affirming that the Church was infallible, and went on to say that therefore every letter, and syllable, and word in her books was perfect, and could not be corrected without heresy. The differences were of the slightest possible kind. Sometimes one word was misplaced for another; sometimes a word was misspelt. All these things were faithfully transmitted from generation to generation by the Staro-Viertzi, the Old-Faith men. In several large convents, the nnns were employed during every leisure hour in perpetuating these simple misprints; and we believe that some of the Manuscript Liturgies so elaborated are most exquisitely beautiful.

The Russian Government, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was no wiser than our own. They persecuted these poor Staro-Viertzi as we did the Dissenters, and of course with the same effects. Within the last twenty years, both Church and State have altered their tactics. The State has printed for their Dissenters—who are now for the most part miserably poor—a very handsome copy of their own Offices, merely noting each difference between the version of the "Establishment," and theirs. And the Holy Governing Synod, with a truly Apostolic largeness of heart, has licensed a certain number of priests, who shall say the Hours and celebrate the Liturgy for these

wanderers from the fold, with all their absurd mis-spellings and mis-wordings. A short time since we took the trouble of counting up in their *Sloujevniek* the number of variations from the orthodox use; they were certainly under fifty, and many of them such mistakes as these: *Listurgy* for *Liturgy; Lemen* for *Amen;* and the like.

We will proceed to speak of the actual steps which have been taken, and are still carrying on, as regards the proposal for re-union.

The original impulse was given, in the General Convention of the American Church, in October, 1862, when Dr. Thrall, one of the Deputies from California,

'Called attention to the fact, that there were now, in San Francisco, between three and four hundred communicants of the Russo-Greek Church, some of whom had been under his pastoral charge, although not feeling free to receive the communion at his hands, owing to the unsettled relations between their Church and ours. They were about to build a church of their own, and become organized into a parish; and before long there might be appointed a Bishop of the Russo-Greek Church, who would claim jurisdiction, and thus bring about a conflict with the Bishop of California. This ought to *force* upon us the consideration of that great question—one of the greatest of questions—the establishment of full ecclesiastical relations with the Russo-Greek Church. He was not prepared to pass an opinion on the subject, and did not suppose that, at this late moment in the session, the House would go into the discussion. He only asked for the appointment of a committee of inquiry and correspondence on the subject, the main object of which would be to present the claims of our own Church as a true part of the Church Catholic, and thus as duly qualified to guide and feed those who might come from the Russian dominions to reside temporarily or permanently among us. Such a movement might at last enable the Anglican and the Greek Churches to present an undivided front to Rome and the infidel.'—*Papers of the Russo-Greek Committee*, p. 3.

After some discussion, in which Dr. Mason especially distinguished himself,[1] a proposal was made to the Upper House as follows:—

'*Whereas*, there are many members of the Russo-Greek Church emigrating to the Pacific shores of our country, to whom it is important to present this Church as a true and faithful part of the Catholic Church, in such an attitude as will enable her the more readily to guide such emigrants in Christian faith and practice; therefore,

'*Resolved*, The House of Bishops concurring, that a joint committee be appointed to open friendly intercourse with the Russo-Greek Church on the subject, and report to the next General Convention.'—*Ibid.* p. 6.

This the Bishops declined, but ultimately agreed to a Committee to 'consider the expediency of opening communication with the Russo-Greek Church.' It consisted of the Bishops De Lancey, of W. New York, Whitehouse of Illinois, and Williams,

[1] It shows, however, what must be the gross ignorance of most people about the Eastern Church, when we find even this gentleman declaring that she holds the *doctrine*, while condemning the *insertion*, of the *Filioque*.

Assistant of Connecticut (the last-named one of the ablest prelates in the American Church), three priests, and two laymen.

Things standing so in the commencement of 1863, Mr. George Williams entered into communication with the Secretary of the American Committee, the Rev. J. F. Young, and shortly afterwards a petition was presented by forty-eight members of the Lower House, to the Upper House of Convocation, thus expressed:—

'That your petitioners have learned with much interest that, in the recent Synod or Convention of the Bishops and Clergy of the United States of America, certain steps were taken with a view to promote Intercommunion between the Russo-Greek Church and the Anglican Communion.

'That your petitioners believe that the present time may be more favourable than former times have been, for efforts in that direction.'

The adoption was moved by the Bishop of Oxford, seconded by those of Chichester and Salisbury, and unanimously adopted; and the Lower House appointed a Committee of nine, of which, we believe, Chancellor Massingberd is Chairman. Towards the end of last year Mr. Young, furnished with some twenty letters dimissory from American Prelates—which we have had the pleasure of reading—some of them very well expressed, came to England with the intention of visiting Russia and Greece; and he is at this very moment on his way to the East. There, therefore, the matter stands at present: the presentation of the report of the English Committee being, we hear, deferred for a short time.

But a very important ally to the movement has risen up in Paris. We have already called attention to the *Union Chrétienne*, which appears every Sunday at Paris. Its editors are the Abbé Guettée, now so well known, and the Arch-Priest Vassilieff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy, and one of the ablest of living Oriental priests. His articles on the present movement are as encouraging as anything that has as yet appeared. Here are some extracts from them (we employ the translation of the American Committee, rather than make a new one for novelty's sake):—

'Some Bishops and Priests of the Anglican Church have, quite recently, made known the pious desire of entering into relations with the Oriental Catholic Church, with the view of establishing a union between this Church and their own. It is the love of sound doctrine, it is zeal for the science of theology, and for the salvation of souls, which has inspired them with this holy resolution, as we have learned with pleasure and profound gratitude to the Saviour, source of all good and light. Knowing the peaceful and charitable spirit that animates the Orthodox Church, we believe that we interpret her sentiments when we say that her heart leaped for joy at the news that she would be able to give the kiss of peace to the great and venerable Anglican Church.

'It was without her complicity, or, at least, without her taking any direct part, that the Anglican Church was formerly driven by the Bishop of Rome to

a breach of unity with the Oriental Church. Having cut themselves off from the beneficent restraints of their Eastern brethren, the Popes of the middle ages exerted themselves to the utmost to place under their yoke this ancient Church, whose roots are in the East, and to which S. Gregory the Great devoted a solicitude so Christian-like and disinterested. Roman ambition did not fully succeed in its design of bringing her under its domination, as the Anglican Church always preserved to some extent her original independence, and attachment to ancient tradition.

'By acting, however, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, and with the strategy which she calls prudence, Rome inoculated her with the poison of innovation, and dealt heavy blows to her ancient discipline. It was only by an entire separation that the Anglican Church freed herself from the Roman bondage. In the work of purification to which her doctrine and discipline were then submitted, she acted on her own responsibility, and as a distinct Church. If the promoters of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland afforded her any assistance, their co-operation, so far from being beneficial, brought with it only the elements of trouble and disaster, as these Reformers had placed themselves too much outside of the Catholic idea. They were too much isolated in their opposition to Rome, and had followed exclusively their private inspirations. Thus, their action was rather disintegrating than restorative. We venture to say, that the Anglican pastors, if left to themselves, would have brought about better results, and would have pursued a more successful course in re-establishing primitive doctrines, as they endeavoured to do.'

Again:—

'We do not hesitate to say that the Anglican Reformation has left untouched a great Catholic foundation, which places it within the power of that Church to renew at pleasure the bonds of fraternity with the ancient Universal Church. Let it be understood that we do not here speak of the Roman Church. Romanism and Catholicism are incompatible ideas; they differ from each other as do the particular and the universal. Therefore, a re-union of the Anglican with the Roman Church as it is, is properly considered impossible. The Anglican Church will never submit to the yoke of the Papacy. Her religious convictions, as well as the national aspirations, are irresistibly opposed to any such thing. The Anglican Church will be no one's slave.

* * * * * *

'To whom does the Anglican Church apply in renewing her relations with the Orthodox Church? To the faithful successors of the great and holy Bishops of antiquity, of Bishops whose orthodoxy no one has disputed, or rather whose sound doctrine has been attested and received by the Catholic Church as conformed to Evangelical and Apostolical teaching.

'There, in the Christian Orient, yet stand and will always remain, the four Patriarchs placed by the Œcumenical Councils at the head of ecclesiastical government: the Bishop of the mother of Churches, Jerusalem; the first and true successor of S. Peter, the Bishop of Antioch; the second successor of the first of the Apostles (by S. Mark), the Bishop of Alexandria; the successor of the first called of the Apostles, S. Andrew, Apostle of Byzantium, that is to say, the Bishop of Constantinople, raised by the General Councils to the permanent rank of Patriarchate, by reason of the dignity of his city, which had become the Capital of the Empire. In the face of this fourfold Patriarchate, the authority of the Bishop of Rome, so much boasted, is very feeble, when he isolates himself in his pretended unity; because he is but the fifth part of the honourable and governing council of the ancient Church, and but the third part of the succession of S. Peter, which, according to the teaching of the greatest of the ancient Popes, Saint Gregory the Great, resides in the three great Sees of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch.

'Around these brethren, the oldest in honour and equal in the Episcopal authority, are grouped the successors of the other Apostles, the Bishops of the ancient Sees. But if they are happy in having succeeded the disciples of Jesus Christ—S. Paul, S. John, S. James, S. Philip, and S. Bartholomew—their principal glory is to have preserved intact the depository of the Doctrine, the Spirit and Constitution of the Church of the Apostles. To the present day, this Church preserves its ancient organization, in regard to the unity and solidarity of the Episcopate, from the fact that absolutism is banished from its bosom, and so error and innovation cannot be introduced. The Oriental Patriarchs and Bishops, therefore, when answering Pius IX., had good reason for offering, as an incontestible proof of their fidelity to the Ancient Church, this consideration—that each and every one of them regarded himself as entrusted with the care of the Church, and that no one of them would be able to change anything without meeting with resistance from the others.

* * * * '"With us," say the Patriarchs and the Oriental Bishops, "innovations could neither be introduced by the Patriarchs nor by the councils, because among us the safeguard of religion resides in the entire body of the Church; that is to say, among the people themselves, who desire that their religious dogmas should remain for ever immutable, and conformed to those of their fathers, as has been proven by the fact that many popes after the schism, and some Patriarchs following them, could come to no agreement about anything."

* * * * * *

'Rome having made innovations, acted logically when she, on the one hand, reduced the Bishops to slavery, and on the other removed the faithful Laity from all participation in religious affairs. As one would expect, the papacy has thus gained in power, but the Church has lost, in consequence of its servility and indifference.

'From what we have said, the Anglican Church will lose none of its liberty nor religious activity by uniting itself to the Orthodox Catholic Church. Her bishops, on the contrary, will enlarge their sphere of action. Instead of being simple shepherds of a particular Church, they will become pillars of the Universal Church. The Anglican Laity will be no longer deprived of their dignity and importance in the Church, for Orthodoxy ought to live in all the elements of which the Catholic society is composed.

But these, it may said, are the expressions of one priest only. True; but they are backed with the authority of the second and third Churches in the world. Thus, on August 23, 1862, wrote the Patriarch of Constantinople, at the head of his Synod:—

'Joachim, by the grace of God Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, and Œcumenical Patriarch:

'Most reverend Arch-Priest Joseph Vassilieff, most pious and honourable Abbé Guettée, whose learning is so widely useful, and who represent the editors' staff of *L'Union Chrétienne*, our well-beloved and valued sons in the Lord:

'The grace, the peace, and the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you!

'We are not ignorant, well-beloved sons, of the courageous and useful works of the editors of *L'Union* for the integrity of the faith of Christ: on the contrary, we have long praised it, and bestowed our blessing upon it, when we received with joy the delightful letter of Your Piety, together with the precious collection of your journal. Thus, having more perfectly conceived your aim,

we rendered thanks to God, "who willeth that all should be in union, and giveth mighty words to them that preach it." We regard, indeed, as the work of God, not only the salutary thought which has inspired a labour so useful to the body of the Church, but also the perfect concord which exists between you, and which enables you to labour as brothers in Jesus Christ. The meritorious end which you pursue with sincerity, the legitimate means which you employ, the sure guides which you follow, the solid basis on which you lean, the marvellous sweetness of your words, which enters the ears not as the clap of thunder, but as the light breeze which gently penetrates souls,—it is thus that your words are worthy of the God whose cause they assert; and whose service finds its perfection not by vehement speech but by sweetness. You will receive, without doubt, well-beloved sons, the recompense from God of the pious works which you have undertaken for so holy a cause.

'As to our Orthodox Church of the East, she has always grieved for the alienation of her Western sisters, once so venerable; and more especially ancient Rome. Yet she consoles herself by consciousness of her innocence, for she did not provoke at first, any more than since she has perpetuated or strengthened, the division. Nay, she has never ceased to offer, with tears, fervent prayers to her God and Saviour who maketh of two one, breaking down the middle wall of separation between them, that He may bring all Churches into one unity, giving them sameness of faith and the communion of the Holy Ghost. And that she may cause Him to hear her, she shows Him the marks of her martyrdom, and the wounds which she has through so many ages received on account of her Catholic Orthodoxy from those who envy her, who trouble her tranquillity and her peaceful life in Jesus Christ.

'For these causes: Our Humility and the Holy Synod of Most Holy Metropolitans, our brothers and coadjutors in the Holy Ghost, having been informed, especially by your letter, of the divine zeal which inflames you for the desired union of the Churches, are filled with spiritual joy; we crown your holy work with the most just praises; we pour forth for you the most ardent prayers, and we bestow on you and on your fellow-labourers, our fullest benediction, Patriarchal and Synodal. And as we have seen with joy, in the letter of Your Piety, one Western and one Eastern priest united in the same love for the truth joining their names as brethren, so may we, one day, by the grace of that God whose judgment and mercies are infinite, behold the sister Churches of East and West embracing each other with sincerity and truth in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, to the end that we may be one body, and only one, in Jesus Christ, to the glory of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the most Holy and Undivided Trinity.'

Then follow the names of the Patriarchal Synod, twelve in number. And, on April 13, 1863, we have the following:—

'Most learned Archpriest Joseph, and Abbé Guettée, children dearly beloved of our Humility, in the Lord.

'The grace of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ be with you!

'We have experienced great delight, and regard ourselves as highly favoured in the reception of your filial letter. In reading it we are deeply impressed with the sacredness of the object which your paper has in view—an object beneficial to all nations—and with the zeal with which you are labouring for its accomplishment. We hasten to express our approbation of your labours, from which we have experienced a pleasure like to that afforded us by a great Festival.

'Strive then earnestly that, having reached the goal, you may receive your reward. Our blessing will accompany you in your laudable efforts, so zealous, and at the same time so pleasing to God. We blessed with both our hands,

and we do bless with all our heart, these efforts, and your labours for the union of all the Churches. We also pray God the Father to hasten this true union which is so much desired by all Christians. From the time we became acquainted with your undertaking, we have not ceased to pray God that your efforts may be crowned with success, and to beseech Jesus Christ to make His will perfectly known to you, and to imbue you with wisdom and prudence.

'May our Heavenly Father grant you His Holy and Life-giving Spirit, to illumine, to strengthen, to lead you always in the right way, and to put into your mouth arguments strong and unanswerable, that you may contend zealously and courageously for the Church of Christ, and preach the doctrines of God. Thus the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ will be glorified in you, and you will be glorified in Him, by the grace of our God and Lord Jesus Christ.

'JAMES,
'*Patriarch of Alexandria.*

'ALEXANDRIA, *April* 13*th*, 1863.'

We venture to say, that such yearning for unity between the East and ourselves has never—no, nor in any comparable degree—been shown before.

The work which stands third on the list will, we hope, be of great service in the way of union; and would have been more so, we think, by one alteration, of which presently. Were we at liberty to mention the name of the very eminent divine from whom it proceeds, we should at once secure widely-spread interest in it. It is evident that the Scotch Liturgy will tell far more favourably than our own on the Oriental mind, as so much more closely based on their own great Offices. Besides which, our own has had but bad fortune in its translations. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has, of course, *watered* its doctrine wherever the process was possible. The old translation, made by Elias Petley, under the auspices of Laud, among innumerable mistakes, has one frightful blunder: *minister* is always interpreted by διάκονος! The unfortunate theology to which this must lead is patent to all. The present translation is based on Duport's, but with some grammatical errors corrected (for Duport, though an omnivorous, was not an accurate scholar) and the ecclesiastical terms are better expressed. Thus, for '*minister*,' ἱερουργὸς is substituted instead of λειτουργὸς—a word, as every one knows, which always is used of the deacon. '*Briefs*' are γράμματα προτρεπτικὰ, not Βρέφια. The '*fair linen cloth*' is not σουδάριον, but εἰλητόν. But the distinctively Scotch portions are in many instances very finely translated, and are infinitely more imbued with an ecclesiastical tone than Duport's.

The better this work, the more we must regret that the Nicene Creed is printed *at length*. As our readers are aware, in the Greek office-books themselves the initial words only occur, thus:—

'Πιστεύω εἰς ἕνα Θεόν, κ. τ. λ.'

If this plan had been followed in the present translation, while no Greek Ecclesiastic could have imagined that the Scotch Church used the unaltered Creed, the irritation and vexation consequent on reading the unauthorized addition would have been spared. We fear that many an one will at once throw aside the book, who would have perused it, but for this, with deep interest.

The next book which stands on our list—not yet published—but of which we have been favoured with the perusal, will, we hope, throw some light on the Liturgies, more or less corrupted, of the far East.[1] Mr. Howard, being thrown into the way of that most interesting Communion, the Christians of S. Thomas, instead of setting to work as the Church Missionary emissaries have done, to convert them to the most straightest sect of Evangelicalism, wished, in the first place, to learn from them; in the next, if he could, to help them. The MSS. which he was fortunate enough to obtain promise to be of no small value. We are allowed to say that, on a comparison instituted between them and those which Dr. Mill gave to Oxford, those of Mr. Howard's are certainly the fuller, and appear to be the more exact.

The history of that Church is well known. When the great body of the Asiatic Communion fell into Nestorianism—when, from China to Arabia, from the White Sea to Borneo, the vast majority of Christians professed that belief; when this marvellous Nestorian Community is said to have outnumbered the Catholic Church, reckoning East and West together, it was almost impossible that India, which had not retained the Christian faith from the beginning, but was converted again in the ninth century, should not itself have become Nestorian. Then in the Synod of Diamper, when Rome, rightly condemning the heresy, condemned also much that was perfectly indifferent—some things which were most truly Apostolic—in the rebound from that Synod, this poor afflicted Church, having been deprived of its own Liturgical books, and so, in one generation, lost its own distinctive tenets, went over to the other side. The existing MSS. are all Jacobite. The writer of this Article was told by one whose authority will not be disputed—the late Dr. Mill—that of Nestorian MSS. none now existed. He himself had made the most diligent inquiries for them in Malabar, but the zeal, first, of Roman missionaries, and next, of Jacobite converts, had, to all appearance destroyed them. By way of preface to his translation of these Offices, Mr. Howard prefixes a

[1] We are unable to give the title under which the work will appear; our title expresses only its general bearing and sense.

very interesting—one might almost say, amusing—account of his first introduction to the Indian priests. We will quote one passage:—

'On one occasion, however, I determined to accept his invitation. It was my great object to be present at the celebration of the Corbano, and this would be accomplished only by going over on one of their holydays, as Sunday was, of course, occupied by my own duty. I went over accordingly on the Feast of the Purification, in 1861. This was not held on the 2d of February, as with us, but on the corresponding day according to their reckoning, which with us was the 14th of that month. The best plan seemed to go as far as possible by water, as I determined to go on from Chattanoor to Trevandrum, my out-station, without returning to Jinton. Leaving my house, therefore, about 7.30 A.M. my palanquin was taken to the *back-water*, and there placed on a jungarum—a sort of stage formed by tying two canoes together, side by side, with an interval between them of about eighteen inches. This is done by means of stout poles, which keep the boats apart, and form a very steady platform, on which the palanquin rests. In this way one is punted along, mostly through a shallow canal, lined with high banks of sand, overgrown by reeds and brushwood, which shut out the breeze, and are tediously monotonous. Occasionally, however, the canal opens out into a wide back-water, separated from the sea only by a bank of sand, over which the surf can be distinctly heard, and occasionally seen; then with the mountains in the back-ground, and the broken line of its banks, rising in low cliffs, or sweeping down with a gentle declivity to the smooth surface of the water, the scene often forms a picture of exquisite beauty.

'About two hours of this kind of travelling—punting, rowing, or sailing—brought us to the place where the river before-mentioned intersects the road, as it comes down from the mountains towards the sea. Here my palanquin was landed, and by 11 A.M. we had reached the village. Here I found my arrival anxiously expected, for the village is quite out of the usual track of Europeans; and, as the "ho-ho" of the bearers announced my approach, I observed peeping eyes from many a door-way, eager to see something of the English Catanar.

'When we had nearly reached the church, I was met by a little boy carrying a sort of flag-streamer with a cross worked into it at the top—and a hand-bell, which he rang as he ran before the palanquin towards the church. Here I was received with much courtesy by the Catanar, George, who introduced me to his aged father, also a Catanar, and led the way to a verandah on the south of the nave, where a table was laid out with refreshments as much in the European style as possible. I cannot too warmly acknowledge the hospitality with which I was received. No little pains had been taken to render the entertainment agreeable, and to set it out as much in the European style as possible. The dishes consisted of fowl, curry, and roast goat's flesh; and port wine, claret, and brandy were each in turn pressed on my acceptance. The only cause for regret on my part was my inability to do justice to this profuse hospitality, but I explained that, having already breakfasted, I was not disposed for anything more than a light refreshment. The repast was concluded, therefore, as soon as courtesy would permit, and as the hour of service had now fully arrived, Catanar Jacob retired, leaving his father to do the honours of the table. We did not, however, sit long, for hearing the sustained murmur of a voice, I expressed my desire to see what was going on, and on passing into the church, I found that it proceeded from the Catanar, who was reciting the appointed office, while vesting and making the usual preparations before the altar. This was done before the people began to assemble, and with the veil drawn close across the chancel-arch; but in a few minutes all was ready, and

the congregation having assembled, the veil was drawn aside, and the public service begun.

'The vestments worn by the Catanar were very handsome; the stole, and outer robe, being of silk damask, showing a yellow pattern upon a scarlet ground. But the change in his dress was not by any means so striking as that in his manner. Hitherto he had appeared shy and uneasy; but now, as he stood at the altar, and performed the several functions of his office, reciting the well-known prayers meanwhile, I could not but be impressed with the dignity and reverence of his manner, and the solemnity of the whole scene. At one time he stood beside the throne, with his left-hand on the book, and his right across his breast; at another, he knelt low before it; at another he prepared the incense, and gave the sign of peace; he would be seen now to veil the mysteries, now to raise them up on high, or perfume them with incense; then turning towards the people, with uplifted arm, he invoked upon them the blessing of the Almighty.'

The translations themselves we leave for (as we hope) some future Liturgical Article.

With regard to the work of the Abbe Guettée's which stands on our list, and to that of Mr. Neale, we say nothing now, because they will both better be considered in the Article on the *Filioque* Controversy, which we trust, in our next number, to lay before our readers.

In the meanwhile, if ever negotiation between the Eastern and the English Churches seemed hopeful, it is now. And, remembering what His last prayer was, Who—as just before the holy time in which this Article will appear—prayed 'THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE,' those who may have taken any interest in what has been said before, are entreated to beseech Him so to rule the Councils of the three Western Churches interested in the matter—English, American, and Scotch—and so to guide the heads of the four great Patriarchates of the East, that even in our own lifetimes, if it be His will, they and we may be one.

ART. VIII.—*The Times Newspaper.* February 9th, 1864.

2. *Defence of the Rev. Rowland Williams, D.D. in the Arches Court of Canterbury.* By J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, M.A. Barrister-at-Law, &c. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

3. *Speech delivered before the Judicial Committee by* H. B. WILSON, B.D. London: Longman. 1863.

4. *Charge by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford.* Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1863.

5. *A Charge by Connop Thirlwall, DD., Bishop of S. David's.* Second Edition. London: Rivingtons. 1864.

6.—*Dictionnaire des Harmonies de la Raison et de la Foi.* Par l'ABBÉ LE NOIR. Publié par l'Abbé Migne. Paris: J. P. Migne. 1856.

7. *Dictionnaire des Droits de la Raison dans la Foi.* Par l'ABBÉ LE NOIR. Publié par l'Abbé Migne. Paris: J. P. Migne. 1860.

8. *Thoughts on Free Inquiry, Evidences, and Subscription.* By C. E. PRICHARD, M.A., Rector of South Luffenham, Prebendary of Wells; late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

9.—*The Whole Counsel of God; a Sermon.* By H. P. LIDDON, M.A. Student of Christ Church, &c. &c. Published by Request. Oxford and London: Rivingtons. 1864.

THERE are few subjects on which the human mind is more likely to form erroneous conclusions than on the comparative magnitude and importance of contemporary events. How many an occurrence, which seemed to those who witnessed it to be the commencement of a new epoch in a nation's life, has been found, after the lapse of a few years, to exercise, so far as men can judge, an influence infinitesimally small; while another seemingly slight circumstance, summed up in a few lines by the chronicler of the day, has proved fruitful of weighty results that no human wisdom ever pretended to foresee.

Nevertheless, occasions do arise on which the judgment of contemporaries and of posterity is substantially agreed—agreed at least in so far as concerns the recognition of their importance. Is it over-bold to imagine that an event of this nature has just occurred in the history of the English Church? Is it not probable that the recent Judgment of the Judicial Committee

may prove to be, for good or for evil, a turning-point in her history?

That it does not seem to English society at large to be a light matter, is shown by the place assigned to it in the columns of our newspapers and serial publications. And here we feel bound to say that the general tone of our contemporaries has been, in our opinion, highly creditable to the British press; just as the tone of the counsel before the two Courts does much honour to the English bar. In speaking thus, we by no means intend to limit our tribute of commendation to the writers or to the advocates on one side only. The recognition seems, in fairness, due alike to the critic in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the writer of the article in the *Times;* to Mr. Fitzjames Stephen as well as to Dr. Phillimore and Mr. Coleridge. With few exceptions, there has been manifested a sobriety and candour which, if not always based upon the very highest motives, is, in any case, a cause for just thankfulness.

But the very fact that others, even of the secular press, have spoken in a manner not unbefitting the subject, rather enhances than diminishes that sense of responsibility with which we undertake the task that lies before us. For, in truth, the dangers that lie about it are not slight, nor few. There is the possibility of shrinking, through cowardice, from a truthful acknowledgment of the real and deep mischief that may arise out of the decision of the Judicial Committee; there is the temptation of allowing undue weight to the claims of high station among the judges, or of the authority of great names among the critics of the Judgment; and, lastly, there is the peril of being led, under the excitement of the hour, into exaggeration of the evil really wrought and into undue despondency for the future. Still, better it were for this review to face these dangers and run the risks of partial error, than to neglect duty by keeping silence in so weighty a matter. *Errare humanum est:* we can only pray that any mistakes into which we may fall may be over-ruled, and, meantime, try to speak in the spirit of a love of truth and of the fear of God.

We propose, *firstly*, to cast a glance at the mere fact of the acquittal of the two clergymen who have been tried; and, *secondly*, to consider the principles which seem to be involved in this result of the trial.

I. That lawyers are found to view affairs of Church and State from a special and peculiar stand-point (as the Germans call it), is, assuredly, no novel allegation. It is rather the exception than the rule for a successful barrister to make much impression upon the House of Commons; and both statesmen

and historians are apt to complain of the *nisi prius* character of legal words and deeds in the presence of a large political question. 'The result,' says Lord Macaulay on the trial of Warren Hastings,—'the result ceased to be matter of doubt from 'the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided 'by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior 'courts of the realm. Those rules, it is well known, exclude 'much information which would be quite sufficient to deter-'mine the conduct of any reasonable man in the most important 'transactions of private life. . . . We do not blame the accused 'and his counsel for availing themselves of every legal advan-'tage, in order to obtain an acquittal. But it is clear that an 'acquittal so obtained cannot be pleaded in bar of the judgment 'of history.' But when Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the 'Chancellors,' comes across the same transactions, he defends, with vigour, the course of procedure which had seemed so unsatisfactory to the historical essayist. We do not allude to the circumstance with any intention of suggesting an offensive analogy, but simply with the intent of illustrating the difference between a legal and political view of a given subject.

And, certainly, if ever legal rules were strained to the very utmost in favour of the accused, they were so strained on the occasion of this trial. Thus, for example, it was held that the superior court could not re-open any question concerning the Articles rejected by the Dean of the Arches, but must assume that all his decisions *in favour* of the accused were necessarily right, although his decisious *against* them were open to revision: and were, in fact, ultimately, one and all rescinded and annulled. It was ruled, as in the Gorham case, that not only was it necessary to prove opposition to the letter of the Formularies supposed to be impugned, but that such proof might be overlaid by the production of a *catena* of divines on the opposite side. Within what limits we think such rules to be capable of fair application may appear as we proceed. That, in any case, they impose a difficult, and all but unattainable, standard of proof upon the prosecution, must be obvious at a single glance.

And yet, even such a course of procedure, favourable as it was to the appellants, seemed likely to fail on one head; that, namely, which concerned the view of Holy Scripture taken by Dr. Rowland Williams. The treatment of this item of accusation by the court may possibly commend itself to lawyers, though we greatly doubt even this; but it never can be received with anything but the utmost astonishment by any man of letters, by any theologian, by any one of average common sense. That Dr. R. Williams himself would accept, as a correct interpretation of his meaning, a harmless proposition,

which divines of almost every school (save and except the rationalistic one) could subscribe, is not to be supposed. Even the critic in *Macmillan's Magazine* admits that a doubt as to the precise meaning of the expressions 'was, no doubt, the case 'as to one of the charges, and especially as to one of the 'defendants, Dr. Williams.'

Another point also was decided in favour of Dr. Williams, rather, we presume, with reference to the special circumstances of the case, than with the intention of laying down a rule of universal application. With reference to the plea that Dr. Williams was reviewing the works of Baron von Bunsen, not expressing his own sentiments, Dr. Lushington had said:

'I must hold that it is not competent to a reviewer, when he either states, or professes to give the substance of, unsound doctrine, from the work reviewed, to leave his own opinion in the dark. Were it otherwise, it would be possible for a clergyman, under colour of a review, to disseminate, even with the sanction of his name and profession, opinions and arguments directly opposed to the doctrine (as by law established) of the Church. In fact, in that case, a clergyman might with impunity re-publish even an infidel work.'

These words surely sound like the expression of good sense. And though the course of this trial has at moments reminded us of that hint of the satirist (himself a lawyer), which suggests a kind of opposition between sound sense and good law, yet we presume, as we have said, that it was the applicability of Dr. Lushington's *dictum*, rather than its general truth, that was denied by the Judicial Committee. That there might be some ground for such denial we grant to be very possible; though even here we trace the same inclination to put the best of all possible construction on the appellant's case.

The worst point of this kind of law, so far as regards individuals, is the impossibility of identifying it with anything like substantial justice. Church history will, alas! be compelled to record that of three accused clergy, Messrs. Heath, Wilson, and R. Williams, the two last were released by the same tribunal which condemned the first-named to the loss of his living. We do not think lightly of the errors of Mr. J. D. Heath, nor have we any sympathy with that strange notion of confessorship displayed by his apologist, who assesses, like an actuary, the sum probably lost by the late vicar of Brading.[1] But whether we regard the amount of error inculcated in Mr. Heath's sermons, or the tone and temper of his writings, we cannot but believe that there is far more excuse to be made for the deprived incumbent than for his acquitted brethren.

[1] This is actually done by Bishop Colenso in one of his Prefaces. Imagine a Confessor of old, a Polycarp, or an Athanasius, having a statement of his pecuniary losses summed up for him by some sympathizing defender!

Nor is it only in the strange difference of result that Messrs. Wilson and R. Williams stand in contrast with Mr. Heath. Mr. Heath had never, so far as we are aware, displayed anything like intolerance of the liberty claimed by others. Far different had been the career of the other two. In March, 1841, Mr. Wilson (in company with Mr. Tait, now Bishop of London, and two other gentlemen) addressed a letter to the editor of 'Tracts for the Times,' complaining of the 'new and startling views' put forth in Tract No. 90, on the extent of liberty allowed in interpreting the Formularies of our Church. Nor did he rest content with his share in this epistle. Within three weeks after the publication of the protest just named, Mr. Wilson addressed a letter of some thirty pages in length to one of his co-signers, glorying in what he had done and in the sympathy shown by the Hebdomadal Board. Not only did Mr. Wilson appeal in this second letter to the authority of the Homilies, in places where the line of argument adopted by his opponent rendered it necessary, but he wound up his epistle by a quotation from them. And he seemed quite unwilling to allow that though the *Romish* doctrine of Purgatory was condemned by the Articles, yet that *some* theory of a purgation might be lawfully held by those who had subscribed to them. How strange that we should live to see this same clergyman pleading before the Judicial Committee for the liberty to hold and teach his belief in a purgative process, as being the inevitable lot of an immense proportion of the human race![1] How strange that he, who could not sit silent when an anonymous tract urged an unwonted licence of interpretation, should reclaim with impassioned language at being confronted 'with *puerile literal* senses of Articles and Liturgy'[2] and warn the youth of England not to subject themselves to accusations to which he himself had once so eagerly subjected others. If Mr. Wilson was right in his earlier day, he must be thoroughly wrong now. If he is right now, he must have been extremely wrong then. An Edinburgh reviewer, the apologist for 'Essays and Reviews,' has indeed undertaken to decide for Mr. Wilson which horn of this dilemma it were best to choose. 'Mr. Wilson, indeed,' says the reviewer, 'by his *unfortunate* onslaught on the ninetieth '"Tract for the Times," twenty years ago, has laid himself 'open to *a just Nemesis*. But he, *we doubt not, has long ago* '*repented of that ungenerous act.*'[3] But there cannot be in matters of this kind, such a thing as vicarious repentance; the utter absence of doubt felt by Mr. Wilson's defender cannot be

[1] Speech before the Judicial Committee, pp. 123, *et seq.*
[2] *Ibid.* p. 135.
[3] *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1861, p. 495.

imparted to his readers, unless they have it on Mr. Wilson's own authority, that he does look on his former act as ungenerous and a subject for regret.

Of the tolerance of temper displayed by Dr. Rowland Williams, we may form some estimate by seeing the impression made by his writings on a really liberal-minded prelate, the Bishop of St. David's. Bishop Thirlwall has most truly described Dr. R. Williams as one 'who could find no category 'for those who questioned his orthodoxy, but that of either '*fools* or *knaves*;' as one with whom 'the imputation of heresy, 'arising from the grossest ignorance or the most obstinate perverseness,' is 'an habitual form of discourse, for which every 'one must be prepared who ventures to express even a doubt 'about the correctness of his opinions.'[1] In the very miserable attempt at poetry with which Dr. Williams concluded his 'Review of Bunsen,' he stigmatized (at least no one but a lawyer could doubt his meaning) his clerical brethren as 'hirelings': just as if he himself had never held a Fellowship, a Vice-Principalship, and a living. In an earlier passage he had accused an immense number of English scholars of dishonesty, and of being wanting in the *explicitness* of truth.' This from a writer concerning whom Bishop Thirlwall and Dr. Lushington are agreed 'to doubt whether, if the author had studied to 'express his sentiments with ambiguity, he could have been 'more successful.' And well, indeed, may the Bishop of St. David's speak of 'his scornful bitterness;' the Edinburgh reviewer of his 'flippant and contemptuous tone;' and a semi-apologist in *Macmillan's Magazine*, of his 'tone of remark' being 'so offensive as to have the appearance of being intended 'to vex and insult.' Surely even the appearance of such a tone cannot be the mark of a Christian spirit.

We are sorry to have dwelt thus long upon the merely personal aspect of the question. But in an age which is but too apt to fancy that a plea for toleration necessarily implies the existence of a tolerant spirit on the part of those who make it, we conceive it to be a real duty, although it is certainly a painful one, to call attention to the true character of much that lays such very special claim to liberality.

But we must now pass onward to the far more anxious and difficult inquiry respecting the effect of this judgment upon the Church of England. (I.) What are the doctrines which the appellants before the Judicial Committee appear to us (viewing the case not as lawyers, but as students of theology) to have impugned? (II.) How far does the Judgment assert the

[1] A Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams, D.D. pp. 16, 31.

liberty of teaching the contradictory of the propositions which the accused are thought to have contravened? (III.) Lastly—and this is, perhaps, the most important query of all—on what degree of dogmatic authority do the propositions in question rest? We are most anxious to face these questions as calmly and as fairly as we can. And if our replies should seem in any wise disappointing, if they should at all fall short of what has been enunciated by divines whom we love and honour, and must ever regard with the deepest gratitude, we can urge but one plea in defence, and that is, that we have earnestly attempted to set forth what we believe to be true, we hope without effrontery, but at the same time without reticence or disguise.

I. The propositions which we conceive to be impugned by Mr. Wilson or by Dr. R. Williams may be stated as follow:—

(*a.*) That the inspiration vouchsafed to the authors of the Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament differs not merely in kind, but in degree, from that granted to ordinary Christians, or even to the rest of the holiest and wisest teachers of mankind.

(*b.*) That we are justified before God only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

(*c.*) That there is a never ending impassable line of demarcation between the lot of those who shall be found among the reprobate, and of those who are, who shall be placed, among the blessed at the last great day.

Let us regard these propositions *seriatim*; premising only thus much, that we have all been accustomed to believe that, although where Rome and Geneva were at variance, the English Church often adopted a *via media*, yet that, where these two opposite systems met and agreed, England also agreed with them.

(*a.*) Now that foreign Protestant Confessions and foreign Reformers admit the first proposition which we have laid down, is, we suppose, a matter beyond all question. A large part of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's very able defence of Dr. R. Williams was occupied in proving that the authorities just named held not only thus much, but a good deal more.

It might, however, conceivably, be urged that the foreign reformers and authors of Confessions (with whom may be conjoined the authors of the Westminster Confessions) were inclined to exalt the authority of Holy Scripture at the expense of the authority of the Church. And hence it might be asked, whether the opinion that the inspiration vouchsafed to all good Christians was similar in kind, if not in degree, to that enjoyed by Prophets and Apostles, would not tend to exalt the authority of the Church?

We answer, that God's Church can never gain anything save

from the publication of truth; and that the notion of placing on a level the inspiration sought by ordinary Christians in their prayers, and that of the writers of God's Word, has never at any time found countenance from the East or from Rome, any more than from Luther, Calvin, or Melancthon. We may fairly challenge those who think otherwise to produce any word of support for their sentiments from any ancient Liturgy, any ancient father, any of the schoolmen or the reformers, any accredited English divine among the departed.

We borrow from a German author the substance of the following statements respecting the teaching of the Old Testament on this head. When Moses is commissioned to become the guide and teacher of Israel, he remonstrates with Him who sends him. 'And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am 'not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken 'unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow 'tongue. And the Lord said unto him, Who made man's 'mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or 'the blind? have not I the Lord? *Now therefore go, and I will* '*be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.*'

Not dissimilar, at a later period, is the language of the Prophet Jeremiah and the reply. 'Then said I, Ah, Lord God! 'behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said 'unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that 'I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt 'speak. . . . *Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched my* '*mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My* '*words in thy mouth, &c.*' And from the commission of Jeremiah's still more wondrous predecessor we may learn how unworthy are the lips of the natural man to convey the Divine message: how they need, for the fulfilment of such task, a special and supernatural purification. 'Then said I, Woe is 'me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, 'and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine 'eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. Then flew one 'of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which 'he had taken with the tongs from off the altar. And he laid 'it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; 'and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I 'heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and 'who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. And 'He said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye, indeed, but under-'stand not; and see ye, indeed, but perceive not.'

A like picturesque and symbolical clothing of the idea is shown forth in the instance of the Prophet Ezekiel:—'Open 'thy mouth, and eat that I give thee. And when I looked,

'behold, a hand was sent unto me; and, lo, a roll of a book was 'therein. . . . So I opened my mouth, and He caused me to eat 'that roll. And He said unto me, Son of man, cause thy belly 'to eat, and fill thy bowels with this roll that I give thee.'[1]

From such passages it may be inferred that the Old Testament does recognise and teach the existence of a positive inspiration which justified the messenger in speaking in the name of God, on the ground of a reception of a *special* gift of the Spirit. That this gift involved such a suggestion of words (*in den Mund legen*), as it is called, that the Prophet appears as an organ through which the word spoken within him comes forth into audible speech. That, nevertheless, the person thus commissioned does in no wise resign his natural command of language, but is permitted to impart what is Divine in the accents of human speech. That obedience to this Divine summons on the part of the prophet is regarded as an act of obedience, while opposition to it is described as opposition to the will of God. That this inspiration, positive and supernatural though it be, in no wise crushes nor cancels the *self-consciousness* of the prophet, but leaves his own personal knowledge untouched and unincumbered. For the difference, in this last respect, of spurious from genuine claims to the prophetic state, the writer refers to the chapters in Eusebius respecting the Montanist heresy: where a false prophet is represented as 'commencing with voluntary ignorance, but 'proceeding onward to involuntary madness,'—a form of prophecy never displayed by any truly inspired prophet under either covenant.[2]

The author in question next refers to such texts as 1 S. Peter i. 10—12., S. Matt. xx. 43., Acts i. 16., Heb. i. 1., and several parallel passages as proofs of the recognition afforded by the New Testament to the claims of the prophets of the Old Dispensation to have spoken by the Spirit. He argues further from such passages as S. John xiv. 26, xvi. 13, 2 Cor. v. 20, xiii. 3, and 1 Thess. ii. 13, &c. that the inspiration of Apostles cannot possibly be placed on a lower level than that of the Prophets of the elder covenant. And, presently, he proceeds to cite some celebrated and striking passages from the writings of S. Augustine which, though probably well known to many of our readers, it may be worth while to re-produce.

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[1] Exod. iv. 10; Jer. i. 6; Isaiah vi. 5; Ezek. ii. 8, iii. 2.

[2] We turn to the place named by our author, and read as follows:—Ἀλλ' ὄγε ψευδοπροφήτης . . . ἀρχόμενος μὲν ἐξ ἑκουσίου ἀμαθίας, καταστρέφων δὲ εἰς ἀκούσιον μανίαν ψυχῆς . . . Τοῦτον δὲ τὸν τρόπον, οὔτε τινὰ τῶν κατὰ τὴν παλαιὰν, οὔτε τῶν κατὰ τὴν καινὴν πνευματοφορηθέντα προφήτην, δείξαι δυνήσονται κ. τ. λ.—Euseb. Hist. Eccl. v. 17. The writer also appeals to Epiphanius. Hær. xlviii. n. 2, *sqq.*

S. Augustine on the Canonical Scriptures.

'We might be able to believe God when He is merely speaking; He has not willed that people should believe Himself, speaking, but He has willed that His Scriptures should stand firm (*teneri*). As if thou shouldest say to any man when thou wert promising something, "Dost thou not believe me? behold I will write it for thee." For because generations go and come, and thus ages pass by whilst mortals are dying and succeeding one another, the Scripture of God is due to remain, and a certain handwriting of God which all who pass by might read and might hold the path of its promises.'

'To those books alone of the Scriptures which are called canonical I have learned to pay this reverence and honour, that I most firmly believe that no one of their authors in writing them committed any error. But the others I so read that, in whatever degree they may be distinguished in holiness and doctrine, I do not on that account because they have thus thought, deem anything to be the truth, but because either through those canonical authors or by probable reason they are able to convince me that the thing is not opposed to truth.'

'But in the works of the later writers which are contained in innumerable books but are no way co-equal with that most holy excellence of the canonical Scriptures, even although the same truth is found in certain of them, yet the authority is very far from being equal.'

'For we do Cyprian no injury when we distinguish any letters whatever of his from the canonical authority of the Divine Scriptures. For not without cause has the ecclesiastical canon been constituted with such salutary vigilance, to which certain books of the Prophets and Apostles belong, which books we by no means dare to judge, and according to which we judge concerning other writings whether of believers or of unbelievers.'[1]

We have purposely borrowed the substance of these statements, not from a work by one of our own divines, such as Dr. Hannah's valuable 'Bampton Lectures,' nor from a treatise by a Lutheran, like Hengstenberg, but from one who cannot be suspected from undervaluing the authority of the Church, because he is a sincere Roman Catholic. Reithmayr, the author of the book whence the above positions have been borrowed, is one of that remarkable school of theologians at Munich which, if at times somewhat hard and defiant towards those who are not of their own communion (and occasionally, perhaps, towards their co-religionists as well), yet displays such loftiness of tone, such depth of learning and scientific culture, such courage and frankness, such reverence and purity, as to give us hopes of all possible good from their vigorous attempts to rear up a theology which shall meet the requirements of the time, and aid men to face the questions which press alike on Rome and Lambeth, on Paris and Berlin. It will be seen how completely the Munich

[1] S. Aug. Enarr. in Psalm cxliv. n. 17 (tom. iv. p. 1620); Epist. lxxxii. n. 3 ad Hieron. (tom. ii. p. 190); cont. Faust xi. 5 (tom. viii. p. 222); cont. Crescon. Donat. ii. 39 (tom. ix. p. 430). The references to volumes are made in accordance with the Benedictine edition.

Professor[1] would agree with Dr. Lee, and the great majority of Anglican divines, in rejecting the notion of a mere difference in kind between the inspiration of ordinary Christians and the inspiration of the authors of Holy Scripture.

Now the Dean of the Arches, as Dr. Hannah justly points out[2], ruled that the acknowledgment of a difference in degree is not sufficient to satisfy the English Formularies. It cannot be said that the Judicial Committee either confirmed or reversed this ruling, abstractedly considered. They acquitted, indeed, the person whom it condemned, but they did so by changing the *venue*, by affirming (as has already been observed) that Dr. Williams *might* have meant, what no one but the lay members of the court appear to think it possible that he *can* have meant. On the general question, then, whether this Judgment decides that it is lawful for the clergy of the Church of England to hold that, when they pray for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, they are asking for themselves and their flocks the same gift in kind as was bestowed upon Prophets and Apostles, we find it impossible to form an opinion. If the Judgment has meant to assert this, then we agree with the Dean of the Arches in believing such assertion to contradict the Formularies of the English Church. We add, as students of theology, the expression of our conviction that it contradicts not merely (as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen has fully shown) the teaching of the Westminster Confession, and the cognate documents drawn up by foreign Protestants, but likewise the entire range of teaching on this subject embodied in the works of the early fathers, of the schoolmen, of the Anglican reformers, and of the greatest Roman Catholic divines. From no one of these sources have we ever seen a single passage which identified the two kinds of inspiration, while pages to the contrary effect might be filled with extracts from the works of S. Justin Martyr, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, S. Augustine, S. Chrysostom, Aquinas, S. Bernard, Luther, Calvin, Maldonado, Van Ess, the English seventeenth century divines, Vinet, Hengstenberg, Reithmayr, and hundreds besides.

There is, indeed, another very important topic connected with this question, to which we shall have occasion to refer before we close; but for the present we leave it to pass onward to the second point at issue.

II. This second topic—the relation of the Judgment to the doctrine of the Atonement, may be dismissed with a very few remarks. Dr. R. Williams employed a phrase unrecognised,

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[1] Einleitung in die Canonischen Bücher des neuen Bundes. (Von Dr. Fr. X. Reithmayer, Regensburg (Manz), 1852. The work was recommended to the writer some years since by Dr. Döllinger.

[2] 'Bampton Lectures' for 1863. Notes to Lecture II. p. 278.

we believe, by the theologians of any Christian community whatever, namely, 'merit by transfer.' On the preceding charge the Court kindly imposed upon his words a non-natural sense. In this instance he himself announced that when he said 'the doctrine of merit by transfer is a fiction,' he did not employ words in that sense in which nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would understand them, but in a perfectly different sense, which scarcely any one could possibly have guessed at. Taking into account this marvellous explanation, together with the circumstance of the phrase in question being utterly foreign to that of the eleventh Article of the Thirty-nine, it may be readily understood that their lordships would have little difficulty in giving an accused person the benefit of these considerations.

Into the question of the doctrine itself we may, perhaps, enter at some future opportunity. Meanwhile we wish—not without diffidence, but certainly not hastily or without thought—to submit to our readers the following statement, as being tolerably accurate. There is a school among us which adopts the fashion of referring to the doctrine of the Atonement, as a comparatively modern doctrine. Now if they merely mean to say that the ordinary *form* in which it is taught was first elaborated by an Anselm and an Aquinas, this is no more than has been frequently admitted, as for example, in the 'Bampton Lectures' of Archbishop Thomson. But the writers in question seem inclined to go much further than this, and to deny that the *substance* of the doctrine is to be discovered in Holy Scripture, in the ancient fathers, or in the ancient Liturgies. We find it difficult to believe that those who speak thus can have studied deeply the authorities to which they refer. Our own conviction is that it can be distinctly traced in all of the three sources just named; that far from being modern, it is even more ancient than Christianity itself, and is implied in Judaism; that it has sunk deeply into the heart of the human race, and is not wholly absent from the teaching of the Mahometan system, and stands conspicuous in the creeds of heathendom. The *principle* of the doctrine is surely embodied in such lines as these:—

'Hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis,
Persolvo . . . . .'

'Unus erit tantum, amissum quem gurgite quæres;
Unum pro multis dabitur caput.'

'Cor pro corde precor, pro fibris sumite fibras,
Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus.'[1]

[1] Virg. Æn. v. 483 and 814. Ovid. Fasti, vi. 161. We much doubt, despite Dean Stanley's remarks in his 'Eastern Church,' whether sacrifice be of the essence of Mahometanism; but certainly Captain Burton is most decided (and we suppose rightly) in maintaining that when it is offered by the Moslem it is done in the spirit indicated in the lines of Ovid.

And a fitting comment on the spirit of such passages may be well supplied by the most recent historian of Rome.

'At the very core, indeed, of the Latin religion there lay that profoundly moral impulse which leads men to bring earthly guilt and earthly punishment into relation with the work of the gods, and to view the former as a crime against the Deity, and the latter as its expiation. The execution of the criminal condemned to death was as much an expiatory sacrifice offered to the Divinity, as was the killing of an enemy in just war; the thief who by night stole the fruits of the field paid the penalty to Ceres on the gallows, just as did the enemy to mother earth and the good spirits on the field of battle. *The profound and fearful idea of substitution also meets us here;* when the gods of the community were angry, and no one could be laid hold of as definitely guilty, they might be appeased by one who voluntarily gave himself up (*devovere se*); and noxious chasms in the ground were closed, and battles half lost were converted into victories, when a brave burgess threw himself as an expiatory offering into the abyss or upon the foe. The "sacred spring" was based on a similar view; all the offspring, whether of cattle or of men, within a specified period were presented to the gods. If acts of this nature are to be called human sacrifices, *then such sacrifices belonged to the essence of the Latin faith;* but we are bound to add, that so far back as our view reaches into the past, this immolation, where life was concerned, was limited to the guilty who had been convicted before a civil tribunal, or *to the innocent who voluntarily chose to die.*'[1]

We do not, however, pursue this subject further at present, partly, because the decision of the Court seems to have only a remote and indirect bearing of it; and, partly, because we have never, in this *Review*, been accustomed to deny the lawfulness of *some* degree of latitude in the terminology of Christian teaching on this solemn topic.

III. The language of the Court respecting the third point brought before it is of a guarded character.

'We are not required, or at liberty, to express any opinion upon the mysterious question of the eternity of final punishment, further than to say that we do not find in the Formularies to which this Article refers any such distinct declaration of our Church upon the subject as to require us *to condemn as penal* the expression *of hope* by a clergyman, that even the ultimate pardon of the wicked who are condemned in the day of judgment may be consistent with the will of Almighty God.

But, *practically*, this decision will, we fear, be considered to involve much more than is covered by the letter. It seems to render it doubtful whether an English priest could be punished by the law of the land for preaching Universalism. He would certainly go very near it if he simply reprinted the concluding sentence of Mr. Wilson's Essay,—'And when the Christian 'Church, in all its branches, shall have fulfilled its sublunary 'office, and its Founder shall have surrendered His kingdom 'to the Great Father—all, both small and great, shall find a

[1] 'History of Rome,' by Theodore Mommsen. (Translated by Rev. William P. Dickson.) Bentley. Vol. i. pp. 120–1.

'refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose or to 'be quickened into higher life, in the ages to come according to 'His Will.' It is true that the preceding sentence contains the expression of a *hope*, and it may be held (it evidently *was* held by the Court) that the hope is to be carried onward into the sentence just cited. But if any one should choose to repeat that sentence by itself, in all the naked dogmatism of its simple future sense, he might of course plead that he was only employing language which had been tried and pronounced to be free from legal punishment.

Now the question of *Universalism* was treated at great length in this *Review*, in April, 1863, by a contributor who authenticated his paper and republished it with additions. For those additions we are not responsible; nor shall the publication of that larger portion which originally appeared in these pages prevent us from trying to consider what case Mr. Wilson may fairly claim to have made for himself in the presence of theologians as distinguished from lawyers.

The theological arguments adduced by the appellant are as follow:—(*a*) The limitations supposed to be placed upon the original Greek and Hebrew words which signify everlasting. (*β*) The patristic licence upon the subject. (*γ*) The existence of a *Catena* of English divines in favour of the appellant. (*ε*) The licence allowed on this head in the Church of Rome. We are compelled by sheer lack of time to treat these arguments briefly, and to refer elsewhere for further elucidation.

(*a*). The Scriptural sense of the terms עוֹלָם and *αἰώνιος* is well discussed by Passaglia in his tract *De Æternitate Pœnarum*.[1] Allowing the existence of a sense limited in certain passages by the context, the Italian theologian argues that such limitation cannot possibly be applied to such texts as Isaiah xxiii. 14; Daniel xii. 2; S. Matth. xviii. 8; xxv. 41; 2 Thess. i. 9; S. Jude, 6. *Sensus verborum proprius retinendus erit. . . . Contextus, unde testimonia desumpsimus, ne umbram quidem continent limitationis.* The logical inference from Mr. Wilson's line of argument would seem to be this: that when the writers of the Old Testament spoke of 'the everlasting God,' they need not have meant to describe a Being whose existence had neither beginning nor end, but only one whose term of existence was 'indefinite.' 'For the Hebrews,' says Mr. Wilson, 'had not 'reached to the idea of the *infinite* but only of the *indefinite*.' Now if this argument is (to use the gentlest term) absurd, when

[1] Since the above was written we observe that Mr. Liddon has a very good note on this point, with quotations from Bretschneider and Schleusner. See his Sermon, p. 24.

applied to the existence of the Creator, it fails equally when applied to everlasting 'glory' or to everlasting 'shame.'

(β). The case of the patristic evidence may, we think, be fairly laid down as follows. In a survey of the entire range of the writings of the fathers, we must expect to light upon occasional aberrations and even extravagances. *In magnis etiam auctoribus magni sæpe scopuli latent, quos vitare lector debeat.*[1] Even on the cardinal and central doctrine of the Incarnation, many of the fathers (as must be evident to the students of Bull, Petau, Neander, Möhler, Dorner) use language which needs more or less of correction and of explanation. But as the existence of such language does not militate against the fact, that the doctrine of the Incarnation is a dogma of the Catholic Church, even so the existence of the far, far slighter difficulties of the language of some fathers on the duration of the punishment of the cursed need not, in and by itself, contravene the existence of a dogma on the unending effects of the malediction.

Further, as will be shown presently, we must subtract from the patristic evidence all such passages as only tend to support the permissible opinion known as that of 'mitigation.'

Of Origen we will at present say thus much only. There were two great geniuses of the ante-Nicene Church, Tertullian and Origen. With that waywardness which is the special, and too often the fatal, snare of genius, both of these lofty and ardent spirits went astray; although by methods the most different, from causes the most opposite. From both the instinct of Christendom has withheld the appellation of *Saint*. In the case of Tertullian the cause is obvious; he left the Church for the wild extravagances of Montanism. But why is it withheld from Origen, who did not leave the communion for which his father suffered? Surely from the perilousness of his speculations, as on many subjects, so most especially on this, as even his somewhat partial editor fully admits in terms once before cited here. *In cujus rei tractatione tantum sibi permisit Origenes, ut non aliam ob caussam majores in se querelas concitârit.*[2] That general Councils refused to judge a dead man *may* be true;[3] but that the mind of the Church has always been against Origen on this head seems quite undeniable.

Now if from Mr. Wilson's patristic *Catena* the words of the un-canonized Origen and the passages which only teach 'miti-

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[1] Maldonatus in Evangelia. (In S. Joann. cap. xiii. v. 10.)

[2] Heut's *Origeniana*. (P. 216 in tom. iv. of the Benedictine Edit. of Origen.)

[3] We say *may be* true, because we are not yet *quite* sure whether Neander and Gieseler have fully proved their case in this matter.

gation' be withdrawn, a very scanty *residuum* will be left. Nor do we see any attempt to deny what has been urged both in this *Review* and elsewhere, namely, that no man has ever yet been found to teach Universalism *persistently* (not one of the fathers cited by the appellant, not even Origen, did this) and remained orthodox upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, namely, those concerning the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation.

Is Mr. Wilson himself a witness to the contrary? To us it seems impossible to think this. The apologist for 'Essays and Reviews' in the *Edinburgh Review* assures his readers that those who look in Mr. Wilson's volume of 'Bampton Lectures' will find 'oases in it of such originality and beauty as to recompense 'them for many a weary stage in their theological pilgrimage.' Probably only a small proportion of those who read the article in question ever tried to verify for themselves the correctness of this statement. For our own part, we read Mr. Wilson's book when it first appeared; and, without any wish to fling about accusations at random, we must calmly and deliberately re-assert our first impression concerning the book, and that is, that it contains deadly heresy.

For in this volume, strangely and most wrongfully headed the 'Communion of Saints,' Mr. Wilson denied the reality of that grace which is the life of all Christ's faithful servants. He denied its existence as an inward principle, and tried to reduce it to a mere outward state of favour. How worse than unmeaning must surely be, on this hypothesis, the Collects used by the English Church on the feast of the Annunciation and on Easter Day! How dare we supplicate that grace be poured '*into* our 'hearts;' that 'by special grace' good desires be put into our minds, if grace be nothing more than outward favour? Well was such teaching characterized in a work published some months before the 'Bampton Lectures' thus glorified in the *Edinburgh Review*: 'This is the ordinary language of Socinians, 'and, when used by others, implies, *it can hardly be doubted*, a 'tendency to their fatal error. It is one of many stratagems 'which minds of a false and mistaken intellectuality employ, 'in the endeavour to escape from a sense of mystery which 'haunts and torments them. And as it proceeds from a dislike 'of mystery, it terminates, if followed to its consequences, in a 'disbelief of the most blessed mystery of the Incarnation of 'our Lord. He who thinks that our Saviour has wrought no 'change *in* him, will not long believe that He has accomplished 'so much *for* him. The denial of His work on earth follows 'naturally on a refusal to recognise the crowning blessing which 'He now sends us from heaven. If it is thought that His

'teaching has only a human efficacy, we must be prepared 'for a like indignity to the efficacy of His death. Those 'who reject Spiritual Grace will not long accept the Atone-'ment.'[1]

It is in full accordance with his false and dangerous teaching on the subject of Grace, that Mr. Wilson suggests in his Essay that Constantine might have beneficially so exercised his imperial power as to compel Arians and Catholics to remain at peace. In a word, the question whether Christ be our manifested God, or a mere creature, is, in Mr. Wilson's judgment, a matter of subordinate importance!

It is possible that the author of a pamphlet on 'Universalism,' already referred to, may have been too eager in his preface (for which, as has been said, this *Review* is not responsible) in pressing upon his readers the intimate connexion between the doctrine of the eternity of punishment and that of the Incarnation. But, certainly, those who would impugn his views in this respect must be careful not to allege the case of Mr. H. B. Wilson as an argument *è contrario*.

(γ) We turn to the appellant's Anglican *Catena*. A learned bishop, Dr. Thirlwall, once called these *Catenæ*, if we remember rightly, 'instruments of polemical delusion.' Without going quite so far as this, it may be safely admitted that there are few such lists which, when closely examined, do not lose a good deal of their force; of which an illustration may be seen in the brief but searching criticism of the authorities relied on by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in a note to Dr. Hannah's 'Bampton Lectures.' Nevertheless, much of the deduction which has to be made from such lists, when employed as instruments of attack, does not equally apply to them when they are only urged by way of defence; and few can fail to recognise the weight they exercised on the public mind in the case of Dr. Pusey's sermon on the Eucharist, in the trial of Mr. Gorham, of Archdeacon Denison, and others. Take any of these Catenæ, or those in the 'Tracts for the Times,' or that in the Bishop of Brechin's defence of himself, or even the one just mentioned, put together by Mr. Stephen, and it is certainly impossible to deny to any of them the number and the weight of the Anglican authorities therein adduced.

But of Mr. Wilson's *Catena* on this solemn subject, it may, we believe, be fairly said that it is of all such attempts the very poorest and weakest that was ever made. The eighteenth century was truly enough described by Dr. Pattison, in 'Essays

[1] 'Lectures on the Study of Theology,' by the Rev. C. P. Chretien, Fellow of Oriel College. (Oxford, 1851.

and Reviews,' as an age when dogmatic theology had ceased to exist; and yet not one single English divine prior to this age does Mr. Wilson quote. He only mentions six names: Rust, Tillotson, Le Clerc, Edmund Law, Whately, and Milman. What is the value of such a *Catena* in the eyes of a theologian? Was Rust ever so much as named before as an authority? Tillotson had many virtues and effected some good. His moral teaching had much to recommend it; but how many really believe him to be of any account in the science of theology? Le Clerc was a French Protestant, and never became a member of the English Church. Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle (barely known to the present generation), took up a theory which makes out *some* souls not to be immortal, and so far contradicts even natural religion. Archbishop Whately followed in the same direction. Of the great personal merits of the last-named prelate we are deeply sensible. He positively despised money; he was a man of high moral courage, and utterly regardless of popularity; he was eminently faithful as a friend; he contributed largely towards the re-awakening of some neglected sciences. But these gifts did not render him, and, we venture to say, *will* not render him, an authority with theologians. Of the one living writer cited by Mr. Wilson we forbear to say more than this:—*Firstly*, that his language (which we give in a note)[1] is far more guarded than that of Mr. Wilson; and *secondly*, that 'a tacit repugnance' to a doctrine does not prove that doctrine to be essentially false, unless our fallen nature is to be made the standard of appeal, and the words of the Gospel to be received or rejected in simple obedience to the approval or 'repugnance' of our sentiments.

(δ.) We do not dwell upon the question of the withdrawn Article, because the reply to that argument, in so far as theology is concerned, has been made so often. It was simply withdrawn because the views of the Anabaptists on that subject had died away in England; just as the same sentiment was manifested in Germany by the change of the words of the Augsburg Confession, *damnamus Anabaptistas* into *damnamus Origenistas*. But it is more important to consider the argument suggested by Mr. Wilson respecting the liberty supposed to exist on this doctrine in the Church of Rome, more especially in France, because the first glance at the authorities appealed to by the

[1] 'To the eternity of hell torments there is, and ever must be, notwithstanding the peremptory decrees of dogmatic theology, and the reverential dread in so many religious minds of tampering with what seems the language of the New Testament, a tacit repugnance.' Dean Milman, 'Hist. Lat. Christianity,' vol. iv. p. 253 (bk. xiv. ch. ii.).

appellant seem to make for him a stronger case here than on the other grounds which he alleged. We will try to state the case fairly.

There are in this matter more points in common between the condition of the Gallican and Anglican Churches than might be expected. Thus, for example, the Thirty-nine Articles are silent upon the subject: so are the Tridentine Decrees. But the Homilies are most explicit on the endlessness of the condition of the reprobate: so is the *Catechism* of the Council of Trent.[1] Both Churches receive the Athanasian Creed. Some of the greatest Roman writers have explained the grounds on which this belief is based, as Van Ess, Balmes, Passaglia; and among laymen, M. Nicolas. So among Anglican divines have able theologians such as Horbery, Archbishop Dawes, and others. Among English and American literary men the existence of an ever-during hell has been of late a favourite subject of covert or open assault. But in France the attack has been yet more extended and energetic; among the assailants may be specially named the philosopher, Damiron, with the eclectic school, Lamennais, perhaps Lamartine, Jules Simon, Victor Hugo, and George Sand.[2] Further, if a few (as has been said, a *very* few) English divines have employed dangerous and questionable language on this subject, we by no means feel sure that it would be easy to acquit some Gallican divines, if a similar charge were brought against them.

Let us turn to the volumes to which Mr. Wilson refers us, and which have, consequently, been placed in our list at the head of this article. The honourable poverty of the French clergy is a grievous impediment to the acquisition of a large library. It has consequently occurred to the Abbé Migne to place within reach of his brethren a series of sixty volumes, costing in all something less than 15*l.* sterling. Of the general character of these *tomes*—which we cannot help suspecting to fall short of a very high standard—we may not be able to form a judgment without more evidence. The particular volumes by the Abbé Le Noir, besides other faults, have one which is specially aggravating to the student, namely, that they will mention an opinion as being held by S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, S. Athanasius, S. John Damascene, &c. without one word of *detailed* reference. How are we to find time for the verification of such broadcast appeals as these?

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[1] 'Prioribus illis verbis, "Discedite à me," maxima pœna significatur, quâ 'impii plectendi erunt, cùm à Dei aspectû quàm longissimè ejicientur; *neque ulla 'spes eos consolari poterit, fore aliquando ut tanto bono perfruantur.*'—Cat. Conc. Trid. Pars Prima, art. vii. § 10.

[2] This list is given by the Abbé Le Noir; of whom more presently.

For the present we must be content with such one or two references as we *have* been able to verify; such as those to the volumes by M. Le Noir, to S. Augustine, Aquinas, and Van Ess. We assert that their views do not substantiate the inferences which Mr. Wilson would fain draw from them. Let us then, first see what they do grant as a 'permissible theory on this head.' They admit the lawfulness of holding what is known as 'the theory of mitigation;' that is to say, that it may please God of His great mercy to diminish from time to time, as He in His wisdom and justice shall see fit, the *external pains* suffered by the lost. M. Le Noir, in his vague way, declares that the fathers just named allow this. With them he conjoins Peter Lombard, and several of the schoolmen, Bossuet, S. Francis de Sales, the Oriental Church in general, a sermon by the celebrated Father Ravignan (who declared this to be the traditional teaching of the Jesuits), and a dissertation by M. Emery, which was examined by the 'congregation of the Index' and declared be free from censure.[1]

To turn to those whom we *have* been able to examine, S. Augustine certainly speaks of this theory as a lawful one, adding, however, that his non-opposition must not be mistaken for approbation: *Quod quidem non ideo confirmo quoniam non resisto* (De Civ. Dei xxi. 24). Aquinas also writes: *Non totaliter pœna tolletur, sed ipsâ pœnâ durante misericordia operabitur, eam diminuendo* (Sum. Theol. Suppl. Qu. c. Art. 3 ad 4). The famous Louvain doctor, Van Ess, uses somewhat similar language; but he is less decided. Describing it as a *satis communis Scholasticorum doctrina,* he yet justly calls attention to the fact that S. Augustine regards it as a theory held by few. '*Satis indicat* [*S. Aug. scilicet*] *se cum iis non sentire, ac dicit 'illos magis humanâ commiseratione quàm divinâ auctoritate per-'suasos mitiorem opinionem elegisse*' (Estius in lib. iv. Sentent. Distinct. 46).

But, allowing the utmost, do these authors lend real support to Mr. Wilson? Surely not one of them. For they, one and all, teach that the line of demarcation between the lost and the redeemed is eternal: that the one class does *not* enjoy, that the other *does* enjoy the glory of the beatific vision of God; and

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[1] The Abbé Emery was a man of kindly and tolerant spirit, who *inter alia* published a warm defence of the memory of Bacon, whom he regarded as a sincere Christian. M. Le Noir does not mention the remarkable fact that Emery stopped the further publication of his essay, *Sur la Mitigation des peines de L'Enfer,* and withdrew all unsold copies. Consequently it is scarcely to be obtained now. (See *Biog. Générale,* Art. 'Emery.') It is right to add that M. Le Noir does give *some* other detailed references, especially to French authors, but we have not the books at hand.

further, that the loss of that gracious manifestation of His presence is a greater punishment than any that He may please to lessen. Need we say that Mr. Wilson would never use such language as the following, which is that of the authorities to whom he (at least indirectly if not directly) makes appeal:—

S. Augustine: 'Quia vita æterna sanctorum sine fine erit, 'supplicium quoque æternum quibus erit, *finem procul dubio non* '*habebit*' (De Civ. Dei, xxi. 23). Mr. Liddon, after citing these words, adds: 'Even Hagenbach, who quotes this passage, 'observes, "It is superfluous to quote other fathers, inasmuch 'as they all more or less agree"' (Hist. Doctr. vol. i. p. 387).[1]

Aquinas: 'Requiritur quod pœna sit saltem duratione infinita. 'Iste error [Origenis] est ab Ecclesiâ reprobatus' (ubi supra, Qu. xcix. Art. 1, 2).

Van Ess: 'Certissimum est Ecclesiæ dogma, in inferno damnatorum nullam esse redemptionem' (ubi sup. in lib. iii. Distinct. 22, § 3).

M. Le Noir: 'In so far as this theory [of Origen] implies 'the negation of *the eternal distinction* of the two classes (*des* '*catégories*), it is already judged, if not as a formal and incon-'testible heresy, at any rate *as an error contrary to theology* '*and to reason*' (Dict. des droits de la Raison dans la Foi, p. 821). Archdeacon Churton has called attention to the similar but even stronger expressions of our own great dogmatic theologian, Bishop Pearson, who regarded them as 'hæc opinionum 'portenta, toties anathemate percussa, per tot sæcula feliciter 'consopita.' He added, indeed, that 'hæc omnia nuper repullu-'lasse ac revixisse.' But it was only for a season then: perchance it may be only for a season now.

It will not, we trust, seem invidious, if we very briefly recapitulate the nature of Mr. Wilson's arguments, and what seems to us their value.

(*α*) Argument from Scripture: absolutely worthless, as tending to prove that the Hebrews did not recognise that the existence of God Himself was everlasting, without beginning or end.

(*β*) Argument from Fathers: no single instance produced of a father who definitely and consistently proclaimed even Universalist tendencies, and remained sound on the fundamentals of the faith.

(*γ*) Argument from English divines: the weakest and poorest attempt at a Catena ever seen. Five names, and of them not one prior to the eighteenth century.

[1] It was only at this point that Mr. Liddon's very powerful discourse (preached at Sherborne on the occasion of an Ordination by the Bishop of Salisbury) reached us. We have much pleasure in calling attention to it, and also to the striking Litany in the appendix, composed by the author of the *Christian Year*.

(δ) The argument from foreign divines: displays an *ignoratio elenchi.* They teach an endless distinction between the two conditions, and Mr. Wilson teaches just the contrary.

It is more than time to quit this topic. Yet, once again, we should like briefly to state our convictions respecting the effects of Universalism on any minds that can *really* persuade themselves (how few, how very few, seem really able to attain to this!) that the doctrine so named is the actual truth of God. Such a one, we conceive, would reason somewhat as follows:—'Forasmuch as all men will at length be saved, it is obviously 'needless to spend time and labour upon Christian missions. 'Nay, why care for the work of the Church at home? Why 'struggle against one's own special temptations? Whether we 'take part with Cain or Abel, with S. Stephen or his persecutors, 'with the Christ or the Antichrist, it will be all one in the end.' Yes, such is the voice that is whispering in men's ears. But it the voice of God's revelation? Is it even the dictate of common sense and of sound reason? Or is it only another form of the suggestion made of old, 'Ye shall not surely die?'

That brilliant French writer who combines the passion of a woman with the reasoning powers of a man, Madame Dudevant (better known by her pseudonym of George Sand) has been especially conspicuous in her denunciations of the doctrine in question. But does she stop at that point? Not so: in one of her latest productions—*Mademoiselle la Quintinie*—she throws down the gauntlet quite as much to Luther as to Loyola. The *dogme immobile* on the nature of God, on heaven or on hell, is alike the object of her detestation. But the heroine who is to give herself to one who denies *all* dogma is prepared for this step (we should think most justly and logically), by being first permitted *en souriant de ne pas croire d'une manière absolue à l'eternelle damnation;* by being able to add, *vivement, 'Ne me parlez pas de l'enfer, je n'y jamais cru.'* Justly, we think, did the *Athenæum* describe this tale as portraying a priesthood of infidelity to the full as intolerant as any sons of Calvin or Dominic could ever have shown themselves at any period of history.

We give a glance nearer home. From the eulogy passed upon the general tone of the press we must except with regret, but most decidedly, the *Spectator* newspaper. With a sense, however, of English fairness which is creditable, it admitted into its columns on March 12th, a very courageous and dignified letter of remonstrance from the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton, the rector of Hagley. Mr. Lyttleton himself wishes to believe that Origen was in the right in those parts of his works in which he espoused the side of Universalism, but he protests against such scorn as is implied in the (so-called)

epitaph on the Lord Chancellor which has been handed about, and seems surprised that men can write in such a spirit on such an awful theme. We own that we do not share the surprise. That some men will adopt the view taken by Mr. Lyttleton and go no further is true; but we fear that a proportion, who begin to Origenize, will end with the *Spectator*, and talk about *the humorous side* of the question! A peculiar sense of humour it must indeed be which can discover materials for jestings in thought connected with that judgment-seat before which we must all hereafter stand.[1] Surely for such humourists a prayer has been already uttered: *Pater, dimitte illis: non enim sciunt quid faciunt.*

The question of the degree of licence, permitted by this judgment, has now been, to a great extent, anticipated in the course of our remarks. It certainly seems to open the door to unbounded licence as regards the criticism of Holy Scripture: though here the dissent of the two Primates is certainly a very important fact when the committal of the Church is being discussed, and her future course of action under consideration. On the other topic it appears probable that a Court similarly composed might condemn a clergyman for preaching Universalism without any *absolute* collision with the decision arrived at in the present instance. And here, too, Churchmen will naturally lay much stress upon the important letter just published by the Archbishop of Canterbury. That its weight is felt on the opposite side is shown by an intolerant letter in the *Times*, from the writer who subscribes himself 'Gravestone.'

The amount of dogmatic authority against Universalism we have tried to give as fairly as we can. With regard to dogmatic teaching, on the authority of the Bible, we must own that the case seems to present greater difficulties. And this brings us face to face with the subject of the Declaration now in process of signature among the clergy. We are compelled to speak very briefly concerning it, and would have kept silence altogether were such a course possible.

To affix a signature to such a paper is, of course, a matter for individual consciences. The piety, learning, and

[1] It is right to give the entire passage. We assure Mr. Lyttleton that nothing could be further from our purpose than to 'mock' at any serious conviction; least of all at one of which we entertain so profound a horror as that in question. 'When, however, an everlasting hell is put forward freely as one of the most 'characteristic and prominent features of the Christian Revelation, *in place of the* 'kingdom of heaven, we do not see any occasion to ignore the humorous side of so 'monstrous and horrible a perversion.'—*Spectator* of March 12, 1864. P. 298. That the editor can believe the insinuation we have italicized seems almost incredible, bigoted as he evidently is upon this subject.

zeal which is represented by the names already appended to the list—including as it does several divines who have afforded invaluable assistance to this *Review*—demand our most cordial recognition and respect. Very lightly, too, do we weigh that Erastian form of objection which would speak of a document penned by Lord Westbury almost as if it were the dictum of a general Council. The letter of 'Gravestone,' and many parts of the letters of Mr. Maurice, seem to us to supply arguments rather for than against the cause they advocate. Thoroughly do we understand, too, the value of a protest against the teaching, that 'the popular hell is a horror interpolated into Christianity.'[1]

But the other part of the declaration is, to our minds, we regret to say, not without its difficulties. We do not see quite how even such a moderate line of thought as that taken by Dr. Hannah in his 'Bampton Lectures,' or the admission of Bishop Ellicott, or the differences between our own Church and that of Rome on the Canon, can be without their influence when we are called upon to consider the following words:—

'That the Church of England and Ireland, *in common with the whole Catholic Church*, maintains *without reserve or qualification* the inspiration and Divine authority of the whole canonical Scriptures, as not only containing, but being, the Word of God.'

With much diffidence, with a deep sense of responsibility, and a feeling of the sincerest regret, we yet feel that even an appeal made to us 'for the love of God' must not be permitted to hurry us into any step, of the propriety of which we do not feel thoroughly convinced. The following do strike us as some among the difficulties attendant upon such a declaration.

Does not a Church which denies that the Mosaic ceremonies or civil precepts are binding on her children (Article VII.), introduce *some* qualification into our sense of the authority of the Old Testament?

Does not a large part of the Catholic Church deny (however mistakeably) that the Anglican list of Canonical Scriptures *does* constitute the Word of God?

Do not very great doctors of the early Church admit something like degrees of authority among the sacred books, in proportion to the amount of recognition accorded to them by the different Churches? We have not time to go into the evidence for such a view as would be implied by an affirmative reply, but we believe it to exist and to be producible.

The words of Bishop Ellicott are:—'In the case of the 'written Word, viewed on its purely human side, *and in its*

[1] *Spectator*, of March 12, 1864, p. 292.

'*reference to matters previously admitted to have no bearing on* '*Divine Truth*, we may admit therein the existence of such 'incompleteness, such limitations, and such imperfections as 'belong even to the highest forms of purely truthful *human* 'testimony.'[1] But is not this a sort of reserve and qualification?

With regard to the list of publications given at the head of this article, it must be confessed that we have not leisure to criticise them one by one. But it will be seen that we have made some reference to each and all of them, with the exception of the Bishop of Oxford's 'Charge,' and the pamphlet by Mr. C. E. Prichard. The former of these publications strikes us as a very model for compositions of its class. Never, we think, has Bishop Wilberforce addressed his clergy with more ability or force. But in the point of view in which it comes before us here, it must be said that of two anticipations respecting the great controversy raging around Christendom, one has already proved frustrate; and the other, we fear, cannot possibly be realized at present. The Bishop of Oxford argued from the condemnation of Mr. Heath to the probable condemnation of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Rowland Williams. Certainly, technicalities apart, we must repeat our conviction that justice has in some way failed. *If*—but not otherwise—*if* Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams have been justly acquitted, then does Mr. J. D. Heath seem to us to have sustained no inconsiderable wrong. The remaining hope expressed in this 'Charge,' that the English Church might add new Articles, must wait, we believe, many days before it can be even contemplated as possible. Many, who deeply regret this present decision of the Judicial Committee, might reasonably fear lest the reaction consequent upon it might hurry us, if pressed into such action, into evils even worse than those at present weighing on us so heavily.

The subject treated by Mr. Prichard must be discussed at some other time. We may then discuss this publication, so worthy of the subject and of the writer, and compare with a kindred one by Professor Goldwin Smith, so unworthy of its subject, so intensely unworthy of its author.

With a few more observations we must now conclude. It is natural to find out that attempts that have failed should never have been made. It may be that the pleadings were taken on a wrong ground in a legal point of view, and so far, the warnings uttered by the *Guardian*, before the suits were commenced, have been undeniably proved to rest upon some foundation. But there are those who go much further than this. In that brilliant publication, which combines, with many reflections of a deeply suggestive and most religious character, an

[1] 'Aids to Faith, p. 417.'

occasional strain of the nineteenth-century form of scepticism and worldliness—we mean, of course, the *Saturday Review*—we find it suggested that it would have been wiser and better for the prelates of the English Church to have simply ignored, from the first, the very existence of 'Essays and Reviews.'

Undoubtedly, cases do arise in which such a course may be pursued without blame. Take, for example, the book called 'Jashar,' by the late Dr. Donaldson. The fact that it was written in Latin showed at once that it was only addressed to the learned, and not to the multitude. Not all the graces of its elegant Latinity were able to render it attractive. 'We 'are exceedingly sorry (said the *Westminster Review* for October, '1860) to see that Dr. Donaldson has brought out a second 'edition of the very wild book which he entitles 'Jashar.' It 'is an injury to his own reputation, and to the cause of free 'Biblical inquiry.'

But such a volume as that of 'Essays and Reviews' is a very different matter from a small book in Latin of which the vast majority of Englishmen never heard so much as the name. A *Saturday Reviewer* may talk about people bringing an old house down upon themselves! In all seriousness, we must maintain that it were better that the house should perish, than that its leading inmates should so miserably abnegate their proper functions as to keep silence at such a time. A Church that should have said nothing and done nothing, under such circumstances, would be simply cumbering the ground. Better as it is, even taking the worst aspect of the case, than to have attempted, on such conditions, to preserve the semblance of a hollow peace—a peace sure to be broken before long, under more unfavourable terms for the defenders. Come legal failure rather than this

'Careat successibus, opto,
Quisquis ab eventû facta notanda putat.'

We do thoroughly believe in the certainty of a slow undermining of that house whose members cower in dumb terror or apathy while the waters rage without. But we do *not* believe that such events, as we have just witnessed, will be permitted by God to work the destruction of the Church in these realms.

That the possible licence thus allowed to Universalist tendencies and to irreverent criticism of Holy Scripture may prove dangerous to many souls, it is, alas! impossible to deny. And, yet, when we look on either side to other religious communities, there is surely still abundant cause for thankfulness. It is, of course, possible that the two appellants, if tried under the principles asserted in the 'Westminster Confession,' must

have been convicted. Yes, but at what price? Those bodies, which retain that ably-drawn, but most extreme document are, at this moment, placed in the greatest possible difficulty. Their ministers sign propositions which not one in a hundred ever dreams of asserting from the pulpit. The ablest thinkers among them are becoming keenly conscious of the untenableness of a theory which makes Holy Scripture the sole witness and keeper of itself: and the charge that their confession and its kindred documents 'represent the Creator as a jealous tyrant;' that charge was made indeed by an unbelieving hand, but who, in these days, will assert that it was wholly without foundation?

Shall we turn to Italy or Spain? We may not draw from Dr. Döllinger's remarkable address at Munich all the inferences suggested by it to the 'Anglicanus' of the *Times*, but that it does deserve, under our present circumstances, a careful and thoughtful re-perusal. If we turn to France we see one of its ablest and most devoted laity barely escaping censure; while the greatest intellect among the Roman Catholics of Germany again reiterates his desire for union with the Lutherans.

That wish we share, that aspiration we re-echo, that day we believe is dawning, though our generation will not live to witness its meridian blaze of light. We are not latitudinarians; we do not think little of the differences on either side between ourselves and other bodies of Christians. But, nevertheless, the events of the last few years have made us doubt whether any differences, however serious, can be ultimately so strong, so attractive as the bond of sympathy which must exist between all who heartily accept the mystery of the Incarnation, who worship the same Lord and Saviour their manifested God. Above the tumult of discordant voices, above the halls where law rather than equity claims to reign, we seem to catch a glimpse of a banner, reared of old, the Labarum that confronted heathendom. It may be heathendom again that another generation will have to meet. Even now the assailants are seen to attack, not this or that distinctive feature of Rome, or Augsburg, Lambeth, or Geneva, but truths hitherto cherished by all—nay, the very assertion of such a thing as a dogmatic faith of any kind or sort. We are, indeed, most anxious that opponents, such as the authors of the paper on the Holy Gospels in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, and the lay-churchman who contributes to *Macmillan's Magazine*, should be fairly met, for they (though in some points, we think, seriously mistaken) at any rate deserve respect. The purely legal view, adopted by the Judicial Committee, has indeed, we must remember, been exercised in turn in favour of each of

two great parties in the English Church. To our eyes technicality and determination to press every possible consideration into the service of the appellants seem to us, in the present instance, to have been extreme. That the Judgment on one point, at least, is very perilous to the souls of men we do most sorrowfully believe. But we will not yet despair, but that by prayer and watchfulness the evil thus wrought may yet be over-ruled to good, and turn to God's glory and to the good of His Church, not only in our country but throughout Christendom at large.

[NOTE TO PAGE 231, & *Sqq.*]

To the Editor of 'THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.'

DEAR SIR,—Many of your readers have probably observed a correspondence in the *Guardian* newspaper, in which I was led to admit that I had done injustice (though quite unintentionally) to the views of Ewald respecting our Lord. An article in the *National Review* (No. 1, for July, 1855) represented him as explaining away the miracle of Cana and the resurrection of Lazarus; and, strangely enough, the article "Lazarus," in Dr. Smith's new dictionary, tended, in part, to confirm the assertions of the National Reviewers. But the author of this article—the Rev. E. H. Plumptre—discovered that he was mistaken, and was hence induced both to acknowledge his own error, and to call attention, though in a courteous and Christian temper, to my equally erroneous statement. What Ewald really does hold may be gathered partly from Mr. Plumptre's letters in the *Guardian*, and still more from the following communication, which the writer kindly permits me to publish:—

'*January 28th*, 1864.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am half disposed to make a guess at authorship, and address you in a much more familiar form, but I suppose I ought not, and refrain. Writing to you, therefore, as a reviewer only, I wish to thank you for the kindly tone of your letter in the *Guardian*, and to say that it encourages me to open a more direct communication with you personally on one point, about which, in that letter, you say that you are still in doubt, *sc.* Ewald's acceptance of the great miracle of the Resurrection.

'I should not have thought it necessary to take this step if the evidence which might terminate the doubt lay before you in the volume to which you would naturally turn—the "*Christus und seine Zeit*"—but it does not lie there. That volume ends in its narrative with the Burial, and the section which follows, and seems to complete the book—"*Die Ewige Verherrlichung*"—is hardly more than a bright bewildering mist. It was through reading that section, and looking on it as Ewald's substitute for the fact of the Resurrection, that I was led to take the view I did of his language as to the raising of Lazarus.

'In the following volume, however, of the history of Israel, the mist clears away, and there is an approach to a Confession of Faith ("*Gesch. Isr.*" vi. p. 69). "No fact in history stands on firmer ground than that Christ rose from the dead and appeared again to His disciples, and that this their beholding Him again was the starting-point of their new and higher faith, and of all their Christian activity. And it is just as certain that they saw in Him not a common man, no spirit or phantom rising, as in the legends that men tell, from the world of the grave, but the only Son of God, a Being of sovereign might and superhuman nature."[1] This, I imagine, is the highest point he reaches. If he were asked as to the further mystery of the Incarnation, the answer, I fear, would be, that it was by the presence, the indwelling of the Divine Eternal Spirit in the man Jesus of Nazareth, the *son of Joseph*, that He became the

[1] See also "Christus," p. 502

Son of God. I should be glad to hear that there were the materials for a different answer in his book on the first three Gospels.[1] I confess I cannot find them in the "Christus."

'Measured by the standard of the Church's faith, this is, of course, heretical, distinctly the reproduction, modified by the change in our forms of thought and speech, of an ancient heresy, and it involves the rejection, on arbitrary critical grounds, of portions of the Gospel history.

'But looked on as the measure of truth which a man has reached, working his way out of the atmosphere of unbelief in which he had grown up, and throwing aside the "traditions of the elders" of German rationalism, looked on as giving proof of a reverential love for the holiness and majesty of Christ, and of unbelief in an actual revelation in Him, accompanied by supernatural energies, of the mind and will of God—there is, I think, much to command our sympathy, much to make us judge ourselves, much to give us hope for him.

'I am, my dear SIR,
'Yours faithfully,
'E. H. PLUMPTRE.

'*The Writer of the Article on "Ernest Renan" in* CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, *January*, 1864.'

From this it will be seen that we were certainly wrong in classing Ewald with writers like Strauss and Renan, who altogether deny the supernatural. He is far removed from them, not only in temper, but in that he expresses a sincere belief in our Lord's miracles, and especially in the crowning miracle of the Resurrection. But, unhappily, Ewald does not yet appear to accept the mystery of the Holy Incarnation; and while, therefore, we fully recognise his immense moral and religious superiority to writers of the schools above named, we cannot but think that the arguments directed by M. Renan against Channing, on the score of logical inconsistency, are but too valid against the position of Ewald also. In a word, however glad we may be that, even by a happy inconsistency, men should believe in the supernatural, we still doubt whether any intellectual platform can be found between a pantheizing rationalism and the acceptance of the Nicene Creed. Regretting, however, to have done injustice to any one, and to have misled your readers in any degree, I take the earliest opportunity of correcting the above mistake, and of thanking Mr. Plumptre for his valuable communications.

I remain, SIR, yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON ERNEST RENAN.

[1] I have since referred to the *Drei ersten Evangelien*, and find that Ewald's treatment of this question is as I supposed. The history of the Baptism represents one view, the older and simpler one, of the influence of the Divine Spirit on the mind of Christ; that of the Conception introduces another, later and more difficult, yet rising out of the true thought that the infinite greatness of His life could not have begun with the moment of the Baptism.—P. 171.

E. H. P.

NOTICES.

An able discourse on Genesis xxii. 1—14, by the Rev. Dr. Kay, the Principal of Bishop's College, has reached us from Calcutta. It is entitled, 'The Lord will provide; or, Abraham's Faith in God's Love.' Its great merit consists in its exposition of the way in which Rationalism creates a very large portion of the difficulties which it professes to find in Holy Scripture.

Those who are reading Aristotle's Ethics for the first time (and many more advanced students besides) will find most valuable assistance in a 'Paraphrase of the First Book,' by the Rev. H. W. Chandler, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford (Rivingtons). It is executed in a masterly manner, and we sincerely trust that the author will receive such encouragement as may induce him to continue a work so worthily begun.

'The Priest's Prayer-Book,' edited by two Clergymen (Masters). We have no hesitation in saying that this ought to become a classical work in the Church of England. It is intended to bind, and is usually sold bound, up with the Oxford Ruby Octavo Edition. That edition is comprised in 174 pages; the 'Priest's Prayer-Book' takes up 144: the two therefore together make a most convenient pocket volume. There is scarcely any possible call which a parish priest could have, whether with regard to a collective number or to individual cases, which will not find the appropriate office here. With respect to the former: we have offices for a clerical meeting; for a missionary meeting; for a meeting of district visitors; for the reconciliation of a penitent, &c. With respect to the latter, we will take twelve consecutive examples. For a blind person; for a sick woman in childbed; after a miscarriage; for a sick child; after an accident; before an operation; in great bodily pain; for one insensible or deranged; for sleeplessness; after attempted suicide; for one who has lived carelessly; with an unmarried woman after childbirth. Then in the third part we have a kind of miscellaneous assistances. For example:—Office for a night-school; office for a Sunday-school; office for a Bible-class; scheme for a cottage lecture; notes on confession, &c. And a very great amount of experience, combined with common sense, which characterizes the whole book, may perhaps be best exemplified by two of the cautions given with respect to the last head, that of all others viewed with most suspicion to Englishmen—'The natural director

'of a wife is her husband; of a child, its parents; and nothing but 'grave faults of omission or commission can excuse the interposition of 'any other person, even of a priest.'

'The advice given should be of an eminently practical nature, and 'should take, as a rule, the common-sense view of a subject.'

The collects, which must amount to some three or four hundred in number, are taken from 'a great variety of service-books of the Eastern and Western Church.' So say the Editors. To any liturgical scholar, the wonderful research into all kinds of offices in all kinds of rituals makes the volume a marvel of industry; while the few prayers for which no pattern could be found, and which had to be composed by the Editors themselves, so exactly resemble primitive or mediæval collects, that it would be a curious ecclesiastical riddle to distinguish one from the other.

It will be perhaps sufficient to acknowledge the publication of a work by Mr. Isaac Williams, in his 'Psalms interpreted of Christ' (Rivingtons). There is the same reverential spirit, the same fulness of Scripture knowledge, and the same earnest desire not to neglect the hidden truths of Holy Scripture, which are the well-known and valued characteristics of the writer's other works. If occasionally the allegorical spirit and mystical intention seems to be carried to excess, it must be remembered that these interpretations are not put forward *de fide:* and in these days it may well be that we can afford a tension of the bow in this direction, when, what is called, common sense and very common-place theology is so much the fashion—for it is no more than a fashion.

Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Lyra Messianica' (Longmans) is not only a beautifully-printed book, but it contains some poems—chiefly translations from mediæval sources—which are not to be found elsewhere. It claims companionship to another interesting volume, 'Lyra Eucharistica,' collected by the pious diligence of the same editor. We trust to have an opportunity of noticing these volumes at greater length.

The Sixth Edition of 'The Baptistery' (J. H. and J. Parker) attests both the popularity and usefulness of this very remarkable poem. It appears in a portable form, with the well-known etchings on a reduced scale.

'The Events of the Month' (Mozley) deserves the praise of invention. It is a magazine and newspaper: in the latter function it purports to be a sort of 'Annual Register' in monthly form, if we may be allowed the Irishism. The notion is a good one, though we think a more practised political writer would perhaps do it better. A really good current index of facts is a great desideratum. The miscellaneous portion of this periodical is very good indeed; and altogether it will be a useful work for parish reading-rooms and working men's clubs.

Mr. Arthur Malet has occupied his time very profitably to himself by giving us 'A Metrical Version of the Psalms' (Rivingtons). The verses

are often pretty, but they are not the Psalms. The thing attempted to be done cannot be done: Hebrew poetry has its own character, the modern rhyme has its own character: and the two things are essentially incongruous.

'The Records of Cork,' by Dr. Maziere Brady (Longmans), is a remarkable work. It does for a single diocese, and that an Irish diocese, what has scarcely been done for any English one. It is a tolerably complete *Fasti Corcagienses*, and presents very full, and we have no doubt very accurate, information on the diocesan and parochial annals of Cork. It is a sort of Newcourt and Antony Wood, with something of the County History and Church history also. The work reaches to three volumes, and shows that there is both scholarship and love of antiquities in our silent sister.

'Short Readings for Sundays' (J. H. and J. Parker) is a volume prettily illustrated, and written with some skill. It is intended as a specimen of the way in which a Sunday-school lesson may be made interesting.

'The Floral Decoration of Churches, Part II.' (Mozley), will be found useful in directing the uninformed energies of the young people who at Easter and Christmas are too often allowed strange vagaries in the way of floral emblems in our churches. Here is a very practical guide, which we can strongly recommend, with one exception. A decoration to be floated on the water of the font we strongly object to. Except for a christening, the font ought never to have water in it. At the time of the baptism the water is to be poured in; and the water of baptism ought to be carefully drained off.

The 'Case of the Rev. Alfred Poole' has probably been long since forgotten; but it presents a curious chapter in our recent ecclesiastical annals, and one which is not altogether creditable to high authorities. Mr. Masters has published, and it is a somewhat late publication, all the documents connected with the case. They may some day be important in the way of reference.

Mr. Robert Liddell has published a plain and practical sermon on 'Inspiration' (Masters), with a view to existing disputes.

The Warden of S. Augustine's, Canterbury, has shown, in a little publication called 'The Saintly Character: Addresses to Members of a Devotional Society' (Canterbury: S. Augustine's Press), that it is possible to carry out the original intention of Wesley in a sober and at the same time fervid spirit.

Some very remarkable Sermons—posthumous sermons, we regret to say—by Dr. MacNeece, of Trinity College, Dublin, have been published by Dr. Butcher (Hodges and Smith). Dr. MacNeece was Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity, and in this capacity he wrote an able Lecture on Inspiration. The Trinity College Lectures show an accomplished divine; and Dr. MacNeece's parochial labours and success show that the academic had not spoiled the parish priest.

'The Cottage Commentary on S. Luke' (Masters) appears to be sound and practical. We have, however, our doubts whether the multiplication of all these aids to Sunday-school teaching, vade-mecums for visiting, and hints for extempore lectures, and heads for catechetical instruction, do not rather tend to impair the use of thought and personal reflection. Clerical cram-books may be an evil.

'Avrillon's Guide for passing Lent holily' (J. H. and J. Parker) is one of those devotional manuals which we owe to Dr. Pusey. It has been long out of print, and was valuable as a scarce book. We are glad to welcome a new—the third—edition.

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